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MEMOIRS

OF THE

DUCHESS D'ABRANTÈS.

VOL. IV.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

DUCHESS D'ABRANTÈS,

(MADAME JUNOT.)

VOL. IV.

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MEMOIRS

DUCHESS D'ABRANTES.

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Posthumous calumnies against Napoleon—The Consulate for life—Letter from Duroc to Junot—Conspiracy of Moreau, Pichegru and George Cadoudal—The Duke d'Enghien—Drake, the English Minister at Munich—Suspicions respecting the Duke d'Enghien—Conversation between Junot and the First Consul—Napoleon's remarks on Moreau—Conduct of Bernadotte on the 18th Brumaire—Junot's return to Arras—He receives intelligence of the death of the Duke d'Enghien.

FRANCE, at the period to which I am now about to allude, presented an aspect unparalleled in the history of the world. The kings of Europe attentively watched her changing destiny, without forming projects to obscure the glory, which at its very dawn appeared so singularly

dazzling. Hatred and envy had not yet [illegible] admiration excited by the colossal [illegible] powerful hand protected our banners in those days of victory.

In my preceding volumes I have adverted first, to the prorogation of the Consulate, then the Consulate for life, and finally to the Senatus Consultum, which demanded the empire for Napoleon Bonaparte. But I find it necessary again to refer to those events, because the details concerning them are connected with [illegible] which I have now to record.

A fact, which even the boldest calumniators of Napoleon will not now venture to deny, is the heartfelt and spontaneous enthusiasm which greeted the proposition of creating Bonaparte consul for life. Registers were opened, and the inhabitants of the hundred and twenty-two French departments eagerly inscribed their names on those memorable lists, which are perhaps the noblest monument of Napoleon's glory, since they attest the love which a great nation cherished for him. His enemies, who, during the empire, dared not raise their voices, presumed, in 1814, to allege that the mayors and notaries of all France had been influenced; and that, with a very few exceptions, all the signatures were obtained by constraint. Truly this was no easy matter, with three millions seven hundred and seventy-seven voters!

Napoleon was unanimously proclaimed consul for life, and this new proof of the attachment

the French people, roused the slumbering enemies of the hero. But these enemies were not to be found in the interior of France:—they were landed on our shores.

We had been at Arras about three months when Junot received a note from Duroc, couched in the following terms:—

"My dear Junot,

"If your occupations permit, write to Berthier to obtain leave of absence for four or five days. I wish particularly to see you. I will explain to you why when we meet. Do not mention that I have written to you.

"Adieu, and believe me to remain your's

"DUROC.

February 14th, 1804.

On perusing this communication, a presentiment came across the mind of Junot. He would not even write to Berthier; and at the risk of being severely reprimanded by the First Consul, he mounted his horse, and under the pretext of going to St. Pol, a small town a few leagues from Arras, he set off full gallop to Paris, where he arrived just at the moment of Moreau's arrest.

The conspiracy of George and Pichegru was a most extraordinary affair, not only on account of the mode in which it was planned, and almost brought to execution, but because there was in- [illegible] it a man who had previously been an object of respect in the eyes of France, and whose

character was thenceforward totally changed. This man was General Moreau.

Moreau was arrested on the 15th of February, George Cadoudal on the 9th of March, and Pichegru on the 28th of February. The latter was immediately confined in the Temple.

The affair of the Duke d'Enghien is covered with so mysterious and terrible a veil, that the hand trembles in attempting to withdraw it. But history admits of no reservation; it demands that everything should be candidly disclosed. How various have been the versions of this unfortunate event!

In matters of this nature, without the most positive proofs of what we allege, it is very difficult to persuade others to share our conviction. I have mine, relative to the conduct of the Emperor on the occasion here referred to; but I shall not attempt to force that conviction on my readers. I shall merely observe, that among the persons by whom he was surrounded, there were some who strenuously endeavoured to make him swerve from the right course which it was his duty and his wish to have pursued. It cannot be doubted that the imperial crown, placed by the unanimous wish of France on the head of Napoleon, would have been no less solid and legitimate,—that the compact agreed on between the conqueror of the sovereigns of Europe, and the men of the republic, would have been no less sacred and indestructible—had the Duke d'Enghien never stirred from Ettenheim. But unfortunately

The Emperor had about him men who meditated his downfal, because the spoil was already worth dividing. These men found it their interest to lead into error, one whose judgment never was at fault, but who unfortunately lent too ready an ear to the suggestions of those about him.

After the discovery of the conspiracy some time elapsed before the two leaders, George and Pichegru were arrested. Some papers seized by the agents of Regnier, then grand judge and minister of the police, excited fresh alarm. The investigation was pursued with renewed activity, and endeavours were made to imbue the Emperor with a degree of uneasiness and suspicion which his noble mind would not naturally have conceived. The papers above mentioned, related to Mr. Drake, the English minister at the court of Munich. This man had written a letter referring to the English conspiracy, as it was called, and the letter, which contained the following passage, excited additional alarm :—" It matters little by whom the animal is overthrown. It is sufficient that you be all ready to join in the chase, when the moment arrives for putting him to death."

In the different reports of this conspiracy which were transmitted to the Emperor, mention was invariably made of a tall man, who had visited the places of rendezvous which were known to the police. This man was wrapped in a large cloak, and when in the street, a hat, slouched over his forehead, entirely concealed his features. He had fair hair, a pale complexion his figure

was thin and slender, and his deportment elegant. When he presented himself amidst the conspirators, none of them sat down until he desired them; and his manner though affable and kind, was nevertheless marked by a certain degree of hauteur.

"Who can this man be?" was the question asked from the chiefs down to the subordinate agents of the police. Enquiries were set on foot in Germany, in England, and in Switzerland, and there appeared good reason to believe that the mysterious individual whom the rest of the conspirators treated with so much respect, was no other than the Duke d'Enghien. This information was communicated to the First Consul, who was also furnished with proofs that the prince occasionally absented himself for five or six days from Ettenheim. Forty-eight hours to come from Strasburg, forty-eight to stay in Paris, and forty-eight to return;—thus the interval of time was accounted for. It had already been ascertained that the Prince visited Paris during the events of the 18th Fructidor. When this information was laid before the First Consul, he frowned and looked thoughtful. The possibility of thus coming to brave him in the very heart of Paris, appeared not only a serious offence in itself, but one which might lead to consequences fatal to the interest of the state. I know that the determination which was drawn from him by renewed importunity, was formed principally through these alarming reports.

General Pichegru was arrested on the 18th of

February; but it was not until the whole affair of the Duke d'Enghien had been decided, that the mysterious personage was ascertained to have been Pichegru, and not the Prince.

The latter had not been in Paris, and he had spent the six days alluded to, in hunting and in amusements of a more agreeable nature than attending the meetings of conspirators in a garret or a cellar.

On his arrival in Paris, Junot found the old friends of Napoleon in a state of anxiety and alarm, in which the affection he cherished for his General, made him readily participate. In his interview with the First Consul, the latter said to him: "You were wrong to leave Arras at the present moment. It is possible that this arrest, to which I have been constrained to give my assent, may produce some sensation in the army, and every chief should be at his post. *My old friend*, you must set off again this afternoon, your presence will be more useful to me in Arras than in Paris." Junot looked sorrowfully at Napoleon, and his expressive countenance revealed a crowd of thoughts to which his tongue could not give utterance.

"General," at length he said, "I have left behind me men who are capable in my absence of doing all that I could myself do at Arras. There are Generals Dupas, Macon, Laplanche-Mortiere, etc., all intelligent officers, and devoted to your person. Allow me then to resume my duty of aide-de-camp here. Let me join my old brothers

in arms in protecting you against your enemies, who will thus have one heart more to pierce before they reach yours."

Napoleon remained silent for a few moments; then advancing to Junot, he took his hand and pressed it, which, as I have already observed, was a mark of affection he rarely showed to any one. At length he said:

"Junot, I understand you, my friend; and you will I am sure understand me when I repeat, that you will at present be more useful to me at Arras than in Paris. I am surrounded by dangers, it is true; but I have friends who will watch over my safety. And, after all," added he, smiling, "my enemies are less numerous than is imagined."

"I am aware of that," replied Junot; "and I am only anxious that the few you really have should be punished. How can you, General, entertain a thought of extending mercy to men who conspire not only against you, but against their country?"

"What do you mean?" enquired the First Consul in a tone of astonishment. "I mean to say, General, that I know you have resolved to solicit the legal authorities to be *indulgent* to General Moreau. You are not justified in doing this. Moreau is guilty. He is as guilty now as he was in the affair of 1797, when he sent to the Directory the papers containing the proofs of the culpability of Pichegru. He is the same man: at once a traitor to the republic, and to his old friend. He had had the papers in his possession

for *seven months*. This he confessed to Barthelemy. Why then did he not send them sooner? The army of Italy has been accused of not liking Moreau. This is true; but it has been alleged that we did not like him, because his glory rivalled ours. This is false; and the accusation is contemptible. Moreau might wear his crown of glory without its rendering ours the less brilliant or the less pure. For my own part, I swear upon my honour, that such an idea never once entered my mind. I love the republic too well not to rejoice in seeing any one of her sons valiant and victorious."

Napoleon who was walking up and down his cabinet with his arms crossed, had listened to Junot with profound attention, and without interrupting him even by a gesture. But when Junot uttered the words: *I love the republic too well, etc.* Napoleon stopped him, looked at him steadfastly, and seemed almost to interrogate him. But this movement, whatever it meant, was only of a second's duration. He again walked up and down, and merely said:—

"You are too severe upon Moreau. He is perfectly inefficient, absolutely nothing, except when he is at the head of an army. This is all that can be said of him."

"As to his inefficiency, General, there can be no doubt of that; but his conduct as a citizen, to say nothing of him as a statesman, is such as a true patriot, and a loyal soldier cannot approve. When Moreau, having learned, *by ordinary means*,

the events of the 18th Fructidor, made a proclamation to his troops, he said: *General Pichegru has betrayed the country!* Now Pichegru was his friend. He had even served under his command. It was Pichegru who raised Moreau to his first grade in the army, who protected and maintained him. Every citizen in France felt that Moreau was bound in gratitude and friendship to Pichegru to conceal the proofs of his guilt; or that he was bound by his duty as a French soldier to have divulged them sooner. From that time my opinion of Moreau has been made up; and his subsequent conduct in certain circumstances has served to confirm that opinion."

Junot spoke with unusual warmth. Napoleon advanced towards him, and said with a smile:—

"You allude to the 18th Brumaire, do you not?"

He smiled again, and took several pinches of snuff.

"Yes, General," replied Junot, somewhat astonished at the gaiety of the First Consul.—"Certainly," resumed Napoleon, "the conduct of Moreau on that occasion, was as extraordinary as that of Bernadotte and some others. Bernadotte exclaimed loudly that *he was a republican*—that he *would not betray the republic.* And at that time, who ever thought of betraying it, save himself and two or three others invested with the republican toga, beneath which the cloak of the tyrant was better disguised than under my great coat! As to Moreau, who, having

received a dismissal as the reward of his tardy disclosures, was idling about Paris, and who possessed neither talent nor decision, I can very well appreciate his *determination* to deliver France from a corrupt government. On the 19th Brumaire he served me as aide-de-camp, with no very good grace to be sure, because he had the will but not the power to be the hero of the fête. I have heard that he never forgave me for the position in which he stood, and in which he had been the means of placing himself. I am sorry for it. If it be possible that in this last affair he has joined hands with a traitor against me, rather than against the country, I pity him, but I will not revenge myself."

"But, General, let this affair take its natural course. Do not influence the judges. From the information I received within these few hours I am convinced how necessary it is that this case should be decided with the utmost impartiality and rigour of the law. Surely, General, you would not encourage treason... "

"Junot," said Napoleon, grasping my husband's arm, "would you have it said that I had him put to death because I was jealous of him ?"*

Junot stood motionless with astonishment. The First Consul rapidly paced up and down the room, and appeared much excited; but he soon reco-

* These were Napoleon's words, as reported to me by Junot. I have given the above conversation at length, because it appears to me curious and important. The last observation respecting Moreau explains the reason why he did not suffer death, which according to the strict letter of the code was the punishment due to his offence.

vered himself, and advancing to Junot, made some remarks upon the fine division of grenadiers which was forming at Arras, and ended by enjoining Junot to return thither immediately. Just as Junot had opened the door to go out, Napoleon called him back, and asked him how he had learned a fact which the Moniteur had announced only that same morning, viz. the arrest of Moreau. Junot hesitated to reply, and the First Consul repeated the question in a tone of impatience. My husband then reflected that Duroc's letter could only be regarded as creditable to the writer, and he immediately presented it to Bonaparte. He read it over twice, and then returned it with a pleasing smile on his countenance ; for good humour had now entirely superseded the momentary feeling of irritation. He blamed Duroc, but it was easy to perceive that his displeasure was not very severe. Indeed, he could not fail to be touched by this proof of Duroc's attachment ; and in spite of all that M. Bourrienne says, Napoleon at that time felt and appreciated the devotedness he inspired.

Junot went to Duroc and informed him that he had shown his letter to Napoleon. Then, without taking time even to call on his own sister, who resided in our Hotel in the Rue Champs-Elysées, he started at full gallop for Arras, where he arrived in the middle of the following night, without his absence having been perceived by any one, except the chief officer of his staff, who was necessarily informed of it.

Junot's friends transmitted to him regular information of the progress of Moreau's affair. Thus we learned the arrest of Pichegru, which took place a fortnight after that of Moreau, and the capture of George, who was taken on the 9th of March, while driving in a cabriolet through the Rue de Tournon. Shortly after we were made acquainted with the tragical fate of the Duke d'Enghien. On the 22nd of March, a person who was in the confidence of Duroc, arrived at daybreak in the court-yard of the house in which we resided. He was the bearer of some dispatches which Junot hastily read. As he perused the papers, I observed him first redden, then turn pale. At length striking his forehead with his hand, he exclaimed :—" How happy it is for me that I am no longer commandant of Paris !"

These dispatches announced the death of the Duke d'Enghien.

CHAPTER II.

The Expedition to England—The camp at Arras—Officers of Junot's staff—M. and Madame Lachaise—Change effected in military dress—Whimsical mistake—Abolition of queues and hair-powder in the army—Motion made in the Tribunate, and adopted by the senate—Napoleon created Emperor—Davoust —His return from Egypt—Napoleon's dislike to him—His imitation of Napoleon's manner.

THE expedition to England, as it was termed, or in other words the descent upon England, which was preparing along the coast of Normandy, in the department of the Pas-de-Calais, and in the ports of Holland and Belgium, proceeded with a degree of activity of which only those who witnessed it can conceive an idea.

The camp of Arras, formed of the famous division of chosen grenadiers, twelve thousand men strong, and commanded by Junot, was destined to form a sort of advanced guard, and to commence the descent. I witnessed the formation of that magnificent corps, which the Emperor himself pronounced to be *almost finer than*

*his guards.** I know the unremitting attention which Junot bestowed on those admirable troops; I saw the Emperor in the midst of them; and the recollections connected with that period are deserving of a place in these memoirs.

The First Consul had appointed to serve under Junot's command, four superior officers of his guards: namely, Generals Macon, Laplanche-Mortiere, and Dupas, and Adjutant-General Clement, who was chief of the staff. Junot's staff consisted of three aides-de-camp, and several orderly officers. The three aides-de-camp were MM. Deban, Delaborde, Edouard de Colbert, (now lieutenant-general,) and Auguste Verdière, son of General Verdière, once commandant of Paris.

We were fortunate in finding an exceedingly agreeable prefect at Arras. M. Lachaise was a man admirably qualified to do the honours of a province. His wife, too, who, by the bye, was young enough to be his daughter, was an exceedingly aimable and pleasant woman. As soon as we arrived, we had a series of balls, dinners, sham fights, and hunting-parties. Thus we amused ourselves very agreeably at Arras, while at the same time duty was not neglected.

During the time he was at Arras, Junot effected some changes in the dress of the grenadiers, which

* These were Napoleon's words the first time he reviewed the troops. The guards he alluded to were subsequently called *la vieille garde*, and were the finest corps in the army

were at the time considered very important, and subsequently extended to the whole army.

While reviewing the troops one very rainy day, he could not help remarking that the cocked hats which the men then wore, were not only a very absurd, but a very inconvenient kind of head-gear. On his return home, having changed his clothes, and substituted a pair of slippers for his wet boots, Junot threw himself into an easy chair, and began to muse on the miserable condition of his poor grenadiers, who were drenched to the skin in consequence of the rain dripping from their cocked hats. In the midst of his reverie, he suddenly exclaimed aloud: "I will have no more of these hats. Whatever way they are put on, there is always an angle which forms a gutter. I will have no more of them!" It happened that I had received the day before a box of millinery from Paris, and, like a true woman, thinking only of my new finery, I imagined Junot was alluding to one of my hats, and I coolly replied, "Never mind: I like them very much, and think them very becoming; therefore I shall continue to wear them. What judge are you of such matters?" Junot, whose mind was perfectly absorbed in the subject which he was considering, never suspected that I could be speaking of any other hats than those of his grenadiers. He accordingly stared at me, and replied, with the utmost sang-froid, "Truly, I should like to see you on such a day as this, with one corner over your nose, and the other hanging over your back." I burst into a fit

of laughter. An explanation ensued, and Junot laughed with me. Then the cocked hats again came under his consideration.

It was Junot's wish that all troops of the line should wear either shakos or grenadiers' caps, and that this regulation should extend even to the cavalry, with the exception of the dragoons' helmets. But a formidable difficulty presented itself, which was to get rid of queues and hair powder in the army; for to tell the truth, the introduction of cropped hair was Junot's principal object in endeavouring to reform the hats, the inconvenient form of which wonderfully aided his plan.

"What an odious thing it is," said he, "to see a soldier on a rainy day, his coat covered with white greasy paste, his straggling hair tied by a knot of dirty ribbon, and his head surmounted by an ugly felt hat, which protects the wearer neither from wind, sun, nor rain! And for all this the soldier has an allowance of ten sous per week, which might be much better applied to the purchase of linen and shoes. Cropped hair, too, would be conducive both to health and cleanliness. The change is, therefore, desirable under every point of view."

Junot mentioned his scheme to the officers of his staff, and all decidedly approved of it. For a considerable time previously, cropped hair had been almost universally adopted among the officers of the army, from the general-in-chief, down to the sub-lieutenant. Of all the military men

who surrounded the First Consul, Generals Lannes and Bessières were, I believe, the only two who retained the absurd old fashioned *coiffure**.

As soon as Junot had obtained the approval of his officers, he wrote to inform the Emperor of his plan, and to request that he would consent to its adoption. The Emperor immediately perceived the benefit the soldiers would derive from the change, but he would not enforce its execution. Junot was directed to proceed to Paris to confer with the Emperor on the subject, and he accordingly set out immediately. Napoleon told him that his plan was good, but that he would not have the troops constrained to cut their hair. "Persuade them," said he, "but employ no force."

Junot next spoke of the abolition of the hats; for the cropped hair was proposed only for the division of grenadiers. But as they were twelve thousand in number, it was likely their example would influence the whole army, as it ultimately did.

Junot joyfully returned to Arras, and immediately proclaimed in the barracks that those soldiers, who had their hair cut off, would do what was agreeable to their general, but that no compulsion would be resorted to. Next day the hair-dressers of Arras had cut off more than two

* Lannes and Bessières, at the time here alluded to, were scarcely thirty years of age, and yet notwithstanding the general fashion, they pertinaciously adhered to hair powder and queues.

thousand queues; but in the evening there were two duels.

Junot was greatly vexed, for he foresaw that these quarrels would be made a subject of misrepresentation to the Emperor. This proved to be the case: for Junot received a letter written in Napoleon's own hand, and containing these few lines:—

"Junot, I approved your plan, because I conceived it to be useful; but I forbid all *Prussian measures*. I will have no improvements effected in my army either by fighting or flogging. Adieu!

"BONAPARTE."

Junot immediately wrote to the First Consul, explaining the facts as they really were, and he observed that in a camp so numerous as that which he commanded, it would be extraordinary indeed if any change, however trivial, could be effected without a few private quarrels. But Junot had vowed to bring his enterprise to a successful issue, and that without any violence. He was beloved by his soldiers, and he went to their barracks and addressed them personally. As soon as they heard from his own mouth that they would displease him by resisting the proposed measure, there ensued, if I may so express myself a perfect revolution. Even the twelve or fifteen thousand men that were the last to yield, had their hair cut before the end of the week.

We had been a few months at Arras, when one morning the Moniteur announced to us that a mo-

tion had been made in the tribunate for confiding the government of the republic to an Emperor, and declaring the empire hereditary in the family of the First Consul Bonaparte. The senate followed the example of the tribunate, and the motion was adopted.

It has been alleged that Napoleon, in this most important passage of his life, made Cromwell and Augustus the models of his conduct. This is an absurd mistake. It is certain that neither Cromwell, Augustus, nor a hundred other personages, whose names figure in history, were the objects of Napoleon's imitation. As to his choice of the title of Emperor, that title was, of all others, most congenial to the feelings of the army, while it conveyed no offence to the ears of the citizens.

France, at that period, would have shuddered at the very name of *king*. The people would never have accepted a compact presented in the name of royalty. This is a fact which can be attested by thousands of persons who were then living, and who still survive.

Much is said about the tyranny, violence of temper, and despotism of Napoleon. I revere, nay, even worship, his memory; but I am not so absurd as to consider him a god. He was a man, and partook of the failings of human nature. Nevertheless, to speak from my own knowledge of his character, and I had the opportunity of knowing him well, I must declare my honest conviction that he possessed a noble mind, a heart forgetful of injuries, and a disposition to recom-

pense talent wherever he found it. Perhaps, at no period did Napoleon's character appear in so exalted a light as on his elevation to the Imperial authority. He had previously been the butt of envious hatred, and the object of base persecution; but he forgot all at the moment when the nation invested him with supreme power. He took revenge on none; nay, he even made a point of checking personal antipathies, whenever they were entertained towards individuals whose conduct had given him reason to complain. "It would be thought that I am taking revenge," replied he to Junot, who once expressed astonishment at his conferring a command on a man who was looked upon as his enemy in Egypt.

When General Davoust returned to France with the army of the East, Junot said to me: "There is an old comrade whom I should wish to see better welcomed than he will be. The First Consul does not like Davoust, because when in Egypt he associated with all those who made a point of being hostile to Bonaparte. I do not know that Davoust can be justly ranked among the First Consul's enemies; but it is certain that he has inspired him with an antipathy as complete as one man can entertain for another. I am the more sorry for this, inasmuch, as Davoust is my comrade and a clever man."

This dislike, of which all who were with Bonaparte in Egypt might have seen proofs, had a singular source. It originated in the personal slovenliness of Davoust, who by the way was at that

time the most dirty and ill-dressed man imaginable. His appearance was so extraordinary, that notwithstanding my wish to behave well to my husband's friend, I could not help evincing my astonishment, perhaps in too decided a way, at seeing his boots covered with dirt, even in dry summer weather. He must, I thought, have walked through the gutters, which he possibly did in mid-day, for his sight was defective. His hands were small and white, but his nails were always in half-mourning; and I remember an old greasy casimere waistcoat, for which he seemed to cherish a particular affection. In a word, Davoust was disgustingly dirty—a fault Napoleon held in aversion, being himself always particularly neat and clean. Davoust was an intelligent man, but the First Consul did not like his dissatisfied disposition, or the sardonic smile with which he was wont to accompany an ironical compliment. In short, Bonaparte disliked him, and he took no pains to conceal his feelings. Junot and Marmont, who were the two oldest of Bonaparte's officers, and who would have wished to see Davoust well received by their General, especially as his career had not been fortunate, greeted him on his arrival with every demonstration of sincere friendship. Madame Marmont and myself, in spite of the repugnance we felt to have our carpets soiled with mud, welcomed the friend of our husbands with unfeigned cordiality. I was then as I am now, not very ill-natured, and as to Madame Marmont she was very amiable.

Davoust, however, on his return contrived to ingratiate himself with Napoleon, who not only extended to him his good will, but gave him what I suspect, he valued more, employment and honors. He was appointed to a command in the guards, and he espoused the sister of General Leclerc, who two years before had been affianced to General Lannes. He then continued to advance in favour. At the time we were at Arras, Davoust commanded what was called the camp of Bruges.

An intimate friend of ours, Rear Admiral Magon, had the command of the fleet at this period. According to Napoleon's first arrangements, the Admiral was to have landed the picked division of Arras on the coast of England. Davoust was not a marshal at the time of the formation of the camp of Bruges. Napoleon was then only Consul for life; but Davoust, like Soult, Bessières, and Mortier had the command of a portion of the consular guard.

Davoust in figure bore some resemblance to Napoleon, and when he began to rise in the First Consul's favour, evidently endeavoured to imitate him in dress, deportment, and manner. Certainly it was no easy task to copy Napoleon, but he had some peculiarities which Davoust managed to imitate or rather to parody; for example, his occasional *brusquerie* and severity. He had, like Bonaparte, the strange habit of saying a gracious and a rude thing all in a breath—of conveying at once a compliment and an affront: "Captain Bory," said he one day to an officer,

"you are an excellent topographical draftsman, but as to Monsieur (pointing to Captain S———) he can draw no better than a *hog*."—On another occasion he said to this same Captain Bory: "You are a good rider, you know how to mount a horse, you are an absolute Centaur, but as to him.. (pointing to his first aide-de-camp) he mounts like an infantry officer, and when mounted, he looks like a pair of tongs."

CHAPTER III.

Creation of the Legion of Honour, and the Grand Officers of the Empire—Napoleon reviews the troops at Arras—Napoleon's courtesy to me—My embarrassment—M. Necker—His character—Description of Coppet—Madame de Stael and her friends—Private theatricals—Madame de Stael's return to Paris.

THE distribution of the crosses of the legion of honour took place at Boulogne, on the 15th of August. I was a witness to that ceremony which is unique in the history of the world, and which is still as fresh in my memory, as if it had occurred only yesterday.

When the creation of the legion of honour was first proposed, it excited violent opposition. Over this opposition the First Consul triumphed, but he deemed it advisable to show some regard to deeply-rooted opinions, and to avoid lacerating wounds, which time had not yet healed. For the space of two years, therefore, the legion of honour was not talked of. It was not until the period when the empire was declared, that the Emperor made his *classification* of the different crosses. This classification excited no small degree of surprise, for it had been supposed that

the rewards would be uniform, as perhaps they ought to have been. Be this as it may, Junot received a letter informing him, that to acquit the debt which the country owed him, and as a substitute for the arms of honour which he had received at various times, he was created a grand officer of the legion of honour, and almost immediately after, he was appointed grand cross.

Next followed the creation of the twenty-four grand officers of the empire. This creation was at its origin strangely interpreted. The marshals who were included in it, to the number of sixteen, wished to establish a line of demarcation, which existed only in the army, but which had no existence in time of peace, nor even during war in any other place than in a camp, or in the midst of an army. There, for example, the marshals commanded the colonel-general. But in the presence of the Emperor, at the Tuileries for example, or at any public ceremony, the twenty-four grand officers of the empire enjoyed a perfect equality of rank. They took their places indiscriminately on the steps of the throne; and when the nature of the ceremony required that they should be called, they were called in alphabetical order. Thus, Junot, though very young, and a mere boy next to Massena, took the precedence of the latter, because the letter J comes before M. But to return to Arras,

The Emperor had announced his intention of coming to review the troops; and at length, Junot received a letter specifying the day of his intended

visit. During the ten months that Junot had been at Arras, Napoleon had not even sent Berthier to him, except, perhaps, for a few hours. The Emperor wished Junot to form the corps according to his own judgment, unassisted by any directions. This, he afterwards acknowledged, was intended as an experiment on the capability of his old aide-de-camp. It was fortunate for Junot that he acquitted himself so satisfactorily.

The Emperor arrived on the Wednesday at noon, and proceeded to the house of the prefect, where he put up. He received the civil authorities who were presented to him by the prefect, with whom he conversed a great deal about the troops stationed in the department. He made minute enquiries as to the manner in which the troops behaved to the country-people, and whether the grenadiers cantoned in the little neighbouring villages, had been guilty of any pillage.

On the following day he reviewed the troops; and during the seven hours occupied by their manœuvres, he was constantly on foot. I was in a carriage with Madame Laplanche-Mortière, Madame Pierron and M. Maret. General Suchet, who had come from his camp at Vimereux, was also with us. He advised us to alight, the better to observe the defiling of the troops. We did so; and I taking M. Maret's arm, advanced to the group surrounding the Emperor. He was in the act of remounting his horse to see the troops defile. He recognized me, although I was still at some distance, and sent Colonel Lafond to ask me to ad-

vance nearer, that I might have a better view. When the evolutions were ended, I observed the Emperor directing his horse towards the place where I stood. He rode up to me, and very kindly enquired how I was, how I liked Arras, and whether I did not wish to return to Paris. To all these gracious questions, I dare say I replied very foolishly; but the fact was, I did not in the least expect such courtesy, and I was taken quite by surprise. The truth however is, that the mere embarrassment I felt at the novelty of pronouncing the words "Sire," and "Your Majesty," was the principal cause of my *gaucherie*. Maret, whose arm I held, afterwards told me, that I trembled exceedingly.

After the review, Junot and all the officers of his division, dined with the Emperor, who paid them very handsome compliments. "Junot," said he, to my husband, "mention in to-morrow's order of the day, that I am satisfied, extremely satisfied, with my brave grenadiers of Arras."

Before I proceed to describe my visit to Boulogne, to be present at the first distribution of the crosses of the legion of honour, I must stop to notice an important event which occurred at this period. I allude to the death of Necker, which took place in the year 1804. That celebrated man expired on the 9th of April, at his country residence at Coppet, where he had lived privately since the 4th of September, 1790, the period at which he retired from the ministry.

M. Necker has always been represented as a

minister perfectly upright, and as the advocate of wisely-regulated liberty. He was the enemy of all precipitate measures, while he constantly and vehemently opposed every injustice perpetrated under the gloss, so frequent in the councils of kings, of being done "for the good of the people."

One great fault in the political life of M. Necker was, the constant opposition he made to the gaining over of Mirabeau. What was it in comparison to the happiness of France, that the means of effecting that object were reprehensible in a moral point of view? for to bring over Mirabeau, it was necessary to resort to a system of corruption, at which M. Necker's rigid principles of integrity revolted. This was an unfortunate error on the part of M. Necker, and one which was founded on a totally false principle. Mirabeau, whose colossal power might, at that time, have directed the destinies of France, was so completely immoral, that an honest man need have had no compunction in paying the sum for which he was to be bought or sold. On a more close view of the matter, however, there may perhaps be discovered some traces of pardonable vanity on the part of an honest minister, who, conscious how much he had gained by popular favour, might wish to enter the lists with the man who commanded the suffrages of the forum, while with a voice of thunder he made the tribune echo to his harangues. In a representative government, it is necessary to have orators to defend, as able at least as those who attack the

government. It was by his oratory against Catiline that Cicero saved Rome. But M. Necker with all his shrewdness, neglected too long this rule of conduct. What was the consequence? After being the slave, rather than the hero, of popular opinion, he at last fell beneath the attacks of that opinion to which he had sacrificed every thing.

On the 4th of September, 1790, M. Necker retired from the ministry. This retirement was very different from that of the preceding year. His former resignation had been imposed on him by fear, and had well nigh been marked by bloodshed and mourning. But his second resignation was forced upon him both by the ingratitude of his adopted country, and of the master under whom he had voluntarily placed himself. He repaired to Coppet, where he dwelt in profound retirement with his wife, Madame de Stael, and a few chosen friends. Madame de Stael did not reside constantly at Coppet until after her mother's death. As to M. Necker, his political life was terminated on the day he quitted the ministry.

I have in my possession an interesting narrative of M. Necker's mode of living at Coppet during his exile. It was presented to me by the writer, M. Frederic de Chateauvieux, an intimate friend of Madame de Stael, and the spirited author of the "*Lettres de St. James.*" The interest which is attached to every thing connected with the inhabitants of Coppet, induces me to present to the reader the following pages from Frederic de Chateauvieux's narrative:—

"The tall majestic figure of Madame Necker intervened like a marble statue between M. Necker and his daughter. Thus, as long as Madame Necker lived, there was an appearance of restraint and want of harmony in the family circle. On the death of his wife, M. Necker urged his daughter to come and reside at Coppet; and he devoted all his attention—I had almost said all his gallantry—to render his home agreeable to Madame de Staël.

"'The interior of Coppet presented an aspect of dullness and formality. It had seldom any appearance of bustle or gaiety. To me its great attraction consisted in the prodigious union of talent caused by the presence of M. Necker, Madame de Staël, and M. Benjamin Constant, who then lived at Coppet.

"The inmates assembled together at breakfast, which always consisted of coffee, in Madame de Staël's chamber. This meal was often prolonged for two hours; for we had no sooner sat down than Madame de Staël would start a question, more frequently relating to literature or philosophy than politics. This she did out of delicacy to the feelings of her father, whose career in the field of politics had come to so unfortunate a close. But let the subject be what it might, it was sure to be discussed with inconceivable fertility of imagination and depth of thought. In short, it was an intellectual banquet, at which all that the human mind could conceive or create was abundantly served up. In these literary and

philosophical disputes, Madame de Stael had a decided superiority over her father in quickness of perception, readiness of expression, and eloquence. But whenever she was about to seize the palm of victory, she always appeared restrained by a feeling of filial respect. As if fearful of the success she had obtained, she would with admirable dexterity and grace commit herself in an error, for the purpose of resigning to her antagonist the glory of the victory. But that antagonist was her father; and he was the only person to whom she ever conceded such an advantage.

"After breakfast, the party separated until dinner, which was constantly accompanied by disputes between M. Necker and several deaf and ill-tempered maîtres-d'hotel, the remnants of a system which M. Necker himself had overthrown, and who in their embroidered coats had followed his fortunes to Coppet. The afternoon was devoted to study until seven o'clock, when whist was commenced. This was always a stormy game: M. Necker and his daughter invariably quarrelled, lost their tempers, and left the table with the determination of never again playing together. But in spite of this the game was daily resumed. The rest of the evening was passed in agreeable conversation.

"With the exception of a few excursions, Madame de Stael in this manner spent eight years of her life; alternately devoting herself to the society of her father and the education of her children. At this period, too, she wrote what may

be termed her works of the second-rate class; viz. On the Influence of the Passions; On Literature; and lastly, Delphine.

"After the death of M. Necker in 1804,* Madame de Stael, finding herself relieved from all restraint, and the mistress of a splendid fortune, aspired to figure upon the stage of politics. To this she was urged by a vivid recollection of the commencement of the revolution, the date of her first acquaintance with the world, and her early success. She was enticed to enter this arena by the desire of exercising the power which she regarded as an attribute of her superior genius.

"But this love of authority took possession of her at a fatal moment, viz. at a time when all the efforts of an herculean government were exerted to free society from the action of individual influence, and to concentrate all power in itself. Thus a contest ensued, between the individual influence which Madame de Stael wished to exercise, and the resistance which was opposed by the government of the empire. This contest lasted eight years, at the expiration of which time, Madame de Stael withdrew from this conflict between a stupendous moral power and a physical power stronger than had ever before existed.

"During this period Madame de Stael published Corinne, and her great work on Germany; the

* The period at which we have arrived in this volume, is precisely the date of Madame de Stael's return to France. The above notice of her is therefore more appropriate here than in another place.

materials for the latter she collected in journeys undertaken to escape from the imperial authority, and to sympathise with the victims of that authority who had been wounded, but permitted to survive. The idea of this work was suggested by the labours she undertook, and executed conjointly with M. Schlegel, to explore the literary world of Germany; a world which was then new, and entirely unacquainted with the ideas, traditions, and even the rules which were the pride of French literature.

"Madame de Stael felt the necessity of emancipating herself from these ideas, traditions, and rules; she was endowed with a genuine poetic feeling, a horror of bad taste, and a power of charming by the harmony of language, which gave rise to frequent controversies between her and M. Schlegel, who, as it may be observed from his lectures, did not allow himself to be fascinated by Racine's harmonious versification. It was only necessary for Madame de Stael to recite some passages of Racine, to stir up one of those disputes, whence emanated a thousand ideas as novel as profound, on the mysteries of our moral nature.

"One of Madame de Stael's favourite amusements at this time, consisted in dramatic representation. Her fine voice and energetic gestures gave her a great advantage in the performance of tragedy. In these representations she was assisted by Count Elzear de Sabran, M. Charles de Labédoyère and Don Pedro de Souza, now Marquis de Palmella. Her style of acting belonged

to the school which had preceded Talma; for in spite of her admiration of that great tragedian, she was not his disciple. Madame de Staël attached no great value to her talent for dramatic performance. It is curious that she excelled in the representation of *soubrettes*.

" The Count de Sabran wrote pieces for these private theatricals, and Madame de Stael herself wrote " *Agar, la Sunamite*" and two other pieces, which were subsequently printed and much admired. At these performances at Coppet, the audience consisted of Madame de Stael's acquaintance in the neighbourhood, and very frequently, friends who came from a considerable distance to see her. Among these friends, I must mention Prince William of Prussia, Baron de Voght, Bonstettin, the poet Verner, M. de Montmorency (who every year made a pilgrimage to the Val-Sainte and Coppet) and Madame de Recamier who joined to exquisite beauty, a fund of talent and amiability which were duly appreciated by Madame de Stael.

" As long as Madame de Stael could assemble around her this circle of friends, existence was endurable to her, even in exile. But when, beneath her hospitable roof, and on one and the same day, sentence of exile was pronounced upon Madame de Recamier and M. de Montmorency, the distress of her feelings overcame her fortitude. Her extreme horror of solitude, and the mortification of believing herself the immediate cause of the condemnation of her friends, determined her

to leave France until happier days, and to seek elsewhere the liberty which France denied her."

As I have already mentioned, Madame de Stael returned to Paris after the death of her father, M. Necker. Her numerous friends wished to make this return a sort of triumph. This was ill-judged. The Emperor, who entertained towards her a very unjust and groundless dislike, took offence at the interest which was excited by the arrival of *a woman*. He forgot that that woman was endowed with extraordinary genius, that she scanned with an eagle glance all that came under her observation; that in short, though a woman, she was one of the greatest political economists of the day. Perhaps, however, he did not *forget* all this, and it might possibly be fear, which induced him to banish her. Junot, who solicited for her the favour of being permitted to remain in France, had a long conversation with the Emperor on the subject, which I shall relate in its proper place.

CHAPTER IV.

Inauguration of the Order of the Legion of Honour—Distribution of the crosses at Boulogne—The chair of Dagobert, the helmet of Bayard, and the shield of Francis I.— The throne and the banners—Madame Ney—Arrival of the flottilla—Unluckly accident—The Emperor's anger—Dinner and ball in honour of the festival.

NAPOLEON had been Emperor about three months when he determined to inaugurate the order of the legion of honour, created by the law of the 19th of May, 1802. This public solemnity, which was the first that had occurred since Napoleon had enjoyed his new title, took place in the Eglise des Invalides, at Paris, on the 14th of July, 1804. It was a grand and beautiful idea to grant a military reward, or rather to consecrate it by a permanent and ostensible sign, in that venerable pile which is the last asylum of the wounded soldier. There, beneath the shade of those banners which many had stained with their blood, and purchased with their limbs, nothing could be better conceived than to award them the prize of honour, for which they had devoted themselves.

Preparations were soon made at Boulogne for another brilliant ceremony. The Emperor distributed the first crosses to the dignitaries of the order, then in Paris, on the day of the inauguration. He now wished to distribute, with due formality, those which were to supersede the arms of honour. Boulogne was chosen as the scene of this military solemnity. A short time before (on the 10th of July, 1804) the Emperor had revived an institution very different from that of the legion of honour, the bases of which were valour and loyalty. The department of the minister of the police was re-established, and Fouché, who had again ingratiated himself in the favour of his master, was placed at the head of this state inquisition.

Every individual, to whom arms of honour had been awarded, received a summons to Boulogne. The camps of Saint-Omer, Bruges, Arras, Montreuil, and Amiens, sent deputations, and seventy thousand men assembled at this imposing ceremony.

Junot and I set off for Boulogne: a place was reserved for me in Berthier's *baraque*, which was the best situation for witnessing the magnificent spectacle.

It was on the 15th of August. The Emperor had chosen that day with the view of celebrating at once his own birth-day, and the festival of his brothers in arms, who came to receive from him the price of the blood they had loyally shed in the service of their country. Near the Tour

d'Ordre, on the most elevated point of the hill, a throne was constructed, around which waved two hundred banners, which had been taken from the enemies of France. On the steps of the throne were ranged the twenty-four grand officers of the empire, whom Napoleon had selected from among the most distinguished military commanders.

On the throne was placed the ancient chair, known by the name of the *Fauteuil de Dagobert*, and near the Emperor was the helmet of Bayard, containing the crosses and ribbons which were to be distributed. The shield of Francis I was also brought into requisition. That monarch is, I do not know why, usually represented as the type of honour and good faith, whereas, he was in reality, a Prince whose notions of honour were not so scrupulous as to prevent him capitulating with his conscience; in short, he was a fool, and an odious king, whose reign France had long reason to deplore. The Emperor knew all this, and probably, at the moment, thought as I did; but he wished to strike the imaginations of the multitude; and in this he succeeded.

I repaired early to Berthier's *baraque*, accompanied by a few friends. It was admirably situated for commanding a view of the ceremony that was about to take place, and from the windows I could see each legionist ascend to receive his cross from the hands of the Emperor. But before I installed myself in my place, I took a walk over the ground to see the arrangements.

In a valley cut by the hands of nature, there were

stationed sixty thousand men, in several ranks, and in *échelon*. The valley was so formed that they seemed to be ranged in an amphitheatre, and could be seen from the sea, the waves of which broke against the foot of the Tour d'Ordre. In front of the men was the throne, which was ascended by a few steps. There, was seated, in all the splendour of his glory, the man whose genius then ruled Europe and the world. Over his head a multitude of banners, tattered by cannon balls, and stained with blood, formed a canopy appropriate to the occasion. Though the day was fair, yet the wind blew with extreme violence, so that these trophies of victory waved in full view of several English vessels, then cruising in the straits; and among our conquests, might be discerned, the insolent leopard which aspired to subdue us.

In Berthier's *baraque*, I met a lady whom I had frequently seen in Paris, and whose various attractions rendered her as agreeable to me as she was to all who had the happiness of knowing her. We afterwards saw each other frequently, and always, at least on my part, with renewed pleasure. This lady was Madame Ney.

Madame Ney, who was one of the pupils of Madame Campan, had received a most finished education. She was remarkable for an air of simplicity, and I may even say a certain degree of timidity, which was the more attractive inasmuch as it formed a contrast to the manners of most of the ladies by whom she was surrounded at the court of France. Those ladies were, it is true,

for the most part, perfectly amiable and well bred; but they were young and inexperienced; and having seen little of the world, especially of that courtly world upon which they had recently entered, they were easily dazzled by the illusions of fortune, and were sometimes led into gross absurdities. The fine ladies of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, who at first formed part of the Empress Josephine's court, thought they would produce a wonderful impression by assuming airs of hauteur, though from them, better manners might have been expected. To all this ill-breeding of various kinds, the manners of a woman *comme il faut*, such as Madame Ney, formed a delightful relief.

The softness and benevolence of Madame Ney's smile, together with the intelligent expression of her large dark eyes, rendered her a very beautiful woman; and her lively manners and accomplishments, enhanced her personal graces. She possessed considerable talent for dramatic performance, which rendered her a valuable acquisition at Malmaison, where acting plays was a favourite amusement. She was also a good singer. Her voice possessed no great compass, but her intonation and her taste were pure and perfect. I shall always retain a pleasing recollection of the gratification I have frequently enjoyed in the music gallery at Malmaison, in hearing her sing the charming *canzoni* of Crescentini, to which her small white hands performed the piano-forte accompaniment. It may easily be imagined that I was

not a little delighted to meet this charming person at Boulogne.

The ceremony of the distribution was exceedingly long. Each legionist ascended the twelve steps leading to the throne, and after receiving his cross and ribbon from the Emperor's hand, made his bow, and returned to his place. Napoleon accompanied the gift with a word or a smile, according as the individual was more or less known to him. It may be said that the Emperor had that day two smiles, as distinct from each other as two different languages. The one was purely mechanical, and was bestowed merely with the intention of being *polite*, if the term may be applied in reference to a sovereign. The other came from the heart, and was observable when he presented the cross to one of his old comrades, who had fought with him in Italy or Egypt: then there seemed to be a glow of feeling which carried him back to his early and most brilliant glory.

It was five o'clock, and for a considerable time, I had observed the Emperor turning frequently and anxiously to M. Decres, the minister of the marine, to whom he repeatedly said something in a whisper. He then took a glass, and looked towards the sea, as if eager to discover a distant sail. At length, his impatience seemed to increase. Berthier, too, who stood biting his nails, in spite of his dignity of marshal, now and then looked through the glass, and Junot appeared to be in the

secret, for they all talked together aside. It was evident that *something* was expected. At length the minister of the marine received a message, which he immediately communicated to the Emperor, and the latter snatched the glass from the hand of M. Decres with such violence, that it fell and rolled down the steps of the throne. All eyes were now directed to the point which I had observed the Emperor watching, and we soon discerned a flotilla, consisting of between a thousand and twelve hundred boats, advancing in the direction of Boulogne, from the different neighbouring ports, and from Holland. The Emperor had made choice of the 15th of August as the day for uniting the flotilla with the other boats stationed in the port of Boulogne, in sight of the English vessels which were cruizing in the straits; while, at the same time, he distributed to his troops, rewards destined to stimulate their courage, and to excite their impatience to undertake the invasion of England.

But the satisfaction Napoleon enjoyed at the sight of the flotilla, was not of long duration. An emphatic oath uttered by M. Decres, who, it is well known, made a liberal use of these ornaments of speech, warned the Emperor that some accident had occurred. It was soon ascertained that the officer who commanded the first division of the flotilla, disregarding the advice of the coasting pilot, had, just as he was on the point of landing, run foul of some works newly erected along the coast. The shock swamped some of the boats,

and several of the men jumped overboard. Fortunately, it happened to be low water at the time, but I believe one man was drowned. The accident was exceedingly mortifying, happening as it did, in the full gaze of our enemies, whose telescopes were all pointed towards us, and it threw the Emperor into a violent rage. He descended from the throne and proceeded with Berthier to a sort of terrace, which was formed along the water's edge. He paced to and fro very rapidly, and we could occasionally hear him utter some energetic expression indicative of his vexation.

The cries of the people at the sea-side, who hurried to assist the boats, produced a sinister impression, and involuntarily excited alarm. There was every reason to apprehend a serious disaster, and yet, as I have just mentioned, only one life was lost, at least such was stated to be the fact, at the time, though the truth was perhaps disguised to prevent our enemies making merry at our expense. As it was, the English papers contained many jokes about our *nut shells*, as they were pleased to style our pinnaces and even our gun-boats.

In the evening a grand dinner and ball took place in honour of the inauguration. About six o'clock, just as dinner was about being served for the soldiers, under the tents, a heavy fall of rain came on. This served to augment the Emperor's ill-humour, and formed a gloomy termination to a day which had commenced so brilliantly.

CHAPTER V.

We depart for Calais—Dessein's hotel—My conversation with the Emperor—Return to Arras—Sumptuary law relative to court dresses—The embroidered coat—M. Levacher and the manufacturers of Lyons—Junot's return to Paris—Preparations for Napoleon's coronation—The Pope—General Cervoni—Democratic sentiments of Pius VII—Assassination of General Duphot.

On the very evening of the festival at Boulogne, Junot received orders from the Emperor requiring him to set out for Calais, next morning. He told me I might accompany him if I chose, but that owing to the little time he had at his disposal, he could not pass a whole day in Calais, "Unless," said he, "you consent to set out to-night immediately after the ball." I accepted this proposition, and we arrived at Calais next morning at seven o'clock. Consequently, we had ample time to look about us.

I had never been in Calais before, and my curiosity was particularly excited by Dessein's hotel. This establishment, which had so long enjoyed a reputation throughout Europe and which seemed

to present greater attractions to the English, than any other object in all France, was now overcast with profound gloom on account of the rupture of the treaty of Amiens. That event was particularly unfortunate to the keeper of the hotel, who, calculating, naturally enough, on a peace of a few years' standing, had expended a vast sum of money in rendering his house worthy of the *special attention* of the English, hundreds of whom used to land at Calais, and put up at Dessein's hotel, apparently with no other object than to intoxicate themselves with champagne and claret. After passing at Calais the few weeks which they had originally destined to a tour in France, it sometimes happened that on examining their accounts, they would find they had not money enough left to proceed on their journey, so, getting on board the first packet boat, they would return home and boast to their friends of the wonders they had seen in their travels. Examples of this kind were by no means rare during the short peace.

When I saw the Emperor he asked me how I liked my nocturnal journey, what I thought of Calais, and Dessein's hotel, and put to me many questions respecting what I had observed in my visits to several places on the coast. I mention this fact, though unimportant in itself, because I wish to seize every shade, however trivial, which belongs to the portrait of Napoleon. Certainly, he had no need of my opinion, nor my remarks upon any thing which referred to that part of the

French coast; but I had eyes and ears, and being free from prejudice, I could judge impartially of what I saw, and that was enough for him. He would sometimes question a child, and would often interrogate women on subjects to which they were not, perhaps, in the habit of directing their attention. On these occasions he always liked to have a ready answer. That with his powerful genius and lofty ideas he could descend to this habit of trivial gossiping, always appeared to me one of the most curious traits in the character of this extraordinary man!

On our return to Arras, I observed that twofold activity prevailed in all that related to the manœuvres of the army. Junot was several times summoned to Paris. In his absence the command devolved, alternately, on Generals Dupas and Macon, who were both attached to the imperial guard. On his return from one of these journies, Junot informed me of a circumstance which, at the time, I thought very extraordinary: this was the introduction of a sort of sumptuary law, regulating the court dress of the ladies. This dress was then nearly what it still remains. The *chérusque*,* which, however, was speedily retrenched, was exceedingly becoming. The robe and petticoat were as they are now, with this difference, that the embroidered border of the robe was

* The gothic ruff with long points, composed of tulle embroidered with gold or silver to correspond with the dress.

not to exceed four inches in depth. The princesses alone had the privilege of wearing the robe embroidered all over. Such were, at first, the commands of the Emperor, and they were dictated by good sense and paternal feeling. He did not wish that in his court, which was composed of men who had rendered honourable services to the country, but many of whom were comparatively poor, the extravagance of a young wife should compromise the happiness of her husband.

This sumptuary law—for it is difficult to characterize it by any other name—was at first rigidly observed. The Empress herself was the first to occasion its infringement, by pleading the cause of certain ladies, who wished to burden themselves with robes of intolerable weight, the beauty of which was concealed, because the trains could not drag through the apartments of the Tuileries, and when gathered up and held in the hand, it was certainly very difficult to estimate the beauty, and still less the value of the robe.

The mention of embroideries reminds me of a circumstance which, though unimportant in itself, is curious in its details.

Every one who frequented the Tuileries about the period I allude to, must recollect a certain coat composed of red taffety, and richly embroidered in gold in a symbolic pattern, consisting of branches of olive, oak, and laurel. This coat was worn by the First Consul, with boots, a black

cravat, and all the other component parts of a military costume. It was known by the name of *l'habit de Lyon*, and its history is as follows :—

M. Levacher, an eminent silk mercer in Paris, observing the decline which had taken place in a considerable branch of the silk trade, owing to the disuse of embroidery, resolved to exert his endeavours to revive it. For this purpose he consulted with some of the principal embroiderers, and sent them the design I have above mentioned. It was executed with great secrecy, and when finished was forwarded to M. Levacher. The latter, as soon as he received it, took it to M. Chaptal, the minister of the Interior, who was a distinguished patron of trade and the fine arts. The minister was struck with the beauty of the work. —"But in the name of heaven," said he, "how can you expect that the First Consul will wear an embroidered coat!—he who never even wears the uniform of a general officer ?" This was true. After his return from Egypt, I do not think I ever saw the First Consul in a general's uniform.

M. Levacher was disagreeably surprised at the reply of the Minister of the Interior, who, though he made him every offer of his assistance, was far from encouraging him in the hope of ever seeing the coat worn by Bonaparte.

"I will not despair of gaining my object," said M. Levacher. "I am Madame Bonaparte's silk-mercer; she has always been very friendly to me, and I will see what she can do."

Madame Bonaparte was struck with the beauty

of this masterpiece of Lyonese ingenuity, but candidly informed M. Levacher that there was no hope of prevailing on the First Consul to wear it. The silk-mercer, not a little disheartened by this assurance, had folded up the coat, and was putting it into the box, when the door leading to the First Consul's cabinet suddenly opened, and Bonaparte appeared. M. Levacher was, at first, somewhat embarrassed; but, immediately recollecting that his success depended on seizing the present opportunity, he opened the box, and submitted the coat to the inspection of Napoleon, at the same time warmly urging the necessity of reviving the drooping prosperity of the unfortunate city of Lyons, which was dying amidst the regeneration of France. The First Consul listened to him with marked interest: Bonaparte had already entertained plans for ameliorating the trade of Lyons; and the offering now presented to him afforded a fair excuse for wearing embroidered coats, and causing them to be worn—a fashion which could scarcely have been introduced without very good reason in a court which was yet entirely republican. The First Consul graciously replied that he was very sensible to the mark of attention shown him by the city of Lyons. "I will not deny," added he, "that I have some repugnance to equip myself in this fantastic costume; but for that reason my resolution will be the better appreciated."

Such is the history of the *habit rouge*, which every one thought so singular when Bonaparte first appeared in it.

About this time I observed Bonaparte express a decided dislike to the *percales* and muslins,* which were then much worn by ladies in France. But he was always pleased whenever he saw any of us in a leno dress. I recollect one day wearing a leno dress, of which Madame Bonaparte had made me a present on her return from St. Quentin. I was then very slender, and my figure would very well admit of my wearing a stiffly-starched gown; but as it was then the fashion for the ladies dresses to fall like the draperies of the antique statues, I must have looked as ridiculous as my daughter now would, were she to appear at a ball in a short waist and train. However, the Emperor thought proper to applaud my taste. "That is the way you should all dress, *en négligé*, ladies," said he. "I do not like to see you in those English muslins, which are sold at the price of their weight in gold, and which do not look half so well as a beautiful white leno. Wear leno, batiste, and silk, and then my manufactures will flourish."

Napoleon's coronation was to take place on the 11th Frimaire (December 2d) and Junot was summoned to Paris to attend the ceremony. General Oudinot took the command of the division of grenadiers at Arras, whither Junot did not afterwards return.

On my return to town, I found my house filled

* Percales and French muslins were exceedingly fashionable and expensive at the time here alluded to. With the exception of leno, all the white worn by ladies was brought from England.

with different members of Junot's family, who had arrived from the country to be present at the coronation. It is impossible to form an idea of the bustle and gaiety which prevailed in Paris at this time. From morning till night the streets were thronged by a busy and joyous multitude. Some were seen hurrying to procure tickets to witness the ceremony, others were engaging windows to see the procession pass, and to afford some idea of the ardent curiosity that prevailed, I may mention that a family of my acquaintance from Artois, having arrived too late to procure tickets for the interior of Notre Dame, paid the sum of three hundred francs for a second floor window near the gate of the church. The sight hunters first visited Dallemagne, the famous embroiderer, who was preparing the Emperor's mantle, for which Levacher had furnished the velvet; thence they proceeded to Foncier's, to see the crowns of the Emperor and Empress, and the Emperor's sword, the hilt of which was adorned with the famous diamond, known by the name of the Regent;—and lastly, they went in search of tickets to view the interior of Notre Dame, where the most splendid preparations were making for the approaching ceremony. Embroiderers, tailors, florists, jewellers, in short, tradesmen of every description were busily at work, and all joyfully anticipating a rich harvest of profit.

At this interval of universal joy, the Pope arrived in Paris, and he thus had an opportunity

of witnessing the unanimous sentiments that pervaded the French nation, and the hopes that were formed for the future glory and greatness of France. The Pope was lodged in the Pavillon de Flore, and the Emperor himself set the example of shewing to his Holiness the honours due, not only to his dignity as a sovereign and the head of the church, but also to his personal virtues.

Pius VII may be regarded as a remarkable historical character, and one who exercised an important influence on the events of the age in which we live, though Cardinal Gonzalvi, no doubt, took an active part in what was done then. I was very well acquainted with the Cardinal, who swayed his Holiness in almost all matters of importance, and who would, no doubt have given a different turn to the affairs of Europe had he lived.

The countenance of Pius VII has never been faithfully represented in any of his portraits. Perhaps, no less than a hundred likenesses were taken of him during his visit to Paris. All convey a correct idea of his figure; but none that I have seen, accurately pourtray his mild and intelligent features. His extremely pallid complexion and jet black hair, together with his white robes, produced altogether a singular effect. When I was presented to him,* his venerable appearance

* Whenever a female is presented to the Pope, it must be so managed as to have the appearance of accident. Women are not admitted into the Vatican, but his holiness permits them to be presented to him in the Sistine Chapel, or in his promenades. But the meeting must always appear to be the effect of chance.

inspired me with a feeling of interest, independent of the respect I owed to the head of the church. He gave me a very beautiful chaplet with a relique, and seemed pleased to hear me thank him in Italian.

On the Pope's arrival in Paris, all the constituted bodies, and all the authorities, primary and secondary, paid their formal respects to him. The generals were not the last to observe this ceremony, though several among them had evinced a repugnance to it, which gave umbrage to the Emperor. On the occasion of the generals paying their visit to the Pavillon de Flore, a question arose as to which of them should harangue the holy father. Several among them spoke Italian very fluently, and General Sebastiani, who always had a taste for making speeches, offered his services, but he was considered too young in the scale of commanders, and the choice fell on General Cervoni.

This selection, which was to all appearance perfectly suitable and proper, gave rise to a droll incident. At the time when the French entered Rome with Alexander Berthier, Cervoni, who was then a brigadier general, was military commandant of the city. It was even said, that he ordered the arrest of Pius VI. That, however, was not the fact; but it was nevertheless believed at the time, and consequently Cervoni was an object of terror in Rome. The Pope feared him as he would his evil genius. When Cervoni delivered the address in the name of the generals,

the Pope was struck with the pure and elegant accent with which he spoke Italian. "*Come lei parla bene, l'italiano.....*"* said his holiness. "*Santo Padre, sono quasi Italiano.*"†—"*Oh!.....*"—"*Sono Corso.*"‡—"*Oh!....Oh!....*"—"*Sono Cervoni.*"—"*Oh!....Oh!....Oh!....*" And at each exclamation the Holy Father retreated a few paces backwards, until at length he got close to the chimney and could go no further. The Pope probably thought he was going to be seized and sent to Valence. It was irresistably humourous to hear Cervoni himself describe this scene, the drollery of which must have been heightened by the contrast between the voices of the interlocutors. Cervoni had a clear, sonorous, and powerful voice, while the Pope on the contrary, spoke in a shrill soprano, and somewhat nasal tone. In person, Cervoni was not unlike the Pope; he had the same pale complexion, and the same form of countenance. But at the period alluded to, he was a young and handsome man.

The Pope, on his visit to Paris, must have found himself strangely situated; but his situation will appear somewhat less extraordinary, if we consider what were the sentiments of the Roman Pontiff in 1804, and even in 1800, when he was raised from the bishoprick of Imola, to the Papal chair. Even before that time he had professed opinions totally adverse to the

* How well you speak Italian.

† Holy Father, I am almost an Italian.

‡ I am a Corsican.

fanaticism of the Italian priests. On the breaking out of the disturbances at Rome during the embassy of Joseph Bonaparte, he published a mandament, in which the following remarkable passages occurred; he was at that time Cardinal Chiaramonte, and Bishop of Imola:

"The early Christians," said he, "my dear brethren," to the clergy of his diocese, "were all democrats..Moral virtues are the basis of that spirit of liberty and equality, without which no government can be happy.....Yes, my brethren, be good Christians, and you will be good democrats.* God favoured the designs of the ancient Romans, because they were real republicans, etc., etc."

This mandament was published in December, 1797. His intentions were good, but nevertheless, they could not prevent the brave Duphot from being massacred in the palace of the embassy, and at the side of Joseph Bonaparte. On this disastrous event, Joseph immediately departed from Rome, taking with him his sister-in-law,† who was on point of marriage with the unfortunate Duphot.

* "*Siate buoni cristiani e sarete ottimi democrati, &c., &c.*"

† Now Queen of Sweden.

CHAPTER VI.

Formation of the new court—The faubourg St. Germain—Madame de la Rochefoucauld—Madame Maret, Madame Savary, Madame de Ca....y, Mesdames Lannes and Du....el—The households of the Princesses—M d'Aligre—The Princess Eliza—The Emperor compares her to the Duchess du Maine—Dispute between the brother and sister—Madame Leclerc returns from St. Domingo—Her widowhood and the Venus suicide—Prince Borghèse—The bride's visit to St. Cloud—The diamond covered robe.

At the period of my arrival in Paris, all minds were occupied with a very important affair, viz: the formation of the new court then about to be established. The influence which such a circumstance is sure to engender, had already manifested itself in the most active intrigue. Madame Bonaparte who was of an easy temper and kind disposition, was applied to on all sides for the presentation of a *dame du palais*, a chamberlain, or an equerry. In short, she was assailed by that numerous troop, composed almost exclusively of the enemies of the Emperor, and whose influence was so fatal to him in 1814. At the time of the coronation, this crowd of ex-

pectants was still endurable by the true friends of Napoleon, for among them were the wives of those men who had shed their blood for France and who were devoted not only to their country, but to the Emperor. Napoleon, however, was then dreaming of the accomplishment of an impossibility, viz: *the system of fusion*, about which he said so much at St. Helena; and this is the only excuse for the grievous error he committed, in surrounding himself by individuals who but a few years before, had spoken of his downfal as one of their dearest hopes. The men who were truly attached to him, saw this error and pointed it out to him; but he was deaf to their remonstrances.

In the beginning, the formation of the court of Josephine and the princesses was rather under the influence of the consular spirit than that of the empire. It was only afterwards, on the arrival of Marie-Louise that the Tuileries began to be invaded by the faubourg St. Germain; and these intruders made it their daily business to jeer the Emperor and his family. These nominations have been attributed to the Empress; but unjustly. In the first place, the court was formed before her arrival; and besides she was too much attached to the Duchess of Montebello, who was half republican, half imperialist in her origin. But when I come to this period of our history, I will examine these points in detail.

The *dames du palais* were, at the period of the coronation, selected from among the wives of

the generals and grand officers of the empire. Madame de Lavallette was appointed *dame d'atours*, and Madame de Larochefoucauld lady of honour. I never could comprehend the Emperor's intention in appointing Madame de Larochefoucauld to that important post. Not that I think Madame de Larochefoucauld did not merit every attention from him, but because it is certain, that she never wished for the situation. The Empress Josephine was indeed obliged to press her to accept it, and notwithstanding this, she frequently wished to relinquish it. In person, this lady was small and ill-made, but she was a high-minded and sensible woman, and therefore she was necessarily subject to some degree of restraint and annoyance in the situation she held in the most pompous and elegant court Europe had ever seen. Her name was illustrious; but there were many names in the ranks of the old nobility, and even among the *dames du palais*, whom the Emperor had just appointed, which still more forcibly recalled historical recollections. Mesdames de Montmorency, de Mortemart, de Séran and de Bouillé had certainly claims to that title, and the two first possessed an advantage over Madame de Larochefoucauld in fortune, an important consideration, and one which might be sufficient to determine the Emperor in their favour, acting as he did on his absurd system of fusion. And it is curious that he proposed to make this system the medium of amalgamation

between his devoted friends and those who even then he held in the light of enemies.

But our party was then refulgent with a species of glory, which women regard with the same solicitude as men pursue theirs, viz: elegance and beauty. Of the princesses, and the young females who formed the court of the Empress, it would be difficult to mention one who was not distinguished for beauty. And how many were there whose personal charms were the brightest ornaments of the fêtes given in Paris during those halcyon days!

Among these was Madame Maret, whose lovely face and finely turned figure were equally admired, and who united to these natural advantages, that purity of taste and elegance of manner, which enhance more than is generally believed, the charms of beauty.

Madame Savary who possessed a countenance and form of equal beauty, but who had one fault, which was, that though she dressed well, yet there was always some part of her costume which did not harmonize thoroughly with the rest.

Madame Lannes' fine features resembled Raphael's or Correggio's most exquisite Madonnas. I have already spoken of this lady, of whose charms there can be but one opinion.

But perhaps the brightest star in this dazzling constellation was Madame de Ca....y. I often thought she might be compared to one of the

muses. In her, were combined perfect regularity of features with an indescribable charm of expression, a profusion of soft, rich silken hair, and a shape replete with grace and elegance. One might see at a glance that she was born beautiful, and that her charms owed nothing to adventitious aid.

There is, however, one lady who was attached to the imperial court, and who made her appearance in public a short time previous to the coronation, whom I must not pass by unnoticed. This lady is Madame Du....l.

Madame Du....l would not have made a model for a sculptor, because her features were not conspicuous for perfect regularity. Her attractions consisted in her fine blue eyes, overhung by long and glossy lashes—such eyes as I have endeavoured to describe in my portrait of Antonia in the "*Amirante de Castil*," and in her fascinating smile, which discovered a set of the finest ivory teeth in the world. To these charms, were added a profusion of fair hair, a hand and foot cast in the finest proportion, and a general elegance of manner which indicated a cultivated mind. Madame Du....l was married some years later than I, and her husband was old enough to have passed as her father. I recollect the day she came to pay us the wedding visit,—we were then at Malmaison. It was in the evening, and we were walking in the park with Queen Hortense, when we were informed that there was company in the drawing-room and

among these, Madame Du... l. We hastily flew to get a sight of the bride, and I thought her a very charming creature. Queen Hortense, who was equally distinguished for her good temper and good taste, thought the same as I did. But some of the ladies present, who never uttered a single word of commendation on another of their sex, began to criticise her most unmercifully. I must say, I conceived at first sight a most pleasing impression of Madame Du... l, an impression which increased in proportion as I became better acquainted with her.

The households of the princesses were formed with a more direct view to the fusion system than even that of the Empress Josephine; for the individuals about them, being heads of families, carried with them considerable influence, and gave a colouring to the whole establishment. For instance, the Princess Caroline had for her chamberlain M. d'Aligre, whose name and fortune sufficed, in the Emperor's opinion, to form a banner round which the most adverse parties might rally. Indeed, the faubourg St. Germain at this period had reason to be indebted to the Princess Caroline, for it was through her mediation that the life of the Marquis de Riviere was saved, as the Empress Josephine saved the two Polignacs.

The Princess Eliza, whose austere temper rendered her less pliant to her brother's will than other members of the family, was surrounded by persons not so exclusively attached to the Fau-

bourg St. Germain, with the exception, perhaps, of one of her ladies, Madame de Br..n, who, however, did not remain long with her, but entered the service of the Princess Borghèse. Then there was Madame Laplace, the wife of the geometrician, who was disposed to join the princess in the pursuit of science, for in this respect, Eliza pretty much resembled the Duchess du Maine. Nor did the similitude stop here. Her ambitious spirit, her imperative disposition, which reduced her husband to the rank of first officer of her household, all these were points of resemblance between the two women: The parallel, however is not mine, but the Emperor's. He drew it one day at St. Cloud, after a very sharp dispute with his sister, relative to a play of the time of Louis XIV, Routrou's Wenceslaus. Talma, at the Emperor's request, had just been reading an act of that tragedy, and every one knows how that celebrated man used to personate the character of Ladislaus. After awarding due praise to the admirable manner in which Talma had recited many of the lines, the conversation turned upon the merits of the piece itself. The Emperor declared very bluntly, that Wenceslaus was an old fool; that Ladislaus was an inhuman son and brother; that in short, the play was good for nothing. Then referring to Cinna, the Cid, and some other of Corneille's principal works, he concluded by saying, " This is what tragedy ought to be."

The Princess Eliza entertained a great admiration for Voltaire, and she immediately commenced

an attack on Corneille, the grounds of which were taken from Voltaire's notes, which certainly are neither impartial nor just in any point of view. The Emperor probably felt a little irritated at an attempt to refute him, which he felt to be unreasonable. The discussion grew warm, and angry words passed between them. At length Napoleon left the room, exclaiming :—

" This is intolerable; you are absolutely the caricature of the Duchess du Maine."

The expression struck me as being as droll as it was just. It would seem that Napoleon was much pleased with it himself, for one day at Neuilly, as he was ridiculing the performance of Alzire, he said the Princess Eliza had parodied the part of Alzire, and played it *en caricature*.

The drawing-room of St. Cloud, in which the above little dispute happened, presented, on another occasion, a scene which subsequent circumstances rendered remarkable, for other reasons than those which impressed me at the time.

Madame Leclerc lost her husband at St. Domingo ; she had his body embalmed, and she returned home with his remains, on board the same vessel which had conveyed him to the island, a few months before, in perfect health. The Emperor, who thoroughly knew her disposition, and who was anxious that she should wear her weeds with decorum, consigned the young widow to the care of his brother Joseph and his amiable spouse. Madame Leclerc was consequently lodged in the

hotel Marbœuf, in the rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, then occupied by Joseph Bonaparte. Here I saw her on her return from St. Domingo. She had then a frightful sore upon her hand, which, though it was healed for a time, appeared again in spite of all the efforts of her physicians. She looked most angelic in her weeds, though she was evidently impatient of the retirement they imposed on her! "I shall certainly sink under this, Laurette," said she to me, one day. "If my brother determines to shut me out from the world, I will put an end to my existence at once."

Junot observed, that though we had a Venus de Medicis, a Venus of the Capitol, and a Venus Calipyge, we had never before heard of a "Venus Suicide." At this compliment the features of Madame Leclerc brightened up, and extending her hand to Junot, she said: "Come and see me often, Junot, you are one of my old friends. Laurette, you need not be jealous, for you know I am going to be married."

Accordingly, a short time after, Napoleon, who was then only First Consul, arranged a marriage between her and Prince Camille Borghese. When I saw the Prince I was struck with his handsome appearance; I was not then aware of his complete nullity of intellect. His fine dark eyes, and well formed head, seemed to indicate a mind of a superior order. Perhaps I did not regard him with sufficient attention; otherwise I might have discerned in his unvarying smile, and unmeaning

glance, that mental imbecility, which really characterised the poor prince, and of which his marriage afforded a sufficient proof.

I reckon myself fortunate in having been a witness to the wedding visit of the Princess Borghese to her sister-in-law Madame Bonaparte. I was well aware of the rivalry which existed between the two sisters-in-law, and had observed many instances of the jealousy which Madame Leclerc entertained of Madame Bonaparte. I well knew Madame Leclerc's character: her excessive vanity, her constant endeavour to be thought—not only the most beautiful—but the most brilliant of her sex. How often have I seen her shed tears of vexation, at beholding her sister-in-law covered with diamonds and pearls of regal splendour. The Princess Borghese was one of these persons whose characters are interesting to study, on account of their mere nullity and puerility. For me she was a book, of which every page conveyed a new and instructive lesson. The evening she came to St. Cloud, to be introduced as the Princess Borghese, to Madame Bonaparte, exhibited one of the most striking traits in the character of Madame Leclerc.

It may well be conceived that her toilet, that day, was an affair of the utmost importance. After considering of every colour, and consulting the opinion of all about her, she at last fixed upon a robe of green velvet, upon which with no great regard to taste, were displayed all the diamonds of the house of Borghèse, forming what was then

called a *mathilde*. Her head, her neck, her ears, and arms, were loaded with diamonds; in short, she was a dazzling mass of jewels, and the satisfaction she enjoyed in this gaudy display on her person was most amusing. When she entered the room she observed the sensation she created, and the flush of triumph which overspread her countenance, certainly made her look extremely beautiful. If her intention was to mortify her sister-in-law, her triumph was, perhaps, complete, at least so it was in her own conviction. She was a princess, the most beautiful of her sex, possessing a collection of jewels more splendid than was possessed by any private gentlewoman in Europe, and a settlement of two millions a year. After she had passed round the room, she came and sat next me.

"Laurette, my little Laurette! only look at them," said she, "they are ready to burst with envy! But 'tis no matter, I am a princess, and a real one."

I could not help recollecting this last expression, when I was at Rome, in 1818; I then saw her at the Borghèse palace, enjoying the protection which the Pope had extended to the Princess Borghèse. Thus, she was not only the first princess of her family, but she contrived to retain her rank amidst all the disasters of her relatives.

CHAPTER VII.

Marmont's disgrace—The author of it—He is created colonel-general of the chasseurs—Decree of the nation presented by the conservative senate to Napoleon—Negative and affirmative votes—Ceremony of the coronation—Aspect of Notre Dame—The Pope—The Emperor and Empress—The crown of Charlemagne—Ominous fall of a stone—Old recollections revived—Conversation with Napoleon.

AMIDST the general joy that pervaded all minds previous to the Emperor's coronation, a circumstance occurred which vexed Junot, and which related to his friend Marmont. The name of the latter did not appear on the list of appointments which had been made on the formation of the empire, and Marmont was neither created a grand officer of the empire, nor a grand officer of the crown. Such a sincere feeling of friendship attached Junot to his old college companion, and his first brother in arms, that he was perfectly distressed at this sort of disgrace inflicted on him. Junot assured me that he knew the author of it. I pressed him to tell me, and though I was shocked, I was not surprised; for, to accuse others was the constant practice of the individual

in question, who, holding as he did, the very highest rank in the army, should have preserved a noble and honourable line of conduct, instead of earning for himself an odious reputation. I am not certain whether Marmont was aware of the source of the slight that was shewn to him; but Junot said to me, "He shall never hear it from my mouth; for he will not hesitate to demand satisfaction, and then the life of my brave friend may be sacrificed. I am sometimes tempted to tread upon the fellow's toes, so that I might have a chance of shooting him myself." Some time after the coronation, Prince Eugene having been appointed Grand Chancellor of State, the rank of colonel-general of chasseurs was given to Marmont.

On the 1st of December, the conservative senate presented to the Emperor the votes of the nation. It is worthy of remark that for the empire, there were only two thousand five hundred and seventy-nine negative votes, and three millions, five hundred and seventy-five affirmative, while for the consulate for life, there were, I believe, nearly nine thousand negative votes. I breakfasted with the Empress on the very day of the presentation of the registers to the Emperor, and I can positively affirm, whatever may have been said to the contrary, that Josephine had no gloomy presentiments either as regarded herself or Napoleon. She was in excellent spirits, and she told me that the Emperor had that morning made her try on the crown, which next day he

was to place on her head in the eyes of France; and she shed tears of joy while she mentioned this. She also spoke feelingly of the disappointment she had experienced on receiving the Emperor's refusal to her solicitation for the return of Lucien. "I wished to make to-morrow a day of grace," said she; "but Bonaparte (for she continued to call him by this name long after his elevation to the empire) impatiently rejected my suit, and I was compelled to be silent. I wished to prove to Lucien that I can return good for evil. If you should see him let him know it."

I was astonished at Napoleon's constant severity towards his brother, and a brother too, to whom he owed so much. His marriage with Madame Jaubèrton, was alleged to be the unpardonable offence he had committed; but I am of opinion that the republican sentiments entertained by Lucien, formed the real objection to his recal to France. Another circumstance which augmented the hostility of the Emperor towards his brother, was the conduct of Madame Letitia Bonaparte. She warmly espoused the cause of her exiled son, and quitted Paris for the purpose of conveying to him assistance and consolation. Madame Bonaparte's maternal feelings were painfully lacerated at this period of general joy and festivity. Her youngest son Jerome was excluded from the family circle, which Napoleon had collected around him, and to which he looked for the consolidation of his future power. Jerome had married Miss Patterson in America. Though

he was at the time a mere boy, yet the marriage was nevertheless valid, since it took place with the consent of his mother and his elder brother. But the First Consul was furiously indignant at the conduct of the young *enseigne de vaisseau;* conceiving that as head of the government, he was also the head of his family. Jerome had left America to return to Europe. Madame Letitia informed the Emperor of his departure: and Napoleon immediately took measures to prevent his landing, not only in any of the ports of France, but also those of Holland and Belgium, and wherever he had power to exclude him. I make no comment on this severity: subsequent events may or may not have justified it: of that the reader will presently be able to judge. Be this as it may, Madame Letitia Bonaparte was at the time of the coronation, in Rome, without either title or distinction. She was, however, introduced in David's picture of the coronation. This must have been by command of the Emperor, for I cannot imagine that the idea was suggested by Madame Mère. Her manners might sometimes appear eccentric in the midst of a court, which by reason of the novelty of its creation, was more punctilious than others; but she was a woman of strong mind and noble sentiment, and I do not believe it could have been her wish to figure in a pageant at which she was not present, while she was fulfilling the most gratifying of woman's duties,—that of an affectionate mother.

Before day-break on the 2nd of December, all

Paris was alive and in motion; indeed hundreds of persons had remained up the whole of the night. Many ladies had the courage to get their hair dressed at two o'clock in the morning, and then sat quietly in their chairs until the time arrived for arranging the other parts of their toilette. I must confess that I preferred enjoying my night's rest, and therefore had my head dressed by my *femme de chambre*. However we were all very much hurried, for it was necessary to be at our posts before the procession moved from the Tuileries, for which nine o'clock was the appointed hour.

I was at that time as intimate with the Duchess de Ragusa as Junot was with her husband. She afterwards quarrelled with me, for what reason I never could discover, but at the time of the coronation we were as affectionately attached to each other as two sisters. We arranged to go together to Notre Dame, and we set out at half past seven in the morning. As to Junot, he was to carry one of the honours of Charlemagne—the ball, or the hand of justice, I do not now recollect which. We therefore left him busily engaged in arraying himself in his peer's robes; and Madame Marmont and I set out for Notre Dame.

I had a place reserved for me in the choir, part of which was allotted to the ladies of the grand officers of the empire; but not wishing to be separated from Madame Marmont, I ascended with her into one of the *travées* above the grand altar. Here, however, the crowd was so great that we

could scarcely find places ; and leaving Madame Marmont in company with a lady of her acquaintance, I went down to the *travée* reserved for the grand officers, where I could breathe freely, and moreover see the ceremony with as much facility as if it had taken place in my own drawing-room.

Who that saw Notre Dame on that memorable day can ever forget it ? I have witnessed in that venerable pile the celebration of sumptuous and solemn festivals ; but never did I see any thing at all approximating in splendour to the *coup d'œil* exhibited at Napoleon's coronation. The vaulted roof re-echoed the sacred chanting of the priests. who invoked the blessing of the Almighty on the ceremony about to be celebrated, while they awaited the arrival of the vicar of Christ, whose throne was prepared near the altar. Along the ancient tapestried walls were ranged, according to their ranks, the different bodies of the state, the deputies from every city ; in short, the representatives of all France, assembled to implore the benediction of Heaven on the sovereign of the people's choice. The waving plumes which adorned the hats of the senators, counsellors of state, and tribunes—the splendid uniforms of the military—the clergy in all their ecclesiastical pomp—and the multitude of young and beautiful women, glittering in jewels, and arrayed in that style of grace and elegance which is to be seen only in Paris—altogether presented a picture which has perhaps rarely been equalled, and certainly never excelled.

The Pope arrived first; and at the moment of his entering the cathedral, the anthem *Tu es Petrus* was commenced. His Holiness advanced from the door with an air at once majestic and humble. We felt that he was our sovereign, while it was obvious that in his heart he acknowledged himself the subject of Him whose throne was the cross. The place I occupied was precisely in front of his Holiness, so that I could observe him without interruption throughout the long ceremony.

At length, the firing of cannon announced the departure of the procession from the Tuileries. From an early hour in the morning the weather had been exceedingly unfavourable. It was cold and rainy, and appearances seemed to indicate that the procession would be any thing but agreeable to those who joined in it. But, as if by the especial favour of Providence, of which so many instances are observable in the career of Napoleon, the clouds suddenly dispersed, the sky brightened up, and the multitudes who lined the streets from the Tuileries to the cathedral enjoyed the sight of the procession without being, as they had anticipated, drenched by a December rain. Napoleon, as he passed along, was greeted by heartfelt expressions of enthusiastic love and attachment. It may truly be said that he then received the holy unction. That which was afterwards conferred on him could not render him more positively great.

On his arrival at Notre Dame, Napoleon as-

cended the throne, which was erected in front of the grand altar. Josephine took her place beside him, surrounded by the assembled sovereigns of Europe.

The ceremonies of Napoleon's coronation have been so often detailed, that it would be useless in me to repeat a description of them. However, I may mention a few particulars which struck me as remarkable during my attentive observation of the Emperor on that memorable day.

Napoleon appeared singularly calm. I watched him narrowly, with the view of discovering whether his heart beat more highly beneath the imperial velvet than beneath the uniform of the guides; but I could observe no difference, and yet I was at the distance of only ten paces from him. The length of the ceremony, however, seemed to weary him; and I saw him several times check a yawn. Nevertheless, he did every thing he was required to do, and did it with propriety. When the Pope anointed him with the triple unction on the head and both hands, I fancied, from the direction of his eyes, that he was thinking of wiping off the oil rather than of any thing else; and I was so perfectly acquainted with the workings of his countenance, that I have no hesitation in saying that was really the thought that crossed his mind at the moment.

During the ceremony of the anointing, the holy father delivered that impressive prayer which concluded with these words:—"Diffuse, oh Lord, by my hands, the treasures of your grace and

benediction on your servant, Napoleon, whom, in spite of our personal unworthiness, *we this day anoint Emperor in your name.*

Napoleon listened to this prayer with an air of pious devotion. But just as the Pope was about to take the crown called the *crown of Charlemagne* from the altar, Napoleon seized it and placed it on his own head. At that moment he was really handsome, and his countenance was lighted up with an expression of which no words can convey an idea. He had removed the wreath of laurel which he wore on entering the church, and which encircles his brow in the fine picture of Gerard. The crown, was, perhaps, in itself, less becoming to him ; but the expression excited by the act of putting it on, rendered him, as I have already observed, perfectly handsome.

At that moment there occurred one of those incidents which pass unheeded when they are not followed by any particular consequence, but which nevertheless furnish food for superstition. For several months previous to the coronation, the ancient roof and walls of Notre-Dame had been unmercifully hammered by a host of workmen employed in fixing up the tapestry and other decorations of the church ; and several small articles of stone which had been loosened by these preparations fell at intervals, during the ceremony into the nave and choir. Just at the moment, when, as I have already mentioned, Napoleon seized the crown, and placed it on his own head, a small fragment of stone, about the size of a nut,

fell from the roof, directly over the Emperor's shoulder. After gliding along the surface of his velvet robe, it rolled down the steps of the altar, nearly to the throne of the Pope, where it was picked up by an Italian priest, who, if he observed that it had touched the head of the newly anointed sovereign, probably preserved it as a sacred relic. There was no movement or gesture of the Emperor which could enable me to guess whether or not he felt the stone touch him ; but small as it was, considering the vast height from which it fell, it is scarcely possible to believe he could be unconscious of the circumstance.

When the moment arrived for Josephine to take an active part in the grand drama, she descended from the throne, and advanced towards the altar, where the Emperor awaited her, followed by her retinue of court ladies, and having her train borne by the four princesses, Caroline,* Julie,† Eliza, and Louis.‡ One of the chief beauties of the Empress Josephine was not merely her fine figure, but the elegant turn of her neck, and the way in which she carried her head ; indeed her deportment altogether was conspicuous for dignity and grace. I have had the honour of being presented to many *real Princesses*, to use the phrase of the Faubourg St. Germain, but I never saw one, who to my eyes, presented so perfect a personification of elegance and majesty.

* Madame Murat.

† Madame Joseph Bonaparte.

‡ Madame Louis Bonaparte.

Certainly no queen ever ascended the throne with a better grace.

In Napoleon's countenance I could read the conviction of all I have just said. He looked with an air of complacency at the Empress, as she advanced towards him; and when she knelt down—when the tears which she could not repress fell upon her clasped hands, as they were raised to Heaven, or rather to Napoleon—both then enjoyed one of those fleeting moments of pure felicity which are unique in a life-time, and serve to fill up a vacuum of years. The Emperor performed, with peculiar grace, every action required of him during the ceremony; but his manner of crowning Josephine was most remarkable; after receiving the small crown surmounted by the cross, he had first to place it on his own head, and then to transfer it to that of the Empress; when the moment arrived for placing the crown on the head of the woman whom popular superstition regarded as his good genius, his manner was almost playful. He took great pains to arrange this little crown, which was placed over Josephine's tiara of diamonds; he put it on, then took it off, and finally put it on again, as if to promise her she should wear it gracefully and lightly. These and a thousand other little details were probably lost to persons who were placed at a distance from the altar; but the situation I was so fortunate as to obtain enabled me to see and observe every minute action and gesture of the principal actors in this magical scene.

This part of the ceremony being ended, the Emperor descended from the altar to return to his throne, while the magnificent *Vivat* was performed by the full chorus. At this moment the Emperor, whose eagle eye had hitherto glanced rapidly from one object to another, recognized me in the little corner which I occupied. He fixed his eye upon me, and I cannot attempt to describe the thoughts which this circumstance conjured up in my mind. A naval officer once told me, that during a shipwreck, when he had given himself up for lost, the whole picture of his past life seemed to unfold itself before him in the space of a minute. May it not be presumed that Napoleon, when he looked at me, was assailed by a host of past recollections; that he thought of the Rue des Filles Saint Thomas, and of the hospitality he had shared in my father's house; and the ride to Saint Cyr, when, pointing out certain reforms that might be effected, he exclaimed, "*Oh! si j'étais le maître!*"*

When I saw the Emperor, a few days afterwards, he said: "Why did you wear a black dress at the coronation?" This question took me so by surprise, that I could not readily reply. "Was it a sign of mourning?" continued he. "Oh Sire!" I exclaimed, and the tears started to my eyes. Napoleon looked at me as if he would scan my very inmost thoughts: "But tell me," said he, "why did you make choice of that sombre—

I may almost say sinister colour?"—"Your Majesty did not observe that the front of my robe was richly embroidered with gold,* and that I wore my diamonds. I did not conceive that there was any thing unsuitable in my dress; not being one of those ladies whose situations required them to appear in full court costume."

"Is that remark intended to convey an indirect reproach? Are you like Madame S——, Madame D——, and Madame B——, who are sulky because they have not been appointed *Dames du palais?* I do not like sulkiness and ill humour."

"Sire, I have shown no ill humour; but for that I claim no merit, because I feel none. Junot has informed me that your Majesty does not wish to make double appointments in your household, and that of the Empress; and that when the husband is one of the military household, the wife cannot be a *dame du palais.*"

"Junot told you so, did he? And how happened he to mention that? Were you complaining? Are you infected with ambition? I hate ambitious women. Unless they are queens, they are intriguers:—remember that, Madame Junot. But now, tell me, are you not vexed at not being appointed *dame du palais?* Answer me candidly; if a woman can be candid.

"I will, Sire; but your Majesty will not believe me."

* The fact is, that black or dark-coloured velvet dresses were much worn at that time, especially with diamonds. There were a great many at Napoleon's coronation.

"Come, come, let me have an answer."

"Then I am not vexed."

"How?"

"Because I am not one of those persons who can easily conform to positive subjection; and your Majesty would probably wish that the protocol for regulating the Empresses court should be framed on the model of a military code."

Napoleon laughed.

"Not unlikely," resumed he. "However, I am satisfied; you have given me a very good answer, and I shall remember it." Then, after a pause, he said: "Poor Junot, did you observe how his feelings were moved at the coronation? He is a faithful friend. Who could have foreseen, when we were both at Toulon, ten years ago, that we should live to see such a day as the 2nd of December?

"Perhaps Junot, Sire."

Here I reminded him of a letter which my husband wrote to his father in 1794, and in which he refuted the objection of the old man who blamed him for leaving his regiment to follow the fortune of an obscure and unknown general like Bonaparte. Junot replied: "You ask me who general Bonaparte is? He is one of those men whom nature creates sparingly, and who appear in the world now and then, in the lapse of ages." My father-in-law showed this letter to the *First Consul*, when he passed through Dijon after the battle of Marengo; and the *Emperor* appeared quite

struck with the recollection which I called to his mind.

The conversation between myself and Napoleon, which I have just described, took place at a ball which was given either by the war minister or M. de Talleyrand ; I do not precisely remember which.

CHAPTER VIII.

Junot appointed Ambassador to Portugal—He hesitates to accept the appointment—Lord Robert Fitzgerald and his lady—Droll expedient of Marshal Lannes—The question of precedence—Marshal Lannes recalled—Cambaceres—Opening of the legislative body—Letter from Napoleon to the King of England—Strange commentaries upon it—Levy of sixty thousand men—Pacification of La Vendée—Departure of a squadron to Dominica—Capture of that island—Detailed instructions given to me by the Emperor previous to my departure for Portugal.

One day Junot returned home with a thoughtful and almost melancholy air. He told me that the Emperor was desirous of giving him a proof of his confidence, of which doubtless he was very sensible, but which, nevertheless, caused him some uneasy apprehensions. The Emperor had proposed that he should proceed on an embassy to Portugal. At first I beheld only the brilliant side of the matter, and I said: "Well! why are you dissatisfied?"—"Because," replied Junot, "I am not calculated for diplomacy; and that brave and excellent fellow Lannes tells me that the court of Lisbon is a perfect bear-garden, and that I should be sure to get into some scrape.

"England is all powerful at Lisbon; Austria threatens to turn her back upon us as well as Prussia and Russia; therefore, you may well imagine that I am not much inclined to go to take a siesta in Portugal, amidst the firing of cannon and musketry."

I knew Junot's character, and I made no reply; indeed, this last objection closed my mouth. For my own part, the bare idea of quitting France rendered me miserable. However, as this was an affair which might place Junot in a situation to show what he was capable of, I did not wish to turn him from a path which might augment his reputation as a man of merit and talent. On the contrary, I exhorted him to reflect before he came to a decision, and especially to consult one of our friends.

When Junot spoke to that gentleman, of the proposed embassy to Lisbon, he advised him to accept it. There was one very disagreeable circumstance connected with it—Junot's predecessor, General Lannes, who was disliked at Lisbon, and who wishing to return home, as it was said, formed a plan for getting himself recalled. Be this as it might, the following version of what had occurred between him and the English minister was current in the gossip of St. Germain.

At that time Lord Robert Fitzgerald, who had been secretary to the embassy in Paris, in 1790, filled the office of English ambassador at Lisbon. No man could possess more polished, though colder manners, or a more dignified address than

distinguished Lord Robert. His personal appearance too was in his favour, and formed a singular contrast to that of Lady Robert Fitzgerald, who was an extremely plain woman, and whose hatred of France caused her to assume at intervals the air of a fury. She spoke of the Emperor as a brigand, deserving of the scaffold, and she always alluded to him in a strain of invective. It will easily be supposed that General Lannes, who was devoted to Napoleon, was not very well pleased, either with the husband, or the wife, though the conduct of the former was perfectly gentlemanly. Lannes disliked all the English embassy, not excepting Lord Strangford, who, at that period seemed to divide his time between sleeping and translating Camoens.

Only those who knew Lannes can form a just idea of the hatred he bore to England. He did not understand the art of dissembling his sentiments, and he expressed them with all the frankness of his character. One may readily suppose, that in the midst of a foreign court, where obsequious manners are above all things considered a duty, Marshal Lannes would appear somewhat singular. Madame Lannes, it is true, relieved the conventional interview of diplomatic and courtly life, by the sweetness of her manner, and her admirable beauty; but Lady Fitzgerald regarded those charms only as so many faults in a Frenchwoman, and the warfare which she waged against the French became the more active in consequence.

One offence which General Lannes in particular could not pardon, was Lord Robert's claim to go before him, whether in passing from one chamber to another at Quelus* or on the road, in short, wherever there might be a claim of precedency. Lannes was displeased with this prerogative, which was founded on an ancient claim, or some such thing, and to get rid of the difficulty he devised the following scheme.

When the ambassador used to go to pay his respects to the Prince Regent, the father of Don Pedro, at Quelus, which was situated four leagues from Lisbon, Lannes went as he would have gone to Malmaison or St. Cloud, viz. in a caleche with four horses. The English minister had a neat light carriage, which filled General Lannes' servants with jealousy. The general was always sure to come up with it on the road, and to meet Lord Robert at the door of the Prince Regent's apartment. This annoyed him exceedingly: one day he said to his coachman, "How is it, sirrah, that you cannot contrive to get before that Englishman?"

The coachman did not like the English any more than his master, and it happened that on the Sunday following, whilst driving the general, he overtook Lord Robert's equipage as usual. He rapidly drove against the English carriage, which being very light, was overturned into a ditch. The general was, it is said, angry with his

* A royal residence of the court of Lisbon.

coachman, but the horses were going at such a rate that it was impossible to stop them, so that he could offer no assistance to his diplomatic colleague. When the ambassadors had assembled at Quelus, they waited some time before they entered the audience chamber; the English minister had not yet appeared. "We need not wait for him," said Lannes; "I do not think he will come."

This is the way in which the story has been related to me, but I do not pretend to vouch for its authenticity. I can, however, bear testimony to one fact, and that is the antipathy General Lannes cherished towards the English; and if the affair did not happen as I have described, it certainly was not improbable that it should.

Be this as it may, Junot, who was the most frank and communicative of men, had no desire to travel to Portugal, to practice the arts of policy and dissimulation. Besides, it was his wish to remain in Paris, for he was desirous of either serving as first aide-de-camp to the Emperor, or resuming the command of the first military division which was separated from the governorship of Paris. He thought that Murat, the Emperor's brother-in-law, would not continue governor of Paris, and in his heart he wished to be once more at the head of the military administration of the capital of France.

Not knowing how to decide, Junot resolved to take the advice of the arch-chancellor, who had always professed a regard for him, and whom Ju-

not highly esteemed. The arch-chancellor listened attentively to all Junot said, and then told him he ought to set out on the embassy.

"But," said Junot, "I shall only commit blunders. Do you imagine that I can submit to all the contrivance and the duplicity which diplomacy requires?"

"Do not make a bugbear of that, replied Cambaceres, "the more especially as I have this bit of advice to give you: continue to be just what you are. Frankness is the most able agent of diplomacy. Besides, my dear general, *you must obey his Majesty.*"

When Junot related to me the conversation he had had with the arch-chancellor, the last words struck me more than all the rest. I was very young then, and I could with difficulty conceive such an extreme pliancy of opinion in a man of Cambaceres' age. I recollected that at two o'clock on the morning of the 21st of January, he rushed into the tribune of the convention, to demand that the sentence on the King should be pronounced and executed within twenty-four hours. If his conduct was not the result of deep and intimate conviction it was very reprehensible,

I have already said that I could not at this period quit Paris, without the greatest mortification. I was young; Paris was then a sort of fairy land. All my friends were there, my brother and my youngest daughter, whom I should be compelled to leave behind me, because she was too tender an age to undertake so long a journey.

These considerations distressed me. Besides Madame Lannes did not give me any very agreeable accounts of Lisbon. It appeared that there was no society there, except that which was under the influence of England, and the sample we had of the Portuguese nobility in the person of M. de Lima, the ambassador from the Prince Regent, was not calculated to make me anticipate much pleasure in the court of fair Lusitania. I was not, some few circumstances excepted, deceived in my expectations, as I shall presently show.

Finally, the journey was decided upon, and Junot was charged not only with the embassy to Lisbon, but with a secret and important mission to the court of Madrid, where General Beurnonville was French ambassador. Affairs had assumed so serious an aspect that it was necessary the Emperor should direct his whole attention to his allies in the south. Portugal was neutral; but so wily as to require close watching; and Spain was so wretchedly governed, that it was indispensable to keep an eye on her motions also. England was dissatisfied, and threatened to convulse Europe again for her quarrels. Spain too, declared war against England on the 12th or 15th of December of this year; the question was, would the Spanish government maintain faith towards us as long as our interests required it? The Spanish nation was at that time what it has been subsequently—what it always was—a great and noble nation; but there are exceptions in all cases.

A great and imposing ceremony took place towards the end of December; namely, the opening of the legislative assembly. The Emperor was upon that occasion what he was so often during the glorious years which commenced his immortal era. His speech was simple and dignified. He demanded justice for the French people against the bad faith of England, and accused the latter of wishing to disturb the peace of Europe.

In the month of January, 1805, the Emperor wrote to the King of England. He addressed his letter directly to the monarch; it was in the following terms:—

"I do not see any dishonour in making the first advances. I have, I believe, proved to the world that I do not fear the chances of war; but peace is now the wish of my heart. I beseech your majesty not to deny yourself the happiness of giving peace to the world. Do not leave that pleasure to your successors. I wish Your Majesty could be convinced of one truth, viz. that a new coalition can tend only to augment the greatness and the continental preponderance of France."

Events proved, during that same year, that the Emperor was correct in this assertion. The above is the letter which has been so strangely described in publications as scurrilous as they are false. This noble step on the part of Napoleon, so free from all petty ambition and vanity, has been represented as having been written, not only to deceive the French people, but to afford the Empe-

ror an opportunity of treating with a crowned head as an equal. Is it likely, that at the most brilliant period of Napoleon's glory, when he was the adored and legally-recognised sovereign of the greatest nation of Europe, he should have wished to treat, from mere motives of vanity, with a lunatic monarch, and such a prince as the Prince of Wales! The persons who make these absurd charges against Napoleon, think it very proper that the *English minister* should have returned an answer to the *French minister*, (M. de Talleyrand) giving him, instead of reasons, impertinent evasions. "His Majesty," concluded the English minister, "cannot give a more particular answer to the communication which had been made to him before he communicates it to the continental powers."

In the meantime a levy of sixty thousand men was ordered in France. Another law directed the building of a town in La Vendée. Napoleon not only tranquillized these provinces, which were ravaged by burnings, and inundated with blood, but he rebuilt their towns, and restored life and fertility to the desolated plains. Was this ambition? Be it so. The ambition which produces such results is better than the hypocritical humility, behind which base nothingness and vindictive imbecility intrench themselves.

About this time a squadron departed from Rochefort, notwithstanding the severity of the season. It was freighted with arms and ammunition for Martinique, and had on board General Joseph

Lagrange, a brave officer, and a faithful friend of Junot, with whom he had served in Egypt. He led his troops to the principal town of the English island, Dominica, and effected a descent with all the success he could have anticipated, seizing the garrison and artillery, destroying the magazines, and carrying off the vessels at anchor in the port. All this was effected by the end of February, and the squadron had only sailed from the Île d'Aix, escaping the English cruisers, on the 11th of January of the same year, that is to say, five weeks previously. The squadron consisted of one three-decker, three frigates, and four vessels of the line. Admiral Missiessi commanded it. This affair, together with that of Algesiras and many others, proved that we could be successful at sea as well as on land.

When Junot's departure was resolved upon—when I learnt that it was absolutely necessary for me to quit France, I lost no time in making my preparations. The Emperor one day spoke to me at considerable length respecting the conduct which it would be necessary for me to observe towards the Portuguese and Spanish nobility. "An ambassadress," said he, "is a more important personage in diplomacy than is usually supposed. This is the case every where, but more particularly with us, on account of the prejudice which exists against France. It must be your endeavour to give the Portuguese a just idea of the manners of the imperial court. Be not haughty—be not vain, but in your intercourse with

the female nobility of Portugal, observe great reserve, and great dignity. You will find at Lisbon many emigrant ladies who belonged to the court of Louis XVI; you will also see some of these at Madrid. Be scrupulously cautious in your conduct towards them; be particularly careful not to ridicule the customs of the country, or of the court, when you do not understand them. Bear in mind the good lessons of your mother. It is said that they may be both censured and ridiculed; but if you must do the one or the other, censure rather than ridicule. Remember that sovereigns never pardon raillery. You will be presented at the court of Spain. Be circumspect, while, at the same time, you appear to be frank."

Here I looked at the Emperor as if to interrogate him, and he added, with a certain degree of impatience:—

"When I say *circumspect*, I mean that you must not tattle and gossip. The Queen of Spain will ask you many questions about the Empress and the Princesses; you must be prudent in your answers. The interior of my family may be displayed to every eye....Yet I do not wish that the portraits of my sisters should be sketched by a bad painter." (I have never forgotten this expression.)

"Your Majesty," replied I, "must be aware that I cannot be accused of any intention to do what is displeasing to you."

"I know it ..... I know it....But you are satirical.....You like to tell a good story. That

is one thing which you must avoid. The Queen of Spain will be the more curious to question you, because the wife of the French ambassador at Madrid knows nothing at all of the imperial court, and very little about France, having passed all her girlhood in emigration. The Queen will, therefore, ask you many questions about the Empress and the court. So long as these questions refer only to the fashion of a gown or a hat, well and good; but, whenever the conversation may turn on more important topics, which will happen, for Maria Louisa is an intelligent and artful woman.....then be on your guard. As to me, you know my name must never be pronounced except as it is mentioned in the Moniteur.

"There is," said he, "at Madrid, a person who detests me; the Princess of the Asturias.. Be careful what you say before her. She speaks French as well as you do....But you speak Italian, do you not?... That is very lucky;... They speak very little French in Madrid and Lisbon, but almost every body speaks Italian. Let me hear how you pronounce."....

I recited part of one of Petrarch's sonnets, and the Emperor appeared much pleased with my accent.

"Excellent," he exclaimed, rubbing his hands. "You will easily learn Portuguese, since you speak Italian so well....But be sure to recollect what I have said about *gossipping*....Are you on good terms with the Princess Caroline?"—"Very good, Sire, as far as I know."—"And with the Princess Pauline?"—I replied in the affirmative.

I could easily perceive, that Pauline was the person to whom he had intended to allude while he was impressing upon me the necessity of not gossiping. I have frequently observed that the Emperor, in spite of the decision he manifested in important events, used sometimes to wind round about in the most circuitous way, to come to his point, in the merest trifles; as, for example, in the case above mentioned. At that time, libels were written in England on the personages of the imperial family. The Princess Pauline and Madame Letitia Bonaparte in particular, were represented in the most odious colours; and these attacks were totally unjust, as far as related to Madame Letitia, whose character was irreproachable. The Emperor was fully acquainted with all these libels, and they annoyed him infinitely more than those which had been circulated by the secret orders of the Prussian and Russian cabinets, in 1802. Napoleon was susceptible on this point, to a degree—which must appear incredible to those who did not know him.

"Receive company," he added, continuing his instructions to me; "make your house in Lisbon as attractive as it was in Paris, when you were *Madame la Commandante*.... What you must have observed among the ladies of the foreign ministers in Paris, may serve as a guide to your conduct. In Madame de Gallo, Madame de Cetto, Madame de Lucchesini, and the English Duchess, you have seen both enough to copy and avoid.... Live in good harmony with the wives of your husband's

diplomatic colleagues; but form no intimacies with any one. They give rise to little female quarrels, in which the husbands sometimes take part. Thus two states may go to war, because two women have disagreed, or because one has a more elegant hat than the other."

I could not forbear laughing.

"Do not imagine I am joking," resumed the Emperor. "I enjoin you to be very circumspect in this intercourse. Lady Fitzgerald, is, I understand, a perfect drum-major in petticoats. Leave her to make herself ridiculous. That is revenge enough for us."

I had similar conversations, at various times, with the Emperor, on the subject of my visit to Portugal. He evidently regarded it as a point of great importance, that one of the females of the new French court should appear in a favourable light, in the eyes of a people among whom the English maintained such high credit and constant intercourse.

CHAPTER IX.

Preparations for my departure for Lisbon—Court dresses and hoops—M. d'Araujo, the Portuguese minister for foreign affairs—His rencounter with banditti—Junot's farewell interview with the Emperor—Our departure from Paris on Shrove-Tuesday, 1805—Honours rendered to us on our journey through France—Bayonne—A batchelor's house in Madrid.

A CIRCUMSTANCE which not a little augmented my disinclination to go to Portugal, was that it would place me under the necessity of conforming to that most absurd of all follies, viz :—the observance of old customs, for no other reason, than because they are old. The custom of wearing hoops at court appeared to me the most stupid thing imaginable. Madame Lannes had informed me, that in spite of all her efforts and those of the general, she had found it impossible to evade this formality. She added, that it was absolutely necessary I should get my hoops made in Paris; for, to complete the absurdity, there was no possibility of getting them any thing in the way of dress properly made in Lisbon. I accordingly bespoke my hoops from Leroy. As I was to be presented in the spring, I ordered two court

dresses, such as might suitably be worn during the two seasons succeeding the winter. One was composed of white crape, embroidered with gold lama, and a toque to correspond, adorned with a plume of white feathers;—the other was of rose coloured moire, embroidered with silver lama, with a wreath of silver leaves, the latter not embroidered, but merely *appliquée*, and marking the contour of the horrible hoop: the toque corresponded with the robe. Mesdemoiselles Lolive and de Beuvry, made me a great many dresses, in a style of exquisite taste, which contrasted singularly enough with the hoop, that last remnant of the barbarism of the middle ages. As to Junot, his presentation dress was ready: it consisted of his uniform of colonel-general of the hussars, which he had worn at the coronation.

We had recently become acquainted with some Portuguese, who enabled us to form a more favourable opinion of their countrymen, than we had hitherto entertained; for our judgment had been formed from the manners of M. de Lima, the Portuguese ambassador, then in Paris. Among these new acquaintances was M. d'Araujo, who was about to fill the important post of minister for foreign affairs at Lisbon. He had been almost all his life absent from Portugal, on foreign embassies. He spoke French and several other languages, and had an extensive acquaintance with literature.

M. d'Araujo set out for Lisbon some months before us, and on his way thither, he encoun-

tered an adventure *à la Gil Blas*, which is sufficiently amusing to warrant my relating it here:

He was attacked by banditti, who plundered and ill-treated him. He was a man of a very mild but resolute character. As soon as the robbers had opened the carriage door, they brutally dragged him out and enquired where his money was. The Count d'Araujo was accompanied by a secretary, who was a most consummate coward. The robbers had disposed of him by throwing him into a dry ditch, after they dragged his master from the carriage. There the poor fellow lay in a state of agony, which may be easily conceived. As for M. d'Araujo, he was as calm as such a situation would admit of, and was considering how he should save a watch, which Madame de Talleyrand had commissioned him to convey to the Duchess of Ossuna; and a valuable trinket, of which he had taken charge for the Marchioness of Ariza, mother of the Duke of Berwick. The watch was of blue enamel with diamond hands, and each hour marked by a large brilliant. The other trinket was a chain of diamonds and pearls, set by Foncier. It was an exquisite piece of workmanship, and must have been invaluable at Madrid, where jewels are always so badly set. M. d'Araujo was considering in the midst of the *bandoleros*, how he should conceal these things. The watch he thrust into one of his boots, and the chain into another part of his dress. The robbers expected a rich booty; for all they wanted was these very jewels, which had been seen at Bayonne,

with several others, and a report was prevalent that M. d'Araujo had been entrusted with the crown jewels of Portugal to get them reset. His over care had done all the mischief. He always carried this watch and chain about his person lest he should lose them, and at that time the Spanish police were so inefficient, that no one could walk a league from Madrid without the danger of being carried off by a troop of well-armed brigands in appearance a thousand times more respectable than those of the King's troops, who had neither bread, shoes, nor money. Thus, when the soldiers met the robbers face to face, the former were always defeated. No one ever travelled without an escort of seven or eight men at least. M. d'Araujo had taken with him the usual guard; but as he fancied there was no danger, he had that morning gone on before his escort, who were to meet him at the place where he intended to dine. He had scarcely gone a distance of six miles, when he was attacked. The robbers immediately plundered the carriages and broke open all the boxes; but not finding what they expected, they drew their knives and threatened to kill M. d'Araujo. He, having secured the watch and chain, bade them defiance, and told them he would have them hanged. This was rather imprudent; but M. d'Araujo always maintained that it was right to endeavour to intimidate such assailants, by assuming an attitude to which they were not accustomed under such circumstances.

"But," said I, when he told me the story, "you braved death, which permit me to observe, was an act of madness; for with a poignard at your throat, you were not far off."—"I did not think so," he replied. "Besides," he added, "it is all the same thing. I could not lower myself to such scoundrels....They might take; but it was not for me to give."

The secretary was not so scrupulous as his master in his ideas of personal dignity; for he made the most humble supplications to the robbers. But when he heard the count peremptorily refuse to deliver up the money and jewels, all his respect for his patron was subdued by his fears.

"Monseigneur!" he exclaimed in a voice of despair, "you do not consider what you are about. Stay, gentlemen, I will tell you where the money is." Then raising himself half up in the ditch where he lay,—"Gentlemen," he said, "look there. On the left side of the carriage there is a small brass knob in the panel,—press that, good gentlemen, and take all; but pray do not kill us.—The jewels are there likewise."

Every word he uttered was accompanied by a frightful chattering of the teeth. The poor man was as pale as a ghost, and during several months after he was almost bewildered.

"But, Monseigneur," said he, after the robbers were gone, "you could not have been in earnest." He was then informed that the watch and chain had been saved, at which his terror returned

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and he wanted to call back the robbers and give up the trinkets.—"Depend upon it," he said, "they expected to get them."

The more I saw of M. d'Araujo, the more favourable was my opinion of the court of Lisbon. The prince who chooses good ministers, I thought to myself, cannot be utterly worthless. I should have been right had he selected his ministers for the purpose of being guided by their advice: but no such thing was thought of in Portugal.

I had hoped that we should not set out until the spring, but some orders which Junot received from the Emperor accelerated our departure. Public affairs became more and more involved, and every thing foreboded a third continental coalition. The influence of England at the courts of Lisbon and Madrid threatened to become dangerous in those moments of agitation which obviously preceded a storm, and we were required to quit Paris in the midst of the carnival of 1805, when all was festivity and joy. It was not the balls and masquerades that Junot regretted, but he was afraid that the war would be commenced without him, and with his natural frankness, he said so to the Emperor.

"Your Majesty," observed he, "who has always been so good to me, will not surely inflict on me a wound which admits of no reparation. How severe was the mortification I experienced on receiving intelligence of the battle of Marengo. Sire, you have never been in battle without me, and I conjure that you will promise to recal me

whenever hostilities are likely to commence."—"I promise to do so," said the Emperor, with emotion; and stretching out his hand to Junot, he added, "I give you my word of honour that I will."—"I am satisfied," replied Junot; "and I shall serve your Majesty with the greater zeal as my mind will be free from inquietude."

We set out at midnight on Shrove Tuesday, a circumstance, not a little tantalizing to a young woman of nineteen. But I can honestly declare that at the moment of crossing the barrier, I was far from thinking of the gaiety I was leaving behind me. I was in the most painful state of feeling that I ever experienced, and yet few lives have been more chequered with misfortune than mine. My mind was completely subdued by the misery of this first banishment, for such I considered it, and yet the future which unfolded itself before me was not altogether devoid of consolation. I was going with the title of ambassadress to a foreign court, and the Emperor had directed Junot to travel through France with all the state required by his new dignity. In every town, through which we passed we were saluted by the firing of cannon or musketry, and received addresses from mayors, prefects, sub-prefects, etc. Junot was the first ambassador whom Napoleon had sent abroad since he had been made Emperor, and he wished to give to the mission the utmost possible éclat.

On our arrival at Bayonne, Junot left me and my little daughter under the charge of the gentle-

men who accompanied him in official capacities, and proceeded to Madrid, on horseback, accompanied by Colonel Laborde. It was somewhat extraordinary for an ambassador at that period to ride two hundred leagues on horseback. I followed him, escorted by MM. de Rayneval and de Cherval.

As it had been determined before our departure from Paris, that we should make a tolerably long stay at Madrid, Junot made enquiries where I could be suitably lodged during the five or six weeks that we should continue there. At that time there was but one posada (the Cross of Malta), which was neither a suitable place for me nor a comfortable abode for any one. We could not reasonably throw ourselves upon the hospitality of the French ambassador; for Junot's suite formed a complete colony, and, besides, my husband had a sort of pride which prevented him from placing himself under such an obligation to the man whom he was in some measure, at least, temporarily, to supplant. It was originally the Emperor's intention that we should put up at the Hotel of the Embassy.

We were one day talking over this difficulty of procuring accommodation in Madrid, and Junot, who was one of those people who always cut a knot where they cannot untie it, talked of sending me to Lisbon, without stopping longer than two or three days in Madrid. This was not at all to my taste; for I was anxious that the journey, since I was obliged to undertake it, should afford

me materials for study and observation, and, besides, to make this sort of flying visit to Madrid, appeared to me not conformable to the wishes of the Emperor. We were discussing this embarrassing subject, when one of our friends, Alphonso Pignatelli, the younger brother of Count Armando de Fuentes, entered to pay me his morning visit, which he never failed to do.

"If," said he, "you choose to incur the inconvenience of being lodged in a bachelor's house, I shall be proud to offer you the use of mine in the Calle del Clavel, at Madrid. I would not take the liberty of making such an offer, but that I know the difficulty you will experience in procuring an abode. However, I promise you you will be poorly accommodated: there are two or three beds, a few chairs and tables, and one or two of the windows, I believe, are provided with curtains. But, after all, if you will condescend to encamp in my hermitage, bad as it is, you will find it better than the Cross of Malta."

I laughed at his description, and very gladly accepted his offer. He immediately dispatched a letter to his steward, giving directions that the brasero should be ornamented with olives, and that some other preparations might be made to prevent my forming as unfavourable an idea of Spain as he entertained; for both he and his brother hated the country.

I set out from Bayonne, where I had passed three days very agreeably, at the house of our

banker, M. Dubrocq, and I entered Spain. Now the scene totally changed. The characters, it is true, were sometimes the same: but they seemed to be performing on another stage, and with new dresses and decorations.

CHAPTER X.

We enter Spain—Aspect of the country—Mules and muleteers—Pictures in the Palace of the Duke de l'Infantado—An agreeable surprise—Country residences of the Spanish court—Aranjuez, San Ildefonso and the Escurial.

SPAIN in 1807, when the French army marched through it to gain the frontier of Portugal, bore no resemblance to the Spain which I beheld when I entered that ancient kingdom in the month of March, 1805.

The Marshal de Villars in his memoirs, and Madame de Villars in the few but spirited sketches she has bequeathed us, the Countess d'Aulnoy, and other French travellers have left behind them their recollections of the country, that is to say, as it appeared at the commencement of the eighteenth century. Before I went to Spain I wished to obtain some knowledge of the country, and with that view I purchased in Paris a quantity of books, which I consulted diligently from the day of my departure, until we arrived at Yrun, the first Spanish village. Junot laughed at me, and asked whether I seriously

thought a book written in 1700, or 1680 could be a proper guide. I was somewhat of his opinion; but said I, there is always something to be learnt from them. The very excellent work of M. de Bourgoing, for instance, did not deceive me with regard to the inns which presented only bare walls, and offered little or no accommodation. On reaching Bayonne, I found that the system which prevailed in 1680, when the French conducted the beautiful and unfortunate daughter of Henrietta of England, to Bayonne, existed still in 1805. We made arrangements with a man in St. Sebastian, who furnished us with a regiment of mules to draw our carriages; for there was no other mode of posting at that epoch than riding on horse back. Relays, to be sure, could be established by making preparatory arrangements, and then only for a single carriage; but for this it was necessary to pay extravagantly. M. Ouvrard, who at this period maintained the state of a prince, proceeded thus from Bayonne to Madrid with the swiftness of an arrow; and to say the truth, I never myself travelled with such rapidity as I did posting in Spain.

We could not of course expect to travel at that rate with our fine carriages, and innumerable trunks and packages; for as we were at war with England, we did not choose to commit our baggage to the chances of the sea. The chief muleteer engaged to convey us to Madrid in thirteen days. Thirteen days! Some share of courage was requisite to undertake a journey, which like

a military march, was not to be altered in its prescribed direction—which our will could not either accelerate or delay. The *Mayoral* (conductor), with whom I communicated through my interpreter, stared as if he thought me mad, when I asked whether, as the weather was fine and the road easy, he could not save one day of the journey. He could not comprehend me. For thirty years this man had performed the journey from Bayonne to Madrid, and from Madrid to Bayonne. He had always been used to stop first at Yrun on leaving Bayonne, then at Villa Franca, then at Tolosa, then at Vittoria. He could not comprehend the possibility of being exempt from the payment of *ruido de la cassa** in the posadas of the towns I named to him; nor would he have complied if he had, for, as M. de Villars has very justly remarked, next to the mules the muleteers themselves are the most obstinate animals in Spain.

Of this I had sufficient proofs in the course of the long journey I made in my first excursion in Spain, when I crossed the country in its full extent. In the like manner on my return to France I had many opportunities of examining the character of a people, who though situated so near to us is yet so little known and so wrongly viewed. My reflections on Spain differ certainly in some points from many which have been published since our entry into that country, when

* For the use (literally the noise) of the house.

the character of the people was changed somewhat by the events which disorganised the kingdom. Those who, after merely a transient glance, should venture to pass an opinion on them, will convey no precise idea of a country which they viewed under an absolute disguise. But with regard to Spain, it is necessary to know that country well, in order to analize the singular manners of its inhabitants, and the customs which necessity, the climate and long habit have imposed on them.

The *coches de colleras* have been too often described to need any fresh remarks from my pen. I will only mention the terror I experienced when arriving at a rapid descent near the edge of a precipice three hundred feet deep. This road was beautifully paved like the Roman ways; with large flag stones, and the driver gave his seven mules the rein allowing them to advance at their own pace. As the mules were harnassed to the carriage by a rope fixed to the pole-bolt, without any other fastening in the pole, it will not be difficult to conceive the fright I experienced at beholding myself placed at the mercy of these skittish and singularly obstinate beasts. But when I saw the carriage in which my little daughter was riding, hurried forward with this amazing rapidity, I was seized with dismay. I attempted to cry out, but had not power. The *mayoral* and his *zagal** were scarcely out of breath,

* Driver and his servant.

though they had followed the carriages down the descent on foot. They could not help laughing at my alarm, and they came up to the door of the carriage with outstretched hands.

"What is it they want?" asked I of my interpreter. "They want you to give them some money," said he, "for coming so fast down the hill." "*Para bendecir su excelencia**," said the driver, holding out his hand, and wiping his forehead, apparently quite satisfied with the feat he had performed. I was told this was the custom, and I was obliged to comply. I confess, that if I had followed my inclination, I would rather have scolded him than given him money.

I scarcely know how to describe the first aspect of a country so strangely different from ours in forms, in language, and in customs. England, separated from France as it is by the channel, is even less different from our country than is Spain from the last French village upon the banks of the Bidassoa. I left St. Jean de Luz in the morning, and slept at Yrun, a miserable town on the opposite side of this streamlet, or rather marsh, in which is situated that Isle of the Conference, where the dishonest said to the honest minister, "*Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées.*" The utterance of such a sentiment, in 1660, might have made one expect to find, in 1805, at least some vestiges of relationship between the two people. None, however, exist. Nay, notwithstanding the apparent alli-

* To bless your excellency.

ance which, since the time of the Directory, was so proudly displayed—notwithstanding the fraternity which seemed to be established between the two nations—I could easily perceive, even on the frontier, that they were not friends. The curiosity we inspired was tinctured with no kindly feeling, and I am convinced that when we put up at a posada, we were made to pay more for the *ruido de la casa* than would have been exacted from an Italian, or even from a heretic Englishman.

Passing on to Buytrago, where we stopped to breakfast, I inquired for a country house which had belonged to the Duke de l'Infantado. By a singular chance I had obtained possession of a very minute history of this country house, as it appeared in 1680. I wished to judge of its correctness. But alas! in Spain country houses do not last one hundred and twenty-five years. I saw the mansion in ruins which, in 1680, contained many curiosities. Among other rarities, there was a portrait of the Princess of Eboly, the woman whose beauty and talent captivated Philip II. I saw this picture some time after in the Duke de l'Infantado's palace at Madrid, in its original chased silver frame. The Princess of Eboly, then the mistress of Philip II, is represented seated under an awning which is attached to the branches of some trees. She is engaged at her toilet, and a number of Cupids are busy arranging her hunting costume. The princess was exquisitely beautiful; but she could not have been amiable, since she loved Philip II. There

was another portrait of her also at Buytrago, and this last picture I wished particularly to see, because it also included a portrait of a celebrated man—Don Carlos. In 1804 this picture was still in the possession of the Infantado family: it was, indeed, a gem, which I trust has escaped the ravages of war: it represented the entry of Queen Elizabeth of France into Valladolid, where she was destined to find a throne and a tomb. Don Carlos is represented on horseback, as is also the Queen, for in that manner the queens of Spain were wont to enter their dominions. Don Carlos is dressed in a slashed doublet entirely covered with precious stones, with a hat turned up at the side and overhung with white feathers. He appears pale but very handsome; his hair is light, perhaps a little inclined to red, but not to the degree of his father's or grandfather's. His eyes are blue, and if the painter did not flatter, were very fine. The Queen is represented in a blue satin robe, with a boddice of velvet and gold brocade rising to the throat, and fastened with large ruby buttons. The sleeves are narrow, with large epaulettes, and hang down as far as the waist. A very large farthingale, which must have been exceedingly inconvenient for riding, supports the blue satin petticoat. She wears a very high and stiff ruff, which forms a sort of frame-work round her pretty face. Upon her head is a small black velvet hat with a rim not an inch broad, and the crown fitting exactly to the head. It is adorned with a cordon of large diamonds, and a

small plume of white feathers on the left side, fixed with an egret of jewels. Upon her boddice are to be seen a number of pearl chains of immense size, and of precious stones, the value of which must have been enormous. One thing particularly struck me; viz. the handkerchief which she holds in her hand along with the bridle of her horse. This handkerchief is entirely covered with embroidery, just such a one as would now be used by a modern *élégante*, except that it has a little gold intermixed with the embroidery. At a balcony is seated King Philip II with sinister expression, his red hair already turning grey, his long and pale face old, wrinkled, and ugly. He is attired in a black velvet dress with the collar of the golden fleece, and seems to be eyeing with an evil and malignant glance the unfortunate victims who are passing beneath him. This picture, of which I know not the painter, is excellent. The period at which it was painted was that of the revival of the arts, and Spain was especially favoured by the master spirits who contributed to her the fruits of their genius. I have given the description of this picture here, because according to my itinerary it would naturally occur on my journey to Madrid.

I shall not now say any thing of Burgos or Valladolid, because, as Junot was waiting for me at Madrid, I had not time to examine them in detail until my return to France.

I reached Madrid on the 10th of March, at three o'clock in the afternoon. Junot, who was

advised of my arrival, came to meet me, with General Beurnonville, our ambassador at Madrid. I knew General Beurnonville at Paris, and was much pleased to see him. He informed me that Alphonso Pignatelli had given a very faithful description of his house, and that it was scarcely habitable. "Madame de Beurnonville," said he, "regrets exceedingly that we cannot ask you to come to our hotel; but we are very badly accommodated ourselves, and are full of complaints."

This was said on our way to the Calle del Clavel, in which Alphonso Pignatelli's house was situated. The two ambassadors had got into my carriage, and we soon drove up to the door of my new abode. I beheld a little white house, built exactly on the model of an English house; for many of the houses in Madrid are like those in London, whatever difference may exist in other respects between the two cities. The door was furnished with a bright brass knocker; and on entering I found myself in a neat little vestibule paved with marble, and as well sanded as if it had formed part of a Dutch habitation. The staircase was, like the house itself, small, but elegant and in good taste. We passed through an antichamber to the dining-room, and I next proceeded to examine the drawing-room and bed-chamber, and was delighted with the neatness and elegance of the furniture. The bedstead was of bronze, ornamented with gilding. The curtains, which were run through an immense gilt ring, were of purple gauze embroidered with gold: they were

what are called in warm countries musquito curtains. The coverlet of the bed was of white satin, and the walls of the chamber were hung with India nankeen, bordered with an arabesque pattern wrought in purple worsted. Large divans, and an assortment of perfectly elegant furniture, adorned this apartment. A good collection of pictures, French bronzes, and porcelain, completed the ornaments of this agreeable habitation, which was certainly one of the finest houses in Madrid.

Junot and Beurnonville were highly amused by observing my astonishment. This little conspiracy had been got up in order to afford me the pleasure of an agreeable surprise. It fully succeeded, for I had made up my mind to be lodged in an ill furnished bachelor's house, which Alphonso had assured me was scarcely habitable.

When I arrived at Madrid, the court had quitted the Escurial for Aranjuez. The customs observed at the Spanish court at this period, were the same as those which prevailed in the reign of Philip II. Aranjuez is situated in a truly picturesque and romantic spot, in a beautiful valley on the Tagus, to the south west of Madrid. The royal domicile is, as it were, entombed in verdure, and luxuriant foliage. But the little attention which is bestowed upon the canals and waters which flow through the beautiful grounds render the retreat ungenial during the hot seasons. At the end of May, the royal family quits Aranjuez for La Granja or San Idelfonso—wretch-

ed imitations of Versailles, the work of Philip V. La Granja is situated to the north of Madrid upon the slope of a chain of high mountains. This renders it a desirable summer retreat. Consequently the royal family linger there till June, July, or August. Their third *sitio*, or country residence, is San Lorenzo or the Escurial. On this place, Philip II has impressed the seal of his wild and savage character. The history of his reign is written upon these dreary walls. This mass of stone conveys at one and the same time the idea of a palace and a monastery; but still without the majesty of the one, and without the austerity and religious gloominess which ought to accompany the other. Here the court sojourns from September till December, in other words during the coldest period of the year. And yet the temperature of the Escurial, built as it is in an open situation on the declivity of Guadarrama, is by no means genial. The winds rage with violence, the mountains which surround it are divested of verdure, and nature seems to dwindle in these ever snow-clad regions, though the sun shoots his ardent rays over the barren rocks. I shall recur to the Escurial, when I describe my return to France, for then I saw it in detail, and spent three days inspecting it. For the present, I merely wish to give a general idea of the residences of the royal family.

Junot having completed all his arrangements I asked him to present me, which he did to the

Queen of Spain, and the Prince and Princess of the Asturias on the 16th March 1805, when the court was at Aranjuez. As I could not remain longer at Madrid, and as I paid my respects to the Queen, merely as it were *en passant*, I was not introduced by our ambassadress; my presentation was what was called *en confidenzia* that it is to say, private. This presentation I shall describe.

CHAPTER X.

State of Spain and Portugal previous to the war—The Prince of the Peace—Excellence of the roads—Fountains—National character of the Spaniards—Their horror of drunkenness—Piety of the Spanish women—Description of some of the ladies of the Spanish court—The Duchess d'Ossuna—The Marchionesses de Santa Cruz and Camarosa—The Marchioness d'Arriza—The Marchioness de Santiago—The false eye-brow—Madame Carrujo and her daughters.

I WILL now take a retrospective glance at Madrid and Spain, as they were before the war, before the intrigues of a few obscure individuals surrounded that kingdom with snares, and by exciting the people against France, succeeded in changing totally, both the moral and physical aspect of the country. I will also describe Portugal; I will paint both countries as I saw them, and the notes and correspondence I have now before me, will essentially aid me in this task. When I visited Spain, on my journey to Lisbon, all was in profound tranquillity, and such a thing as an invasion was never thought of, at least on our part. The alliance between France and Spain, on the contrary, was more friendly than ever. In

all the ports of Andalusia preparations were making to join the Spanish and French fleets, and Junot was specially charged with secret despatches for the furtherance of this measure. He had occasion to confer with the Prince of the Peace on the subject of the junction, which the Emperor considered of high importance. The Spanish navy was then formidable; at all events it had a reputation. This was before the battle of Trafalgar.

The society of Madrid at the period to which I am alluding, presented an aspect it has since entirely lost. It is now like a fine picture by an able master, touched up by a pupil, whose different handling betrays the renovated spots.

But I think myself particularly fortunate in having been able at the time to which I refer, to glean some knowledge of the royal family, and of the man who then ruled Spain, and whose sceptre though light as a reed, was furnished with iron points with which he inflicted wounds on a generous people. The Prince of the Peace is one of those extraordinary characters who have obtained celebrity without any just grounds. A similar instance has occurred in Russia. The history of the Prince of the Peace, presents in a striking light, the melancholy results of illicit passion. I both saw and heard a great deal respecting the Prince of the Peace during my stay in Spain. These particulars I will lay before the reader.

After I passed the stone lion which marks the

boundary between New and Old Castile, I never saw any thing to equal the barrenness of the country. No gardens, no country-houses, no culture, nothing in short, indicating the vicinity of a great capital. This stone lion with its inscription, stands at the entrance of the very finest road I ever beheld. It was a Roman way in the best times of Rome, when she left in distant kingdoms those vestiges of her grandeur which are still found after the lapse of ages. The inscription beneath the stone lion, is as follows :—

FERNANDUS VI,
PATER PATRIÆ
VIAM UTRIQUE CASTILLÆ
SUPERATIS MONTIBUS FECIT
AN : SALUT : MDCCXLIX
REGNI SUI IV.

This Ferdinand VI was the son of Philip V and the Princess Farnese. How strange that vanity should have induced him to erect so pompous a monument to commemorate the formation of a few leagues of road, in a tract of country presenting not a single house, or a trace of culture! and for this to style himself the father of his country!

But though the approach to Madrid produces so unfavourable an impression, yet the appearance of the city on first entering it is nevertheless grand and imposing. The streets are long and straight; the Calle de Alcala, where the French ambassador resided, is one of the finest streets in

Europe. It is terminated at one end by the magnificent promenade of the Prado, and the fine palace of the Duke of Alva, and at the other by La Puerta del Sol. The great street of Toledo, of which so much is said in Gil Blas, and in the Spanish romances, and the street of Atocha, are finer than any in London or Paris.

For a long period, Madrid was but a little town of no note belonging to the Archbishop of Toledo. Philip II first made it a royal residence. He was influenced in his choice by the salubrity of the air of Madrid and its fine waters, of which there is an abundant supply. Fountains are to be seen in every quarter of the city, which, for execution and design, are execrable—a rather extraordinary circumstance, considering that they were erected at the epoch of the revival of the arts, when Spain produced so many splendid works. I recollect one fountain in particular. It was in the little ill-built square of Anton Martin. It consisted of an assemblage of objects which it is impossible to describe or enumerate, and resembled a fantastic heap of toys piled up by a playful child. I observed a similar fountain in the place called, I know not why, La Puerta del Sol, (Gate of the Sun.) Both these fountains disappeared during the reign of King Joseph. As to the fountains of the Prado, they are a distinct class, and as a water-drinker, I can bear testimony to the fine quality of the water they supply. Its excellence arises, I fancy, from the many meanderings it is obliged to make.

After resting a few hours I proceeded to the

French ambassador's, and was kindly welcomed by Madame, Beurnonville. This lady was very much respected at Madrid, where her exalted birth alone would have insured her a favourable reception. In a country where birth is every thing, it is very important that an ambassador's lady should possess that qualification. The impression produced even by the Emperor's glory, reflected as it was upon his generals, was not, however, sufficient to command the respect of persons of elevated rank. A prejudice so profoundly rooted, could not be removed in a day.

We conquered Spain, and occupied the country for six years. We gave the Spaniards a king, a code of laws, and a system of opinions. What has Spain gained by all this? Shall we be told that she has derived from us the germs of liberal ideas? And will it be seriously believed in France that there existed not in Spain, long anterior to our conquest, liberal as well as illiberal minds? As I proceed I shall offer frequent proofs of this.

Some time after the period to which I am now referring, when I returned in the train of an army which carried into Spain the tyrannic system Bonaparte had enjoined his generals to exercise, I can affirm that I found the minds of the people totally altered. I was well acquainted with a Canon named Andreas Macañaz. This man had somewhat of the Roman, or rather of the Spartan in his character. He suppressed the publication of a very remarkable work upon the liberties of

the people, and the rights of some towns of old and new Castile. This work, which at this day might pass for the production of a violent liberal, appeared to him out of place in a moment when the Spaniards, instead of exposing the defects of their sovereign and their form of government, ought rather to have endeavoured to conceal them from the eyes of the conqueror, who made their dissatisfaction a pretext for coming to their aid. This sort of feeling was paramount amongst most of the enlightened Spaniards, and doubtless contributed greatly to retard the progress of that general intelligence which is destined to spread over the Peninsula, but which must be diffused by the efforts of her own children only.

I entertain the highest admiration for the Spanish character. I have studied it at different periods, I have seen it as it really is—lofty, generous, and magnanimous; I have remarked its virtues and defects; but the latter are rather the effect of circumstances than of disposition. The Spaniards are remarkable for command of temper, and are distinguished by great patience; the latter virtue was particularly fatal to us in our unfortunate expedition against them; for with it were combined uniform affection for their sovereign, and a superstition which the monks turned to their own profit the more easily, as the Spaniards are, at least were, sincerely devout. I am aware that a poison, extremely dangerous to an unenlightened people, has since insinuated itself among them; viz. a superficial education engendering infi-

delity and free thinking. This is one of the legacies we have left them. The piety of the women presented a peculiarity which surprised me: it was directed exclusively to the Virgin. In Spain the Virgin is adored under a thousand different names, and each day is sacred to some new ceremony. In short, the religious worship of the Spaniards not a little surprised me. The vast array of saints whom they invoke in their prayers, in preference even to the names of the Almighty or the Saviour, was a circumstance sufficiently calculated to astonish a Frenchwomen; for our religion is simple in its forms, compared to that of the Spaniards.

What is related of the horror entertained by the Spaniards for drunkenness, is perfectly true. Before the invasion, when I crossed the Peninsula, from one end to the other, I saw but two men in a state of inebriation, the one a Frenchman, and the other a Catalan, a sailor, and so ignorant, that he knew nothing of his country but its name. We are informed by Strabo, of a Spaniard who threw himself on a funeral pile because he was called a drunkard. I do not know that they are quite so susceptible at the present day. I should rather presume not. Perhaps they also owe this change to our example.

In reference to Spain it is necessary to bear in mind, that the country, having been subjugated and inhabited by various nations, some tincture of the conquerors is preserved in those provinces in which they settled. To see the Spaniard in

his native character it is necessary to go into the heart of the kingdom. Our last invasion, short as it was, has left its permanent traces. Conquerors always impress some portion of their character on a conquered people. For instance, the Spaniards derive from the Moors their taste for spectacles, tournaments, and other shews, their respectful gallantry to females, their love of titles, and their habit of speaking in metaphor and hyperbole, their gravity in deportment and conversation, and the jealousy which renders them vindictive and distrustful. Their gothic ancestors, the true founders of Spain, bequeathed to them freedom, and probity. Their superstition may perhaps be dated from the period of the long invasion, or rather importation of the Romans, who were remarkably superstitious.

There is one fault with which the Spaniards may justly be reproached, because it is offensive to foreigners who visit them; this is their excessive national vanity. There are few Spaniards who do not think their nation the first in the world; and they maintain this absurdity with all possible positiveness. They still beguile themselves with the flattering recollection of the conquest of the new world, and of the times when Charles the Fifth dreamt of universal monarchy. In this, indeed, they are not unlike us. For valour and conquest, we still fancy ourselves as great as we were in the glorious days of the revolution and the empire; and for urbanity and elegance, think

ourselves equal to the subjects of Louis XIV; while we have retrograded as far from the one as the other.

Immediately on my arrival in Madrid I was visited by many ladies of the court; and it gives me pleasure to acknowledge here the kindness and attention which some of them manifested towards me. One of these ladies, the Duchess of Ossuna is, I believe, yet living. She had resided long in Paris, and was distinguished for pleasing manners and gracious deportment. Her children had been educated in France, where they had studied under the best masters. The Duchess's two daughters, the Marchioness de Santa Cruz, and the Marchioness of Camarosa, were both highly educated and amiable women. Her house was furnished in the French style, and in the most perfect taste.

Another lady of high rank, who paid me a visit as soon as she had learnt my arrival, was the Marchioness d'Arriza, formerly Duchess of Berwick. Her second husband, the Marquis d'Arriza, was chief major-domo to the Queen Maria Luisa. I need not trace her portrait here; for we possessed the original very long in Paris. In her youth she had been very beautiful, and at the time I knew her, she still retained her fine figure and graceful deportment. When, on the morning promenade at the Prado, she alighted from her carriage and walked up and down, attired in an elegant *basquina*, and lace *mantilla*, drawing the latter from side to side with her fan, *para tapar los*

ojos,* as the Spaniards say, she resembled one of Andalusia's lovely daughters. She had then a son twelve years of age, who has lately been at Paris, under the title of the Duke of Berwick. His wife, who is a Neapolitan, is as beautiful and amiable as was her mother-in-law. It would seem that beauty and amiability are hereditary qualities in the females of this family.

Another lady, who shewed me much attention, was the Marchioness de Santiago. A stranger figure than this lady was never seen. The Marquis d'Arriza had laid me a wager that I could not look at her without laughing. The poor woman painted most unmercifully. The ladies of Charles the Second's court would have looked pale beside her.† Her daily operation of painting being ended, she made herself a pair of finely arched black eyebrows, which she fixed above a pair of immense eyes, which were constantly on the broad stare.

These same eyebrows gave rise to a laughable incident which I heard related at the house of the Marchioness d'Arriza. There was a party at Aranjuez, and the company were in the height of gaiety, dancing and laughing when the Marchioness de Santiago was announced. Though

* To shade the eyes.

† The Spanish women in 1700 painted to a degree unequalled by any other nation in Europe. It was downright tatooing. The rage for painting was so great at Madrid, that even the busts in the palace court were coloured. The women plastered the rouge over their hands, shoulders, and even their chins and ears.

she was then somewhat younger, she painted as thickly as when further advanced in life, and she was attended then, as she still was at the age of sixty, by a cavaliere servente, or to use the Spanish term, a *cortejo*. The Marchioness arrived late, and apologized by saying that, the beauty of the evening had tempted her to take the air in the Calle de la Reyna. Whilst she spoke, an universal titter prevailed through the room. Her appearance which was at all times singular, was at this moment irresistibly droll. She had but one eyebrow! As nature had in her case been very sparing of this feature, and as the one which attracted attention was black as jet, the contrast was complete. She herself had no suspicion that any thing was wrong. The *cortejo* was equally unconscious. At length the mirth of the company exploded in loud peals of laughter, and the lost eyebrow was discovered to have accidentally fixed itself on the forehead of the *cortejo*.

There was at the court of Madrid at this time, a lady who very much pleased me. This was Madame Carrujo. Her figure was rather large for a Spanish woman, but exquisitely proportioned, as all the females of the Peninsula are, especially those born in the colonies. These latter possess a symmetry of form, which even the fair Andalusians cannot boast of. Madame Carrujo was young, and had two little daughters, one of whom had just arrived from the Havannah with her father as she herself informs us in the charming work she published some time ago; for

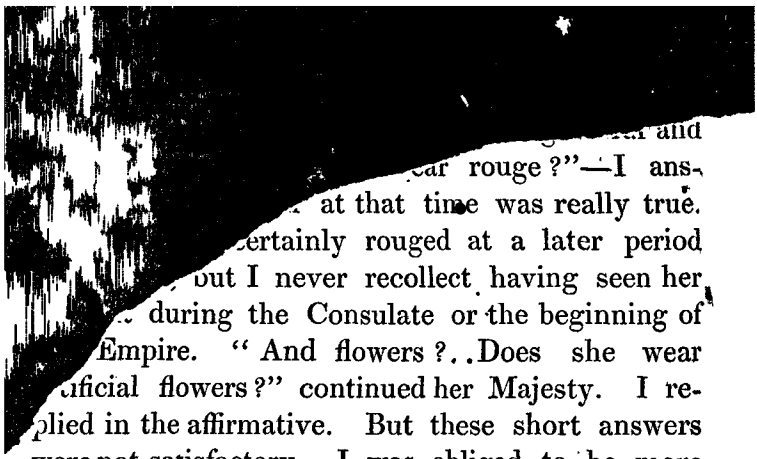
this little girl was no other than Madame Merlin. It was easy to perceive that she would grow up a beautiful creature. I retain a pleasing recollection of Madame Carrujo, surrounded by her lovely children. She brought them with her to an entertainment given to me by the Dutch minister, M. Maynerss, and I shall never forget the scene.

"Ram[illegible]
ry day after dinner [illegible]
riage and take a drive of sev[illegible]
before he commenced hunting.

In conformity with old etiquette, [illegible]
reign ministers were admitted to pay their re-
pects to the King twice a week:—the day on
which I was presented was one of these demi-
reception days. The King was dressed in the
manner I have just described. As to the Queen,
she looked exceedingly elegant.

After speaking to me about my journey, and enquiring after the health of my little daughter, she suddenly changed the conversation and asked me some questions relative to the Empress Josephine. However, she did not say much on that subject, for I managed to cut short the conversation:—from the few words which fell from the Queen, I could easily perceive that the idea she had formed of the Empress, was not founded merely on her own judgment.—"How does she dress?" inquired she. "In the most elegant and tasteful style," I re-

* When one of the young princes was on his death-bed, he went out daily to hunt with as much indifference as though the child had been perfectly well: "What can I do for him?" he used to say.



and
ear rouge?"—I ans-
at that time was really true.
certainly rouged at a later period
but I never recollect having seen her
during the Consulate or the beginning of
Empire. "And flowers?..Does she wear
ificial flowers?" continued her Majesty. I re-
plied in the affirmative. But these short answers were not satisfactory. I was obliged to be more specific, and I accordingly described some of the dresses which the Empress had worn at fêtes in honor of the coronation.

The Queen then said to me, "Have you seen my daughter, the Queen of Etruria? Do you not think she is very much like me?" This question quite embarrassed me, and I was at a loss what to say, for it is impossible to imagine a more ordinary woman than the Queen of Etruria. I feared her majesty was laying a snare for me; I never could have conceived that maternal love was so blind. However, there was something in the queen's manner which convinced me of her sincerity, and I answered that the Queen of Etruria was remarkably like her majesty. "Oh!" resumed the Queen, she is not to be compared to my Carlotta at Lisbon—she presents a strong resemblance both to her father and me, observe her

CHAPTER XII.

Junot's first interview with the Prince of the Peace—The Princess of the Asturias—Origin of the Prince of the Peace—The title of prince conferred in Spain on foreigners only, and on members of the royal family—Junot's opinion of the Prince of the Peace—Our visit to Aranjuez—The bridge of Toledo, and the bridge of the Mançanarez—The road to Aranjuez—The valley—The palace—My presentation dress—Ceremonial—White gloves proscribed—The *Camarera mayor*—The Queen's gracious reception of me—Her portrait—Charles IV—Interesting details of his private life—The Queen of Etruria—My embarrassment—Numerous questions addressed to me by the King and Queen of Spain.

The court was at Aranjuez when we arrived at Madrid. Junot, who was very anxious to have an interview with the Prince of the Peace, saw him on the day after his arrival. The prince knew that he had to make an important communication from the Emperor Napoleon, and although the cannon of Austerlitz had not yet been heard, Spain was the most faithful ally of France; as much from interest, it may be believed, as from friendship. This motive for fidelity is as powerful with a nation as with an individual. The

Prince of the Peace wished to please the Emperor, and was exceedingly gracious during this interview with Junot, who came home quite captivated by him.

"Berthier was talking nonsense," he said, "when he spoke ill of this man. He is described as being insolent, but I consider him merely a courtier, such as I can imagine the gentlemen of Philip the fifth's court to have been. He does not like the Prince and Princess of the Asturias, and he informs me that we shall not meet with a good reception in that quarter. He says that France has no greater enemy than the prince royal; and added that it is his wife, the daughter of the King of Naples, who has excited him against us merely because France is the ally of Spain."

Junot informed me that the prince exclaimed, "Ah, monsieur, Spain will some day have in him a king who will render her very unfortunate! This double alliance with the house of Naples, forms a bond which connects us with Austria, to whom a third daughter of the King of Naples, is married. All these women have combined against France. Her new glory mortifies them, and perhaps you will scarcely believe that this new league is planned and directed by the Queen of Naples herself. Our gracious Queen, whom heaven preserve! opposes this influence with all the powers of her mind and her natural affection for her son; but, General...." and he struck his breast with his right hand and shook his head repeatedly.

"I am astonished at what you tell me," said I to Junot; "I have often heard my uncle Demetrius speak of the Princess of Naples, who is now Princess of the Asturias. He knew her at Naples when he was sent there on a mission from the Count of Provence. He described her as a charming creature, beautiful and interesting, not only as a princess, but as a woman. She speaks seven or eight languages, is an excellent musician, draws and embroiders, and in short is really an accomplished woman. It must be your Prince of the Peace who talks nonsense."

Junot laughed and said: "You talk nonsense too; may not a princess be accomplished in the sense in which you understand the word, and yet be the most malicious person in the world?

"No, because no one is likely to be evil disposed who is occupied as the Princess of the Asturias is said to be. I may be wrong, but my opinion is, that a woman whose attention is engaged from morning till night with music, painting and poetry, in short one who loves the fine arts, can be inspired only by noble sentiments. I cannot say as much for the Prince of the Peace; for I have heard that he scarcely knows how to write."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Junot, who was still under the influence of the spell, "on the contrary, no one can write a better hand!"—so saying, he showed me a note which he had received that same morning. It was written in a Spanish hand—that is to say, it was scarcely legible to a

foreigner; but it was as fine as such a hand could possibly be.

"Perhaps it is not his writing," said I, after having looked at it.

"You are mad," replied Junot. "What has the man done that you should be so prejudiced against him; look, will this convince you?" and he pointed to the following passage in the letter, which he translated for me; I did not then understand Spanish:—"*Por mayor secreto escrivo en Castellano y de mi puno.*"*

The origin of the favour of the Prince of the Peace is so curious, that a brief notice of him may not be out of place here.

Don Manuel Godoy was born at Badajoz in Estremadura. His father was a petty provincial gentleman, corresponding in rank with what we should term in France, *un gentillatre*. Don Manuel had an elder brother, Don Luis, who, I believe through the patronage of the Duke de l'Infantado,† entered the body guards. Don Luis was a tall, handsome young man; something like his brother, and he speedily attracted the notice of a lady, who though herself filling the most exalted rank, nevertheless scrupled not to select her favourites from the lowest classes of society.

* "For the greater secrecy, I write in Spanish, and in my own hand."

† I am not quite certain of this fact, and it would be as matter of very little importance, but for the persecutions experienced during the favour of the Prince of the Peace, by the Duke de l'Infantado, a man of whom Spain has so much reason to be proud.

Don Luis was soon established in her good graces, and got his brother entered in the same company of the body guards. But the lady who had so graciously noticed him was not remarkable for the stability of her affections. Don Manuel was probably handsomer, and more agreeable than his brother. In short, he pleased :—his elevation was rapid, and the court of Spain soon found that the days of *Privados* had returned.

In course of time, Manuel Godoy was created, first Duke de la Alcudia, and next Prince of the Peace. This last dignity appeared the more extraordinary, because the title of prince is never conferred on Spanish subjects. The individuals whom we see in the court of Spain, invested with the title of prince, are of Sicilian or Neapolitan family. It is by virtue of a title of nobility, attached to another name, that they have continued subjects of the King of Spain since the separation of the two kingdoms. It was on the occasion of the treaty of peace, signed in 1797 between the French republic and Spain, that the Duke de la Alcudia received that signal mark of favour.

It would be a mistake to suppose, notwithstanding all that has been said of him, that the Prince of the Peace was utterly devoid of talent. He possessed considerable shrewdness, good sense, and judgment, combined with an aptitude for business, the more remarkable in a Spaniard as they are usually very inactive. These qualities seemed calculated to render him a good

minister ; but, on the contrary, what misfortunes did his administration bring upon Spain !

I believe Godoy's intentions to have been good as a minister and a patriot. He encouraged the arts ; and by his orders travellers were sent from Spain to different parts of the world, in order to bring back to their native country information on science and manufactures : he constructed bridges and roads : he opposed the Inquisition, and in this conflict, the most serious perhaps that was ever maintained between the throne and the altar, the temporal authority was triumphant.

How, then, are we to account for the misery which resulted from the government of the Prince of the Peace ? On what was grounded the hatred of the whole nation towards that one man ? There must have been some good reasons for this, for it seldom happens in such cases that the judgment of the mass of a nation is erroneous.

The court, as I have already mentioned, was at Aranjuez when we arrived in Madrid. Junot went there first without me ; and it was determined that I should be presented on the 24th of March, *en confidencia*, that is to say, without the formality of a full court dress and hoop.

We set out from Madrid on the 23rd of March, at four in the afternoon, in order to sleep at Aranjuez that night, so that I might be in readiness to be presented to their majesties next day, at half past one, that is to say, immediately after their dinner, and before his majesty went out to hunt. On leaving Madrid, we crossed the Mançanarez

by the bridge built in the reign of Philip II by Juan de Herrera, and in allusion to which a wit of the time observed, that "now the bridge is made for the river, it will be well to make a river for the bridge." It is certainly a monument which enjoys a very unjust reputation. The bridge of Toledo, which is also crossed in going to Aranjuez, is longer, and is remarkable for the extravagant number of niches with which it is adorned. At a little distance farther on, we again crossed the Mançanarez, but by fording it; after which we found ourselves on the magnificent road leading to Aranjuez, which is bordered merely by a few miserable-looking olive trees. This road, which is six leagues in length, runs in a straight line, and is so perfectly smooth that the carriage rolled along as swiftly as though we had been flying. I never witnessed any thing like the velocity with which the mules run from Madrid to Aranjuez. It is like the flight of an arrow, and almost realizes all that we read of in fabulous story. In this way we descended into the lovely valley in which is situated the royal sitio of Aranjuez. The mountains which form this valley are on the north bordered by the Xarama, and on the east the Tagus unites with the Xarama, and winds along to the distance of three leagues.

The descriptions which the poets have given us of Arcadia, the valley of Tempé, and all the spots most favoured by Heaven, do not excel the beauty of Aranjuez. On entering the valley, all trace is lost of the chalky plains of New Castile. Instead

of barrenness, the eye dwells on a picture of luxuriant fertility. Nothing is seen but verdure, flowers, and trees laden with fruit. A balmy fragrance perfumes the air. In short, one seems to be transported to another world, and to enjoy a new existence.

The palace is not fine; it is nothing more than a small plain country house, such as might be the abode of any wealthy private gentleman. Yet it is the *work*, if I may say so, of four sovereigns. On the façade appears the following inscription:—

Philippus II instituit: Philippus V provexit.
Ferdinandus VI, plus felix, consummavit, an. 1752.

Charles III made some additions to the two wings; and lest his labours should be forgotten, the following brief inscription has been engraved for him:—

Carolus III adjecit, an. 1775.

The Tagus surrounds the palace, and forms a very pretty artificial cascade, in front of a parterre beneath the windows. The water is so close to the walls, that the king can enjoy the amusement of fishing from his terrace.

I was so enchanted with this earthly paradise, that I could have wished to spend the whole day in wandering over the grounds, instead of retiring to my chamber to array myself in full dress at broad noon-day. However, I had no choice, and in due time I commenced the important prepara-

tions for my presentation. I put on a dress, such as I should have worn at the imperial court, and my head-dress was composed of diamonds. I should have preferred pearls; for diamonds appeared to me to have too glaring an effect for daylight. But whenever I hinted at the idea of wearing pearls, to the Marchioness d'Arriza and some other ladies, they were as much shocked as if I had intended to insult their Queen. I consequently put on my diamonds.

These ladies told me one thing which appeared to me so ridiculous that I thought they were only hoaxing me. They assured me that the Queen never received a lady in white gloves. "You must therefore recollect to take them off," said the Duchess d'Ossuna, "or you will get into disgrace."

I laughed at this, and when I was dressed, never doubting but that what I had been told was a mere joke, I drew on a beautiful pair of white gloves. But what was my astonishment, when, on arriving at the door of the apartment in which their majesties were to receive me, the *camarera-mayor* (principal lady in waiting) touched my arm, and by signs requested me to take off my gloves. As she could not speak a word of French, and I could scarcely understand a word of Spanish, the dialogue was not very noisy, though our gestures were sufficiently animated. I observed that the old lady was growing impatient, and I felt myself getting a little out of humour. That I, a French woman and a foreigner, who

held no rank at the court of Spain, should be subjected to this strange regulation, appeared to me unreasonable and absurd. Perhaps I was equally so in attempting to resist it; but I am one of those persons who like to have their own way, and consequently I found myself in open rebellion against the *camarera-mayor*, and resolutely withdrawing my gloved hands, I exclaimed, "Nada, nada, Señora!"* To which she replied, "Señora Ambaxadrice, es menester, es menester!"†

At length, finding that I obstinately resisted, she smiled, and seizing my arm with her little dingy, shrivelled hands, she began to unglove me by force. I now saw the folly of longer resistance, and I submitted to the ceremony with a good grace. The old lady folded up my gloves and carefully laid them behind a red curtain, near the door of the Queen's apartment, and then looking at my hands, she exclaimed:—"*Jesus!... Jesus!.... muy bonitas!.... Oh!....*"‡ She evidently wished to console me and to remove the embarrassment I naturally felt at entering the presence chamber in a trained dress, diamonds and bare arms.

The camarera mayor then entered to receive the commands of their Majesties, and on her return I was immediately ushered in.

* No, no, Señora.

† It is indispensable, Señora Ambassadress, it is indispensable.

‡ Very pretty.... Very pretty!....

The King and Queen were standing very near the door, so near it, indeed, that on entering, I scarcely found room to make my three courtseys. The Queen advanced to me and received me with pleasing condescension. She entered into conversation with me about my journey, with an air of interest which certainly could not be sincere, as she must have cared very little about me ; but she appeared to do so, and this appearance, is always gratifying on the part of a sovereign.

The Queen seemed to me to be still a fine woman, though she was then growing stout, and was getting what is termed a *double chin*, which imparted a matronly appearance to her countenance. She nevertheless wore a *coiffure à la grecque* with pearls and diamonds plaited along with her hair, or rather her wig. Her dress, which consisted of a slip of yellow taffety, covered with a robe of beautiful English point lace, was cut exceedingly low on the neck and shoulders. Her arms were without gloves and adorned with bracelets composed of magnificent pearls, each clasp consisting of a single ruby, the finest I ever beheld. I could not help thinking of my adventure with the camarera mayor when I saw the Queen's bare arms, which as well as her hands were exceedingly beautiful. A smile which I was unable to repress, apparently revealed to her Majesty what was passing in my mind. —" I suppose," said she, " you were astonished at being required to take off your gloves ? It

is a custom, of which you, Madam, at least have no reason to complain, for your hands are made to be seen."

I should have been better pleased, if, instead of paying me this compliment, she had informed me why the custom was established. I asked this question of hundreds of persons in Spain, but all gave me unsatisfactory and absurd answers; as for example, that the worthy monarch Charles IV could not see a lady with white gloves, without falling in love with her. He was a virtuous and good King; but truly, any lady who made a conquest of him, might safely have worn her gloves, without being dangerous to Queen Maria Luisa. It would have been no difficult matter to resist the seductions of the worthy monarch.

Charles IVth's figure and appearance were perfectly original. He was tall, his hair was grey and very thin, and his extremely long nose did not tend to improve a countenance naturally devoid of intelligence, though it had an expression of good nature and benevolence. His toilet, when I had the honour of seeing him, was not calculated to set off his personal appearance. He wore a blue frock coat of very coarse cloth, with yellow metal buttons, buckskin small clothes, blue stockings drawn up over his knees, after the fashion of our grandfathers about a century ago, and over the stockings a pair of gaiters. I afterwards learned that this was his hunting-dress. Hunting was an amusement, or in his case I may more properly call

well when you see her. She is like her father in the upper part of her face, and like me in the lower parts."

It was curious enough that all this was perfectly true, and yet the princess was very ugly, and the Queen of Spain possessed the remains of beauty. She certainly could not be called very handsome at the time when I saw her (1804-5). She had then lost her teeth, and the artificial set which replaced them was no very good specimen of the dentist's skill. As to the King, he nodded assent to all that Louisa said, and looked at me with an air of good nature. However, he did not seem to be quite pleased at being excluded from the conversation, and when he could find an opportunity of getting in a word, he asked me what I had thought of the *coches de colleras*. He said I must have been much astonished at seeing them drawn by mules and added that, of course, I had never seen such animals before.

At this remark, I really could not refrain from laughing, for I was then a lively, giddy young woman; but, speedily recovering my gravity, I informed his majesty that all his finest mules were brought from one of our French provinces namely, from Poitou. I shall never forget the expression of stupid astonishment that was depicted in the King's countenance, on hearing this. He stared at me, and looked as incredulous, as if I had told him Peru was in Madrid.

"Did you know that, Louisa?" said he, turn-

ing to the Queen. Her majesty, by a nod, answered in the affirmative. Then, after a pause and looking earnestly at me, she said, addressing the King:—"Is not Madame Junot very much like a Spanish lady? she has the complexion, the eyes and the hair of a Spaniard."—"Yes, yes," said the King, rubbing his hands and smiling, "*La Senora es Espanola.*"—"And yet," resumed the Queen, addressing me, "you are a native of France, are you not? You were not born in Greece? My daughter-in-law to whom I was speaking about you yesterday, tells me that she saw in Naples, an individual of your name, a Prince Comnenus. Is he your father, or your brother?"—"He is my uncle, madam," I replied; and I explained to her that my name was not Comnenus, and that I was connected with that family only on my mother's side.

I then took leave of the King and Queen after this very long audience. This first interview, with the King and Queen of Spain, left an impression on my memory which time can never efface. At a subsequent period I had an opportunity of evincing my grateful recollection of the marks of kindness their majesties were pleased to confer on me. This was at the time when they were so cruelly confined at Marseilles.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Prince of the Peace—His familiar footing with the King and Queen—His marriage to a Princess of the House of Bourbon—The Princess's hatred of her husband—Madame Tudo—Anecdote—Favour of a young body guardsman—The King's unfortunate passion for music—My presentation to the Princess of the Asturias—Promenade in the gardens.

THERE is one particular which I passed over in silence, in my last chapter, when describing my royal presentation; but which is nevertheless worthy of notice. On entering the audience chamber, I had scarcely room to move, as the King and Queen were both standing very near the door. The room appeared to be about twenty-five feet by eighteen. This was a moderate size, and enabled me to see very well every object that was in it; and however indecorous it might be to look over the shoulder of the Queen, the singular spectacle which presented itself to my eyes might well apologize for my neglect of etiquette.

I beheld a man at the other end of the apartment. The circumstance in itself would have been nothing extraordinary, if his attitude and bearing had been such as were suited to the audi-

ence-chamber of the King and Queen of Spain; but both were singular and out of place.

This man appeared to be thirty-four or thirty-five years of age: his countenance was handsome, that is to say, it was of that description which a fine well-grown hearty young man usually presents; but there was no trace of dignity in his appearance. The individual whom I am now describing, was covered with decorations of all sorts. He wore the first order of Spain, that of the Golden Fleece, together with that of St. January, the order of Charles the Third, of St. Ferdinand, of Malta, and of Christ. I might, therefore, reasonably suppose that this man was an important personage, and I was not wrong: he was the Prince of the Peace.

But what struck me as being strange, was not however his presence in the Queen's apartment, where he usually passed the whole day, but his free and easy manner. He was leaning, or rather lying upon a *console*, at the further end of the apartment, and was playing with a curtain tassel which was within his reach. I cannot describe the astonishment I felt at his thus presenting himself to me under this familiar point of view. I at least expected that he would have been more reserved in his conduct before a person who was a stranger to the court.

At the time to which I allude, his favour at the court was immense, and beyond all example, even in a country where for many reigns past monarchs have possessed no other privilege than that of

seating themselves on a throne, whose power they place in the hands of a *privado*. But the Prince of the Peace enjoyed the favour of both King and Queen, and when *Manuelito* was not with Charles the Fourth he was sent for; for the King could but ill brook his absence.

He at this time had the title of Prince, which no nobleman of Spanish origin had yet borne, without having a precise claim to it. He was prime minister*, counsellor of state, commander of four companies of life guards, generalissimo of the forces by sea and land, a rank which no person had ever possessed in Spain before him, and which was created expressly, to give him the precedence over the captains-general. This astonishing favour had its source in the cause to which I have already alluded. I should add, that he had lately married a princess of the house of Bourbon, the daughter of the infant Don Louis, and sister of the archbishop of Toledo. About this marriage, I heard strange stories when I first passed some weeks at Madrid. Both parties detested each other; but nothing could equal the hatred which the Princess of the Peace entertained for the individual whom she refused to acknowledge as her husband.

"You would have a bad reception from her," said Beurnonville, to Junot, "if she should

* He was also *Almirante of Castile*, a title which the court of Madrid had allowed to fall into desuetude since Don Juan de Cabrera, Count of Melgar, after having proved a traitor fled into Portugal, where he died.

imagine that you are on good terms with the Prince." The Prince of the Peace, however, said to Junot before he was presented to the Princess: "She will make you amends for the grim faces which you and Madame Junot will be obliged to encounter here. When you see her, you will at least have a kind reception, and see a pleasant countenance."

I should mention that the *grim* faces to which he alluded, were those of the Prince and Princess of the Asturias.

The Princess of the Peace hated her husband to such a degree, that one day at Madrid, after the terrible transactions of Aranjuez, being in company with my friend General Joseph Lagrange, and speaking to him of the treatment she had received from the Prince of the Peace, on account of *that Tudo*, she added, pointing to her little daughter, who at that moment ran into the room. "In fact, I hate him so much, that I do not like that child, because she is his." Certainly it would be difficult to find any malice and badness of heart to equal this. The Prince of the Peace may not have behaved as he ought to a wife whom his sovereign had given him, by way of a reward and as a pledge of their favour, but the above remark of the Princess seems to exonerate him. It was then very generally reported in Madrid, that he had been married to Madame Tudo, whom I saw at a distance one evening in the theatre, and who appeared to me a very pretty woman. She had an hotel, in which she resided with a numerous

family, who was said to belong to the Prince of the Peace. However, I affirm nothing, I am merely repeating the rumours current in the court and the city. I may add that I, for a long time, believed with many other persons, that the Prince of the Peace was married to Madame Tudo previous to his union with the Princess of Bourbon, and that ambition had induced him to commit the crime of bigamy. However, a lady, on whose veracity I can rely, assured me that she was present at the marriage of the Prince of the Peace at Rome with Madame Tudo, and that it took place after the death of the Countess of Chinchon.* His marriage with the Princess was, therefore, legal, in spite of all she alleged to the contrary.

I may here relate an anecdote which was at the time told at Madrid, and which may form an additional subject for reflection, relative to the astonishing favour enjoyed by Don Manuel Godoy.

He had loved the Queen, or rather he had been beloved by her. I adopt this version in preference to the other, for he was young and handsome, and she, to speak with all the respect due to a crowned head, was old and ugly; but his situation was a good deal like that of Potemkin:†

* The Princess of Bourbon assumed the name of the Countess of Chinchon. She came to Paris shortly before her death. She was the sister of the Duchess of San Fernando.

† The favour in which the Prince of the Peace was held seems extremely similar to that of Potemkin. Catherine dreaded the latter, when she no longer loved him. I learned from an authentic source

but Maria Louisa was not quite so bad as Catherine, for she did not cause her husbands to be strangled. The Prince of the Peace who had, I presume, taken Potemkin for his model, wished to imitate him in everything, and when the passion for himself was somewhat chilled he thought proper to direct the choice of new favourites. He was much offended at the introduction of a young man who had been in the guards, named Mayo. Mayo was a handsome young man, and might become a formidable rival to him. The Prince was indignant; but the young man was in possession, and it was not easy to eject him. However, Godoy avenged himself by directing against him, as well as the Queen, all the epigrams which he could invent.

One day, when he was on a balcony looking into the court-yard at La Granja (San Ildefonso) with the King and Queen, a carriage drove up drawn by four horses, with servants and out-riders in splendid liveries; in short, the equipage was fit for a prince.

"Heyday," said the King, "whom have we here?—why it is Mayo," and with great astonishment the monarch alternately looked at Louisa and the *Privado*. "I have observed for some time," added he, "that Mayo lives in great style. The other day I saw him on the Prado with an equipage more splendid than yours, Manuelito.... What does this mean?"

that the Queen of Spain stood in fear of the Prince of the Peace in a remarkable degree.

"Oh, nothing extraordinary," replied the Prince, casting a glance at the Queen, who, firm as she was, trembled lest Manuel Godoy should be *jealous;* but he was no such fool, he had more sense.

"The thing is easily explained," said he to the King; "a foolish old woman is smitten with him, and gives him as much money as he wants."

"Indeed!" said the King, "and who is this old woman; is it the Marchioness of Santiago?"

The Prince thought this was sufficient punishment, and changed the conversation. This was not a difficult matter with poor Charles the Fourth. It was only necessary to say that a dog was running past, and the thing was accomplished.

In speaking of the Queen, I have forgotten to mention her talent in conversation. She was remarkably animated: she loved to talk, and she appeared to advantage when doing so,—a thing very rare amongst royal personages. She was a good musician, and was very fond of music. As to the King he had also a passion for it, but a very unfortunate one. Every day on returning from hunting he had a concert in his private apartment. The King took his violin, and bore a part in a quartette of Haydn, a quintette of Boccherini. The reader may judge what some of our most famous violinists, who were then in Spain and were required to play with the King, must have suffered. Libon, whose enchanting talent is well known, passed some time at Madrid, and

like others, was of the royal party. One of these poor martyrs informed me that one evening a terrible confusion arose in a *tutti* passage. It was not the fault of the professors, and after a little consultation Olivieri, whom I often heard at Lisbon, where he was first violin at the Grand Opera, ventured to tell the King that the fault was his. His Majesty had hurried on without waiting during three bars' rest which occurred in his part. The good-natured monarch appeared quite thunder-struck. He gazed at Olivieri with amazement, and then laying down his bow, he said majestically in Italian, "*I rei n'aspettano mai.*" I had a strong desire to see the Princess of the Asturias. I was told that three o'clock would be the most convenient hour to be presented to her: the Princess being fond of occupation, did not waste her time in sleep, like the inmates of Aranjuez. I had reasons for wishing to be introduced to a Princess whom I may say I had long known, though I had never seen her. Her misfortunes interested me; her fame belonged to Europe. One naturally thinks so much of a Princess who is superior to other females; and this lady was really a superior person.

A mother-in-law has not a mother's heart. A mother is proud of the merit of a daughter; a mother-in-law is jealous of it. The Queen of Naples though certainly an ill-tempered woman, cherished an affection for her *learned*, yet unaffected daughter; but the Queen of Spain contracted her black eye-brows, and from the first

day she saw her conceived an antipathy which was soon converted into hatred of her charming daughter-in-law, who in the court circle spoke to each ambassador in the language of his nation! Alas! the hatred produced by the envy of a woman has something horrible in its results!

The Princess of the Asturias, at the period when I was presented to her for the first time, was still what might be called a young bride. She had been brought to Spain to marry the Prince of the Asturias (now Ferdinand VII), and her brother, who escorted her, took back with him as his bride, the Infanta Donna Maria. But neither of the two Princesses wore the crowns which seemed to be in reserve for them.*

It would seem that crowned heads, owing to the exalted station in which they are placed, become only a surer mark for death and misfortune. What a fate awaited the Princess of the Asturias! The Prince of the Peace, whether he had or had not reason to be offended with the Prince or the Princess of the Asturias, certainly treated them in a way which the heir to the throne could not

* When Ferdinand VII was Napoleon's prisoner in France, he on his knees sought a wife from the Emperor.

"I beseech Your Majesty to give me one of your nieces," said he.

"But they will not have you."

"Then let me have one of the relations of Her Majesty, the Empress."

"They will not have you, either."

"Then give me," said Ferdinand, "any wife you please,—so that I receive her from your hand."

endure without the desire of vengeance. It is true that kings are but men; but admitting this, it is also necessary to concede another point, namely, that if they are men, they must also have the passions of men; and the spirit of revenge may possess the soul of a monarch as well as of the lowest of his subjects.

However odious Ferdinand may subsequently have proved himself, it is certain that in 1805 he sought only justice. He desired that the heir to the throne should be respected, that his wife should possess a happy, or at least a peaceable home, and finally that they should not be insulted by Manuel Godoy. I repeat that he desired only justice. He loved the princess ardently, and she returned his affection fully and unreservedly; in fact, the attachment of this unfortunate pair was the only consolation they experienced in a life full of continually renewed grief and trouble. All that I had heard of their private history made me experience a lively emotion when I was about to be presented to them.

On entering the chamber, I found the princess standing, and leaning on a table, though there was a sofa behind her. The prince who was in the adjoining room, came in instantly, and leant his hand upon the same table with his wife. I always observed that when they were together, the prince watched the eyes of the princess as if he expected her to indicate what he was to do.

The princess was not very tall, yet her figure was dignified and graceful, which probably was

owing to the manner in which she carried her head. Her eyes were of a beautiful blue; her fair hair seemed to denote a northern origin, and her appearance altogether presented nothing of the Italian. She had the Austrian lip, and the Bourbon nose; but the latter was only slightly aquiline, and not approximating to her chin like that of her father-in-law; she had a fresh colour and a plumpness which indicated exuberant health. Her arms and her hands were not beautiful, neither were her feet, which considering her size, ought to have been small. But upon the whole, she was exceedingly agreeable, and perfectly the princess.*

Her air was majestic, and at first sight she appeared rather austere, but when she smiled her countenance beamed with kindness. There was poetry in her expressive features, and though she was usually silent and reserved, yet her countenance spoke. She treated me with a degree of kindness of which I shall always retain a grateful recollection. Alas! a year had scarce passed away when the princess, whom I saw so full of health and bloom, was only a living corpse, calling hourly upon death to deliver her from her sufferings.

The day when I first saw her she was dressed in white. Her gown which was made in the

* In the Duchess of Orleans, now Queen of the French, I can perceive no trace of resemblance to her sister the Princess of the Asturias.

most simple manner, was one of those pretty sprigged English muslins, which were then worn, and was trimmed only with Maria Louisa's violet and white ribbon. Her beautiful fair hair which was simply, but carefully dressed, formed, on account of its quantity, a *coiffure* almost as large as those which were in fashion last year. Her comb was studded with large and magnificent pearls, intermingled with diamonds. This rich simplicity struck me the more forcibly, because I had just seen in the apartment above, all the luxury of dress lavished on an old woman. The Queen's yellow slip appeared dirty, and the robe of English point, though worth 20,000 francs, seemed in bad taste, compared with the dress of pure white, worn by the young and blooming princess.

I departed from the audience quite enchanted. The princess had an art, or rather a natural manner,—for the word art is inappropriate as applied to her,—but she had a winning manner which I have never seen in any other person but herself, except Napoleon. The princess was not pretty, and many persons maintained that she was even ugly. It may be so, I care little about it. She appeared to me both pretty and amiable. I found her such because she wished to be so.

Having made my great visits, I returned to Maria Louisa's Camarera mayor, according to etiquette,—a matter which at this period, one could not venture to neglect. The Camarera mayor was a little old dame, very thin, dark, and

*fea como un diablo** as I heard a lady of the court observe, who by the bye was nevertheless a very pious person. The Camarera laughed again at the recollection of the white gloves, and seizing my hands, she looked at them and repeated, "*Jesus! Jesus! como son bonitas.*

After divesting myself of my court trappings, I put on a light dress, and went out to take a stroll through the fairy bowers before me. I promised myself some hours of pure and tranquil pleasure in this enchanting retreat, but I was deceived. Junot and I had scarcely entered the garden of *Primavera*, when we were overtaken by a gentleman of the King's suite. I do not know what was his title, but he was a *caballero*, and doubtless one of the highest rank. He spoke very good French, and was very polite. He said he had been sent by their majesties to offer us a convenience to proceed through the valley of Aranjuez. He asked me whether I wished to ride, and on my reply that I preferred walking he offered me his arm, and accompanied us through this beautiful royal retreat.

* Ugly as a devil.

CHAPTER XIV.

Recollections of Aranjuez—Ceremonies—Return to Madrid—Droll adventure—Tallien—His conduct on the 9th Thermidor—Junot's conferences with the Prince of the Peace—Alliance of Spain and France—Our departure from Madrid—Count da Ega, the Portuguese ambassador—The Countess da Ega—Journey from Madrid to Lisbon—Honours rendered to Junot—Napoleon accepts the crown of Italy—Talaveyra de la Reyna—Vast domains of the Duchess de Ossuna—The celebrated Duchess of Alba—Estates of the Duke of Alba—The *Mesta*.

MANY years have passed away since I saw Aranjuez; but time has only augmented the charm attached to my recollection of that delightful place; for in all my travels I have never seen a spot which can form a fair comparison with it. It is not like any thing in Switzerland, in France, in Algarve, or Italy. In fact, it is like nothing else.—It is Aranjuez—an enchanted paradise! Where else shall we find those charming fountains furnished by two rivers whose waters enclose an island in which the sun ripens the rarest fruits of every climate and of every country. Never before did I see so fresh, so green, and so

beautiful a vegetation. When one has seen Aranjuez, the desire to describe the beautiful picture becomes irresistible; but to do it justice is impossible, especially if it has been seen, as I saw it, just at the moment when nature is aroused from her wintry slumber. Nothing can exceed the fine effect of the island. I do not think the hand of man could add any thing to it without spoiling it. *La Calle de la Reyna* is a magnificent alley, formed by elms said to be five hundred years old. It is in length more than half a Spanish league, and forms one of the grandest ornaments of Aranjuez. There I have met the Queen and royal family of an evening. The Princesses were accustomed to take the air each in her own carriage, never together: they drove very slowly from one end of the alley to the other several times; and whenever they met they saluted each other with a politeness which might be strictly ceremonial, but was any thing but affectionate. The women as well as the men who were promenading in the alley, stopped as soon as the Princesses came near them. The ladies saluted them respectfully, and the men immediately dropped their *capa*, which the moment before they had draped in a thousand elegant folds. As for the Queen and Princesses, when they passed in front of a lady who was a favourite, and who, by her rank of grandee of Spain or *titulado de Castilla*, might receive a public testimony of royal condescension, the Princess who wished to bestow it made a friendly sign to her with the hand or the

fan, as if to invite her to approach. This mark of favour was thought a great deal of. When the Queen passed before the place where I had stopped, she smiled, inclined her head in a very gracious manner, and accompanied the motion with a salute of the hand. Thus, the favour shown to me was complete. When the Infantes, the King's brothers, returned from their wretched hunting matches they used by way of relaxation to accompany the Princesses in this promenade on horseback.

We returned to Madrid. The moment for our departure for Lisbon approached; and we had several things to arrange which were, for Junot in particular, of the greatest importance. As for myself, I ran about Madrid and saw every thing remarkable it contains. It is certainly wrong to deny that this city is one of the finest in Europe. However, the Castilians speak of it with a vanity which is rather extravagant when they say,—*Donde es Madrid, se calle el mundo.** Nevertheless, it certainly is a beautiful city, and contains more curiosities of all kinds than many northern towns of much celebrity, which really, as the proverb says, ought to be silent before the capital of Castille.

Just before I left Madrid, I met with a singular adventure at the ambassador's.

I dined every day at General Beurnonville's when not engaged elsewhere, and was as much

* Where Madrid is, the world should be silent.

at home there as I should have been in my own family. I generally arrived very late, for my excursions of curiosity so fully occupied my mornings that I never got home until five o'clock, after which I had to dress. Thus I always arrived after the third bell had rung. But Madame de Beurnonville, always indulgent, readily excused this. One day I came just as the company were entering the dining-room. General Beurnonville offered me his arm, and I had scarcely time to speak to his lady before we were seated at table. Next me sat a gentleman of a most sinister and repulsive countenance, who uttered not a word. He was tall, dark, and of a bilious complexion. His look was sombre, and he appeared to me to have but one eye. However, I soon perceived that it was the effect of a cataract, which did not deprive him of sight. As he was so singularly taciturn, nobody spoke much to him. This surprised me the more, because the ambassador's lady was very attentive to him. When the second course had begun, I could no longer restrain my curiosity; and though conscious of the rudeness of the question, I asked General Beurnonville in a whisper who my silent neighbour was.

"What!" he replied, with an air of surprise, "do you not know him?"—"I never saw him."—"Impossible!"—"I declare that such is the fact."—"But you have often heard his name, particularly when you were a child."—"You excite my curiosity more powerfully than even his extraordinary appearance has done. Who is

he then?"—"Shall I send you some spinach, Tallien?" said a well-known voice. It was that of Junot, who sat opposite to me, and was much amused at my curiosity, the cause of which he had guessed.

I almost started from my chair....Tallien.... I looked obliquely at the ugly man, who, having perceived the effect he produced upon me, turned to the colour of the spinach which my husband had offered him. Junot had known him in Egypt, without however being intimate with him; for the General-in-chief was not very friendly to those who had any connexion with Tallien.

This name, however, pronounced in a manner so unexpected, made a singular impression on me ....My childhood, to which General Beurnonville had alluded, had been surrounded with dangers, and my young imagination had been fed with the most horrible recitals, connected in a particular manner with the name and person of Tallien. I could not help starting, as I have already stated, which he must have perceived, for when I looked at him again, his odious countenance was dark as Erebus. The wretch! how did he drag on his loathsome existence? I asked General Beurnonville the question, and also how it happened that one of our Decemvirs was in a kingdom governed by a Bourbon.

"I am as much surprised as you," the general replied; "and the more so, because the Emperor dislikes Tallien, and has always testified that dislike in not the most gracious manner. This is so

true that, when in Egypt, Junot must have perceived that General Bonaparte was very severe towards his officers, who were intimate with Tallien. Lanusse and his brother were never welcome at head quarters on this account."

The brothers Lanusse were intimate friends of Tallien. The elder was killed in Egypt, in the affair in which Abercrombie fell. He was a brave and worthy man. It was with him Junot fought at Boulack. The other brother returned to Europe, and under the restoration we have seen him one of the most celebrated servants of Charles X. He married the daughter of General Perignon, a lady, whose character it would be amusing to trace. It is said she is very devout; but how that should be I never could comprehend. There are, probably, some things in our admirable christianity which we are not worthy to understand. All I shall ask is, whether the being given to intolerance, scandal and cards are the marks of a true Christian.

After dinner Junot introduced Tallien to me as one of his fellow-travellers in Egypt. He seemed to have forgotten my emotion at dinner on hearing his name. He informed us that he was appointed Consul, I believe, at Malaga; or at some place in Andalusia.

The name of Tallien is famous in the blood-stained page of our revolutionary annals. Without searching for the motives which made him act, there is no doubt that, for the part he took in the affair of the 9th Thermidor, he deserves honour-

able mention in history. I am not one of those kind of persons determined to find good in every thing, nor can I agree with those who now attribute good intentions to Robespierre, and pretend that, had it not been for what occurred on the 9th Thermidor, we should have had a return of the golden age.

It may be so, and I am willing to believe it, rather than differ in opinion from those who, even at the present day say—*Be my brother, or I will kill thee.* And yet I am a good patriot. I was brought up during the dawn of that glorious revolution, I imbibed its principles, and my childhood's years were spent under the shade of the tri-colour flag, and the wide spreading tree of liberty!

But to return to my residence at Madrid. Junot had, according to his orders, several interviews with the Prince of the Peace, and he was well satisfied. Much ill has been said of the Prince of the Peace, and very little good. During my second residence in Madrid the most serious and sinister reports were circulated respecting him. I had then leisure to consider his character, and the impression he made upon me was very unfavourable; but it is my duty, as an historian, to state that my husband entertained a very different opinion, and that his opinion has since much influenced mine. My brother, who saw him long afterwards during his exile at Marseilles in 1808, also used to relate some very favourable traits of him. He and Junot used to reproach me for my injustice towards Godoy, and the result of our

discussions was to make me express my regret that the Prince of the Peace had not well employed all the statesman-like faculties with which heaven had endowed him.

We left Madrid for Lisbon on the 29th of March, 1805, after having obtained full assurance that Spain was then the faithful ally of France. Whether from motives of interest, or from real good faith, Spain gave at this time pledges of a most sincere alliance with us. Her western and southern ports were crowded with vessels ready to put to sea under our flag. The *Santa-Trinidad*, of a hundred and thirty guns *awaited our orders*,—that was the phrase,—in the port of Cadiz.

We commenced our journey after receiving the kindest attentions from the French ambassador and, more particularly, his lady. We had not the opportunity of exchanging civilities with the Portuguese embassy, because it had not yet arrived at Madrid. The Portuguese ambassador was the Count da Ega, one of the poorest of the Portuguese fidalgos. He brought with him his young wife, Mademoiselle d'Oyenhausen, the greatest beauty of Lisbon.

The period of our departure was the most convenient for travelling in Spain. The temperature was then enchanting: it was neither cold nor hot. We were to pass through, I was told, a desert and frightful country, and I set out much alarmed; but we had scarcely travelled ten leagues before I began to comprehend how much Spain is misre-

presented. It is true the aspect of the country in leaving Madrid for Lisbon in 1806, was as disagreeable for a traveller who had a long journey before him, as could well be conceived. The poverty and the dirtiness of New Castille were then in their height. The plain of Madrid extends over a considerable part of this province, as it descends towards the Tagus; but in proceeding to that river in Estramadura, the appearance of things is very different from what is met with on the Aranjuez road. We see no more of those beautiful meadows, those Arcadian shades, those vallies which seem to realize Tempé, and the regions of enchantment. The country is naked, open, intersected with some fields of ill-cultivated corn, and of an aspect every where miserable. We passed, however, through this part of Spain at the particular moments when its physiognomy was smiling and agreeable. Every plant was putting out its blossoms, and the bushes of broom, which are, at a later period, only a withered and sterile mass, then presented, with their papilionaceous flowers of golden yellow, and their white flowers with a red calyx,* bouquets of a singularly beautiful kind; for this broom almost without leaves, and without thorns, grows sometimes to the height of six feet. Its branches are long, flexible and loaded with beautiful yellow or white tufts. Then comes the

* There are two very distinct kinds: the Genista sphrœrocarpa, and the monosperma, which is white. This latter kind flowers in February, March, and April.

Daphne gnidium,* with its flowers of orange-like fragrance. Without observing this plant and the broom of which I have spoken it is impossible to have a just idea of landscape in Spain, and particularly in Castille and Estramadura. They abound in the environs of Madrid, and the park which surrounds the Prado is chiefly covered with them. The Peninsula is very rich, not only in plants of this nature, but in exotics. Don Casimir Ortega wished that the natural history of every thing which Spain and her foreign dependencies produce should be described and made known to all the world. His influence made botany, and every other branch of natural history be assiduously cultivated: but the war changed every thing, and I much fear that during the factitious peace that Spain has since enjoyed, her true interests have been greatly neglected by those who direct the government.

The King of Spain ordered that we should everywhere be received with the honours which are paid to a French ambassador at the court of Madrid. This is not a trifling matter of compliment; for the Spanish government, though much devoted to France, displayed nevertheless a sort of solemn dignity, a pride, which made every act of ceremonial politeness exceeding the usual practice, improper, if bestowed on a foreign official authority.

* "The Daphne gnidium" of Estramadura is more lanceolated than ours. It is said to be the Cassia of the ancients.

At Talavera de la Reyna, we learned by a courier that the Emperor had accepted the crown of Italy in consequence of an offer made to that effect by the Cisalpine republic. Talavera de la Reyna is a pretty little town, built on the bank of the Tagus. In the morning we were treated with a concert by a band of the Queen's dragoons. There was a number of fine cavalry in the garrison. Junot, who lost no opportunity of giving credit to the Prince of the Peace, told me that he was particularly attentive to the cavalry, and that it was owing to him that that description of force was in such good condition. To tell the truth, it was very different from the infantry; for foot soldiers were often to be met begging, and even some of their officers would have no objection to receive alms.

From Santa Clara to Talavera, the country is charming. We passed through immense meadows thickly covered with bulbous plants—then in flower, and among the rest the asphodelus ramosus, which, with its beautiful greenish-white plume, brings to recollection that pleasing fiction of antiquity which represents the dead as wandering among those flowers. There are neither forests nor woods in New Castille: we only perceived some clusters of green oaks. We afterwards met with views which reminded us of the neighbourhood of La Mancha, and with olives, all well planted and carefully cultivated. To the right we saw the Puerta del Pico, which is a continuation of the Guadarama. Talavera de la

Reyna had at this time several manufactories, and was particularly remarkable for gold, silver, and silk brocades in the French style. Weavers had been brought from Lyons, one of whom spoke to me in French. He told me, that being involved in debt in his own country, he had been induced by the most flattering promises, to come to Spain. The poor fellow regretted very much having left France.

There is a charming promenade on the bank of the Tagus behind Talavera. The river is on the left, and its foaming waters roll through a valley the hills of which were then covered with vegetation. The banks were skirted with beautiful spring flowers. The view in the distant horizon was terminated by pointed mountains.

In the midst of this wild, yet cultivated tract of country, we find a venta (inn). Near it is the Mountain de Greigos, which presents a majestic, but singular aspect, rising as it does from the midst of a plain. In this part of Spain the mountains are inhabited only by lynxes and bears, who are very numerous and very dangerous to travellers.

Before I left Madrid, the Duchess de Ossuna had told me a great deal about the *Estados* (States)* of the Duke of Alba, through which I was to pass on my way to Lisbon. She might

* The territorial possessions of the rich Spanish grandees are called their States.

with more reason have told me about her own, which are sufficiently extensive to deserve the appellation of states. She was the heiress to the Bonavente possessions, and her property was immense.*

The *Estados* of the Duke of Alba are also very extensive. They consist of a succession of villages and monasteries, situate on a range of hills whose cultivation presents a striking contrast to the barren mountains in front of them. On these mountains we observed numerous flocks of merinos, which I was informed at this season of the year overrun Estramadura and New Castille, because they return to seek shade and more abundant pasture among the mountains of Soria and Segovia. More than a million of sheep perform these journeys twice during the year. This is the privilege of the *mesta*. The mesta is a corporation of the owners of those flocks which have the exclusive right of traversing the two Castilles, and some other provinces of Spain, in search of more genial temperature, according to the season, and more abundant food when they have exhausted

* The Duchess de Ossuna had been an intimate friend of the celebrated Duchess of Alba, who died in 1795, and of whom she spoke in such high terms as made me regret not having known her. She had a portrait of the Duchess of Alba, which seemed fully to justify all that is said of the decided character of that extraordinary woman. Her expression was austere, her eyes and hair very black, and round her mouth was a blueish tinge which had almost the appearance of a beard. The character of the Duchess of Alba appears to me to have resembled Dona Maria de Padilla.

the pasturages to which they naturally belong. The *mesta* is a most oppressive burthen to the inhabitants of those provinces to which the flocks are privileged to migrate, and is a great check upon the agricultural prosperity of Spain.

CHAPTER XV.

The Province of Estramadura—Docility of the mules—Unexpected visit of Jerome Bonaparte—The Emperor's anger on hearing of his marriage—Miss Patterson—Her resemblance to the Princess Borghese—Count Furstenstein—The Bridge of Almaraz—Obstinacy of our muleteers—The celebrated Gonzales de San-Sebastian—El Puerto del Miriavete—The Green Oak of the Peninsula—The village of Joray Cego—Truxillo.

As soon as we entered the province of Estramadura, the whole aspect of the country changed. It then became rugged, wild, and picturesque. I took great pleasure frequently in walking about while the seven mules were being yoked to my coche de colleras. The Mayoral and Zagal had only to call the mules by their names, and they came up, and ranged themselves in the order in which they were accustomed to be harnessed. The Mayoral would call out "Eh, Colonella! eh, Carbonera! eh, Peregrina!" and the creatures came, quite orderly, one after the other. They are cruelly disciplined to this obedience, being often whipped till they bleed; and yet they are docile to a degree, which is quite astonishing.

We were about two days' journey beyond Truxillo, and were approaching Merida, when one

morning I was so sleepy that I thought I would remain in my carriage while the Mayoral was yoking the mules. Indeed I made a practice of sleeping in my carriage whenever the *venta* or *possada* appeared ill calculated to afford comfortable accommodation, which was the case at least once in every three days during our journey in Estramadura. I then found my *dormeuse* very convenient, for I reposed on a good bed, instead of committing myself to the filthy chambers of the Spanish possadas. I found it pleasant enough to lie upon a couch composed of the sweet scented heather of Estramadura, alternately slumbering and amusing myself with a book.

We had arranged to breakfast at Nabalmoral, I was concluding my toilet, in order that I might be ready when the carriage stopped, when Junot came to my carriage door, and said, "Laura, are you ready?"—"Yes, yes," replied I, "I shall be ready in a minute; but why in such haste? your morning's ride seems to have sharpened your appetite!"—"I am in no hurry," he replied, "but here is an old friend who has come all the way from Baltimore, to breakfast with you; so be quick."

I thought he was joking, and did not pay much attention to what he said: I did not hurry myself, nor was it till I had leisurely stuck in my very last pin, that I drew up the blind, and discovered who was waiting to see me. I uttered an excla-

mation of surprise, and I may also say, of pleasure: it was Jerome Bonaparte.

Jerome's is a long and interesting history. He married Miss Patterson, an American lady, the daughter of a banker in Baltimore; she was very handsome and very rich. The Emperor, who was as yet only Consul, could not be considered as having any controul over the members of his family. Joseph Bonaparte and Madame Letitia were in fact the only persons whose consent or disapproval on any such subject were necessary. Now it is quite certain that Jerome's mother fully approved of his marriage with Miss Patterson; Joseph too had given his consent. The Emperor's anger on hearing of the marriage was extreme, and at the time here alluded to, he manifested his displeasure in a manner not very fraternal. He had issued orders throughout Holland, Spain, and Portugal, prohibiting the reception of Madame Jerome Bonaparte, or any person assuming that name. The unfortunate lady who was then pregnant, had successively endeavoured to land in Holland, Belgium, Italy, Spain and lastly in Portugal, where M. Serrurier, (the brother of the marshal) who was then our consul-general at Lisbon, was obliged to forbid her landing. Jerome in despair, conveyed his wife to England; and as the prohibition of landing in France, did not extend to himself, he determined to see his brother, and to endeavour to mitigate his displeasure. The matter was urgent; for the

time was fast approaching when it would have been difficult to find a refuge, however remote, where he could be beyond the reach of his anger.

Jerome was one of those young men who do neither good nor harm in this world. He had been somewhat gay, but that was nothing to me, and I inherited from my mother a friendship towards him, which even his after conduct, however unfriendly, has not totally banished. I was therefore exceedingly happy to meet him in the flowery plains of Estramadura, and the more so as I had an impression he was unhappy—unhappy through a youthful attachment. I was then very young, and rather romantic.

Junot was equally pleased at the meeting, though he knew but little of Jerome; he had seen less of him than of any other member of the family. Jerome was but a boy when Junot formed almost a part of the Bonaparte family circle at Marseilles and Toulon; and my husband did not return from Egypt, nor escape from his imprisonment by the English, until the end of 1800. Jerome set out on his naval career soon after the army returned from Marengo; Junot consequently knew him only as a mere boy.

We invited him to breakfast with us, and he accepted our invitation. I could not help remarking a wonderful alteration in his manners. He was sedate, nay almost serious. His countenance which used to have a gay and lively expression, had assumed a character of pensive

melancholy, which so transformed his whole appearance, that I should hardly have recognised him. He spoke in glowing terms of the United States, of the customs and manners of the Americans. During the short time we sat at breakfast I formed a very favourable opinion of him. He had a friend with him, whose manners and deportment announced a man of superior qualifications. This was M. Alexandre le Camus, whom Jerome, when King of Westphalia, created Count de Furstenstein. He was grave in his manner, and his observations were distinguished by a degree of intelligence which prepossessed me in his favour as soon as I heard him converse. I am aware that a very different judgment was passed upon him by many of the courtiers at Cassel, but nevertheless such was the impression I received of his character; and I may add that I have not formed my opinion of the Count de Furstenstein merely during the short time I passed in his company in a Spanish venta.

We walked with Jerome in the garden of the possada: and before parting, Junot who conceived he might use freedom with him from the circumstance of his having known him when a boy, endeavoured to dissuade him from resisting the Emperor's wishes. But Jerome answered him with noble firmness, that he considered himself bound by honour, and that having obtained the consent of his mother and elder brother, he did not feel himself so very blameable for taking the step he had. "My brother will hear me," said

he, " he is kind, he is just. Even admitting that I have committed a fault in marrying Miss Patterson without his consent, is this the moment for inflicting punishment? And upon whose head will that punishment light? Upon that of my poor, innocent wife! No, no, surely my brother will not thus outrage the feelings of one of the most respectable families of the United States; and inflict at the same time, a mortal wound upon a creature who is as amiable as she is beautiful."

With these words he drew from his bosom a large sized miniature set in gold and presented it to us. It was the portrait of Madame Jerome Bonaparte. The features were exquisitely beautiful, and a circumstance which immediately struck me as well as Junot, was the resemblance they bore to those of the Princess Borghèse. I remarked this to Jerome, who informed me that I was not the only person who had made the observation; that, in fact, he himself, and many Frenchmen who had been at Baltimore, had remarked the resemblance. I thought I could perceive in the face of Madame Jerome Bonaparte more animation than in the Princess Borghèse. I whispered this to Junot, but he would by no means admit it: he had not got the better of his old impressions.

" Judge then," resumed Jerome, replacing the charming portrait in his bosom, " judge whether I can abandon a being like her; especially when I assure you that to a person so exquisitely beautiful are united every quality that can render

a woman amiable. I only wish my brother would consent to see her:—to hear her voice but for one single moment. I am convinced that her triumph would be as complete as that of the amiable Christine whom the Emperor at first repulsed, but at length liked as well as his other sisters-in-law. For myself, I am resolved not to yield the point. Strong in the justice of my cause, I will do nothing which hereafter my conscience may make me repent."

To this, Junot made no reply. He had set out with an endeavour to prevail on Jerome to conform to the Emperor's will; but in the course of conversation, having learned the particulars of the case, and feeling interested for the young couple, he began to think, as he afterwards confessed to me, that he should be doing wrong in exhorting Jerome to a line of conduct, which in fact would be highly dishonourable. He walked by the side of Jerome in the garden and replied only by monosyllables to the questions we put to him. As soon as we got seated in our coach he confessed to me that he had been much pained during the latter part of this conversation.

At the expiration of two hours we took leave of Jerome, who continued his journey to France while we resumed ours towards Lisbon.

As we proceeded onward, every thing became more and more strange to us. I speak not of the scarcity of towns and villages: this, though a novelty to me, was nothing in comparison with the aspect of the country. I have seen the *landes*

of Bordeaux and a part of Poitou, but nothing in my recollection could be placed by the side of the immense heaths now developed before me covered with their variegated carpets. And then the roads across these tracts, formed merely by the caprice of the *mayoral*, or rather the mules, who meekly traverse the flowery solitude, where the traveller may fancy himself in the most desolate part of the New World.

There was at this time, in Estramadura, a monument which exists now only in recollection. War and its horrors penetrate even into savage solitudes, and leave traces of devastation behind them. I allude to the venta and the bridge of Almarez. Almarez is a small well built town. Behind it the road turns round some hills whose sides approximating gradually to each other almost form a narrow defile. We heard a hollow sound like distant roar of artillery; and then suddenly found ourselves upon a magnificent bridge, the work of the Arabs. It was built upon two arches across the Tagus which rolled beneath, at a depth of twenty-four feet. I shall never forget the impression I received at sight of this grand work of man, in the midst of a desert replete with the wonders of nature. This bridge was blown up by the Spaniards in the war of 1809.

It was evening when I arrived at the bridge of Almarez. The sun was setting, and the shepherds were calling to their pens, the flocks of merinos intrusted to their care. This hour is always extremely interesting in any country; but

in Spain the sunset is calculated to excite special admiration. Every portion of the landscape is clothed in picturesque beauty, and in tints so uncommon, so animated, and so glowing, that I know not how long I could have stood gazing with rapture on the splendid scene.

The bridge of Almarez contains two ogived arches, which unite two very steep banks edged with moss-covered rocks, overgrown with a profusion of that brushwood which, since my entry into Estramadura, had never ceased to meet my eye—the gum cistus *(cistus landaniferus)*. In the evening, the shrub exhales the sweetest odour; it is a compound of the perfume of the orange and the myrtle blossoms, and is evolved from a species of gum with which the foliage is completely imbued.

At the foot of the bridge is situated a venta built upon the very edge of the Tagus, which at this point rolls along with so much violence as sometimes to wash away fragments of rock, which are hurried down the stream, towards the sea. Two or three brooks, descending from the mountains meander behind the inn. We had for supper some excellent trout caught in these brooks, and some garden cresses, which grew in profusion upon their banks amidst thousands of beautiful flowers.

On the opposite bank of the Tagus we saw the *Puerto del Miriavete*, a steep mountain which we had to ascend on the following day. The whole landscape, so wild, so rich—the fine bridge, the mountain, the solitary venta, which seemed placed there

as if to show that the surrounding wilderness was not unknown to man—all strongly impressed my imagination, and left such traces on my memory as years will never efface.

In the morning we were to set out very early to cross the mountain. We were to sleep at Truxillo, and had a hard day's journey before us. Junot perceiving my wish to proceed more leisurely, told the muleteers that they must arrange so as to sleep at some other place. The interpreter translated this intelligence to the muleteers, who no sooner heard it than they resisted the proposition. They asserted that they could not find suitable accommodation for their mules between Almarez and Truxillo; adding, that if I wished to amuse myself in botanizing, I might stay at the venta all next day, and set out on the day after. We had a long argument with them on this point, and at last told them definitively that it was for us to choose the place at which we wished to sleep. At this the chief muleteer, who was no other than the famous Gonzales de San Sebastian, smiled and coolly observed that we were mistaken; that the days' journeys were all determined on beforehand; that he had agreed to convey us into Portugal, and it mattered not how, since we had made no specific bargain in that particular. Had we disputed a whole day, we could have done nothing with this man, so we found it necessary to yield the point.

We consequently started early in the morning. Immediately on leaving the venta, we began to

scale the *Puerto*, and along the serpentine path which led to its summit, we proceeded almost all the way on foot. My attention was particularly attracted by the strawberry tree (*arbutus unedo*)—which I had not seen before in Spain. With this the mountain was almost entirely covered. On arriving at the summit, we found a miserable hut, inhabited by a few soldiers. Descending on the other side, towards Truxillo, of which we could discern the castle in the distance, we halted at a village which presented, I think, the most perfect image of wretchedness of any town in Spain. Our yesterday's prospect was now indeed changed. On the one side we beheld the mountain-tops covered with snow; on the other, naked and sterile rocks; all around, a miserable and solitary country.

The green oak imparts a peculiar character to the plains of the Peninsula. This tree never grows to a large size; being scarcely larger than a pear tree. Its bark is fine, close and wrinkled; its branches grow somewhat in the form of a crown; its leaves are persistent, and about the size of the leaves of the pear tree, their colour on the outside is a green, so deep as often to approach a black, and underneath a greyish white. These stunted trees have not the long and flexible branches of oaks and beeches. The green oak is a tree of a species peculiar to Spain. In our forests we see nothing resembling it. This tree is the only thing which saddens my recollections of the Peninsula. In the woods of our

country, even the slightest breeze will cause a murmur which partakes in some degree of melody; but through the forests of Spain, (if indeed, the term forest may be given to a few scattered plantations of green oaks,) the silent solitude which reigns inspires a sort of sinister melancholy.

The forest which we entered after passing the Puerto del Miriavete brought us to Jaraycejo, a poor village where we saw the ruins of a castle built in the middle ages. We then entered another forest, through which having made our way, we found ourselves only a league distant from Truxillo. During this day's journey I confess I felt rather timid. When I was at Madrid, I had heard many frightful stories of these forests, the recollection of which was well calculated to excite terror, when I found myself beneath the low and gloomy canopies formed by the thick tops of the green oaks, and in paths flanked by double rows of crosses and piles of stones indicating the spots where murders had been committed.

On arriving at Truxillo we were received by the commandant, the corregidor, and all the public functionaries; they showed us great attention, for which we were the more grateful, as we were only what are called *transeuntes** in Spain, without any prerogative to lay claim to the hospitality which was so readily offered to us. Junot who had so good an opinion of the Prince of the Peace, insisted that he had ordered these marks of attention

* Passengers.

out of compliment to France. Truxillo is a wretched, though a large town. It is almost deserted, which indeed is the case with a great portion of the Spanish towns. I well remember its pavement of sharp pointed stones, and even now I wince at the very thought of the pain I experienced in walking upon them. We left Truxillo pleased with its inhabitants, though not much charmed with the place itself.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Guadiana—The mountains of Santa Cruz—Dangers of the road to Badajos—The *Venta del Despoblado*—My fear of robbers—Assassins on the road of the *Confessional*—Their impunity—Wandering French sailors—The possada of San Pedro—The murdered man—The instrument of torture—Alarm of my servants—Colonel Laborde—Departure from San Pedro—The obstinate muleteer—The carriage overturned—The town with three names—Badajos.

We now advanced towards the Guadiana. This river runs through the province which was the scene of Don Quixote's exploits. How many delightful hours have I spent in Spain, in tracing the movements of the heroes, with whom Cervantes and Le Sage have made us familiar. Cervantes in particular! immortal author! Altars should have been raised to his genius, and yet he died in misery in the heart of Spain, then the richest nation in the world!

The mountains of Santa Cruz presented us anew with picturesque and smiling scenes. A range of well-built villages stretched along almost in conjunction with each other. Among the rocks

which were composed of granite and often of basalt, we found the almond trees in flower. It seemed almost as if culture and vegetation had fled the plains invaded by the flocks and taken refuge in the midst of these rocks. The part towards the south, however, was naked and parched.

Between Santa Cruz and Meajadas, we quitted the mountains to enter on a plain which presented an appearance of great fertility. But after passing the town, the country suddenly changed and became wilder and more deserted than ever. From Meajadas we proceeded to the Venta del Despoblado* to put up for the night. This solitary inn is seated in the very heart of an exceedingly extensive forest, which in many places is so very thick, that it is impossible to pass between the knotty trunks of the green oaks. Now the Sierra Morena has become a safe road, thanks to the exertions of Don Pablo d'Olavidé; this forest was one of the most dangerous places in Spain.

I had heard a great deal at Madrid, as I have already observed, of the peril we should run in coming this way to Badajos. Though I felt confident that our escort was sufficiently numerous to disperse any ordinary band of robbers, yet I knew that the marauders who infest this part of Spain are peculiarly formidable. They are robust, determined, and always well armed, because, as they also carry on the perilous trade of

* *Inn of depopulation*,—never was a sign more justly applied.

smuggling they must always be prepared to act on the defensive. I recollected too, that our journey had been long announced; that we were known to have with us two waggons containing our baggage, among which was a valuable service of plate and my jewellery. The thought of this rendered me very uneasy as we advanced into the gloomy thickets of the forest of the *Venta del Despoblado*; and I confess, that when we came to a place called the "*Confessional*," because scarcely any one has ever been known to pass it without falling a victim to the brigands —when I beheld on each side of the road the little heaps of stones surrounding the crosses which marked the identical spots were murders had been committed, and when a little further on, I espied an image of the Virgin nailed against a tree, affixed there for the purpose of receiving the last prayers of the solitary traveller, condemned to find a grave amidst the silent gloom of the forest—I confess that the colour fled from my cheeks, and my heart beat violently. Junot whistled, and took no notice of my alarm; but I remarked, nevertheless, that as soon as we had passed the Madonna he commanded a halt, directed the muleteers to drive the five carriages and the waggons so that they might constantly be in sight of each other. He also inspected the arms of our escort. In our carriage we had pistols and a small poignard to which Junot attached great value, because it had been the means of saving

his life in Italy. But this formidable magazine did not restore my confidence.

While on the subject of the forest of Majeadas, I may relate a circumstance which will serve to give an idea of the inertness of the Spanish government,—to call it by no harsher name. At Mejeadas we had been cautioned to keep close to our escort, as the robbers who infested the dreadful road of the *Confessional* were hovering about. The vicar of the village, who was relating to us the history of many recent adventures, among others that of M. d'Araujo, pointed out to our notice two men who were walking in front of the house. They were dressed like Asturian travellers (though such they were not, as the Asturians in our escort stated). They wore the black velvet montera*, a long leather jacket without sleeves, confined round the waist by a leather belt with a large metal buckle. In this belt was deposited a whole magazine of daggers and pistols, and the long well sharpened dagger, that formidable weapon, in the use of which the Spaniards are so expert. Those men, said the Vicar, are well known assassins. The murders they have committed in the neighbouring forest are marked by the heaps of stones collected round the crosses of their victims. Yet they are allowed to go about openly as long as the summons of their chief does not rally them round him. We poor people here, have nothing to tempt their cupidity;

* A particular kind of cap.

but when travellers of distinction pass this way, persons who like you have a large train, then they prowl about to glean intelligence.

When Junot entered, he found me pale and trembling. I told him what I had heard from the Vicar, but he only laughed at it. However, I could perceive that he was not without apprehension, and he adopted such measures of precaution as I had never before observed him to resort to in travelling.

We nevertheless escaped during this part of our journey without any disaster. The forest as we advanced became more and more wild and solitary. The American woods could not have equalled its gloomy stillness. The silent foliage of the green oaks, upon which I have already remarked, forms together with the entire absence of birds of every kind, a peculiar feature in the region I am describing.

Sometimes we met on our road poor French sailors, who having been captured by English cruizers, had been cruelly put ashore in the most abject misery. The first time we saw one of these poor wanderers, I perceived the blood mount into Junot's cheek, and his eyes, always so expressive, flashed with indignation. He would have stripped the clothes from his own back rather than one of his soldiers should suffer from cold: he would have shared his ration, nay, would have gone without any, rather than the lowest private under his command should endure the pangs of hunger. What then were his feelings when he

beheld these French sailors, clothed in rags, and constrained to dig the earth to procure a few roots to satisfy their hunger! One day we encountered a party of seven of these poor fellows; Junot spoke to them. Never did I see a more lively expression of joy than that which lighted up their hard and weather-beaten features when they heard the sounds of their native language. One of them shed tears. We were French! We had come from France! I question whether the money Junot gave them to enable them to reach Bayonne, *without begging* caused them greater joy than they experienced at the first word we spoke in French.

On leaving the Vento del Despoblado, we proceeded to San Pedro, where we were to sleep. This was a horrible place. We arrived there in the evening, and when my carriage stopped at the door of the inn, I had almost fallen asleep from the fatigue of the day's journey. Junot, who for the greater security, preferred riding by the side of my carriage, reached the inn a little before me.

"Do not be scared at the appearance of this possada," said he; "your bed-chamber is certainly not very elegant, but provided we meet with no toads,* which from the appearance I very much doubt, it will do well enough."

As he spoke, I awoke from my slumber, alighted from the carriage, and entered the inn. Hea-

* The sight of a toad used to make him ill.

vens! what an inn it was. Let the reader figure to himself a clay-built hut, divided into three or four compartments about five feet high, which were called rooms. And then the odour that saluted us!....Indeed so horrible was the aspect of the place, that next morning when my female attendants informed me that they had discovered a murdered body in their bed-room, I confess I was scarcely surprised.

"Ah!" I exclaimed, as I stepped out of the carriage, "what place is this? I shall never be able to sleep here! what a horrible looking house!"

"It is, nevertheless, a house of my building," observed in a sepulchral tone of voice a man who was holding a lamp near me.

Hearing these words uttered in French, I turned round, and beheld what I thought the most atrocious looking countenance that ever belonged to a human creature. I was horror-struck.

"Heavens!" said I, addressing myself to the man, "what could have induced you to quit your country, to live in this savage desert....in this inn?"

I answered my question in my own mind. This man, said I to myself, must be some infamous villain who has escaped from the galleys, or the gibbet!

I had no inclination, it may be supposed, to sleep in the inn; but being apprehensive of confining my little girl all night in a close carriage, I set about searching the house in quest of a single

habitable room. I did at last find one, and I immediately ordered the window to be opened, some ginger to be burnt to fumigate the room, and the fire, which was almost out, to be re-kindled. Leaving the child and her nurse Fanchette in this apartment I retired with Junot to my carriage, where we passed the night.

I had at this time in my service an Italian woman, the wife of Junot's chief valet-de-chambre. She accompanied me to Portugal in the capacity of *femme de charge*. She was a pretty woman, was strongly attached to me, and I in my turn was very partial to her. Not wishing to remain all night in the carriage in which she had travelled, she chose rather to sleep, if she could, in one of the filthy rooms of the *casa*. Leaving her husband, therefore, to watch the baggage and keep order among the escort, which that night seemed more than ever necessary, she lay down in the apartment adjoining that I had selected for my little girl.

The child had been some time asleep, when Madame Heldt stole softly into the room and presented herself to Fanchette as pale as a spectre. Fanchette, who was not very brave, fell upon her knees at the sight of her companion. My femme-de-chambre had preferred sleeping in one of the carriages, consequently they were quite alone.

"Fanchette! Fanchette!" exclaimed Madame Heldt, "there is a murdered man lying under my bed."

Fanchette uttered a shriek.

"Silence; for God's sake, silence!" exclaimed the other. "They will come and kill us also. There is an instrument of torture in the next room."

Fanchette, anxious to assure herself of the fact, seized her lamp with no very steady hand, and proceeded to the chamber of Madame Heldt, whose lamp had been overturned and extinguished in her precipitate retreat. She looked under the bed, where at first she saw only some of the fresh cut straw, commonly used in Spain. On a closer inspection, however, she discerned the feet of a man.

The two women trembled, and almost sank lifeless beside the dead body. Fanchette, who in this instance showed more courage than her companion, perhaps on account of the precious charge committed to her care, determined to call for help. Madame Heldt then pointed out to her notice what she called the *instrument of torture*, which next day was ascertained to be a machine for threshing corn.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Fanchette, "what will become of us? But perhaps it is not a dead body after all," added she, feigning a degree of courage, which she did not feel.

"What else can it be then?" rejoined the other. "It is worse; it is a body cut in pieces, for see, there are only two feet and two legs."

They turned their eyes again towards the object of their terror, and seeing the feet and legs their consternation increased. They flew to the win-

dow and opened it, but all was still; no one seemed to be awake in the inn, and the only sound they heard was the noise made by the mules in their stables,—a much better lodging-place than was allotted to the human beings they had been dragging.

"Good heavens," exclaimed Fanchette, "Madame guessed right, this inn-keeper is certainly a murderer."

"A murderer!" replied Madame Heldt, "more likely the village hangman. Look there!" And she pointed again to the fatal instrument.

At length they heard the footsteps of some one passing beneath the window. It was Colonel Laborde, who having thrown himself with his clothes on upon two bundles of fresh straw, from time to time quitted his bivouac, to go round and ascertain that all was right. As soon as Fanchette heard the clanking of his hussar boots upon the stones of the court, she thought herself rescued from perdition, and hailed him. The brave Laborde made but two or three strides to Madame Heldt's room, when the first words he heard were "dead body," and "murdered man." He immediately perceived the two accusatory feet, and not being much afraid of death, he drew the body from beneath the bed where it was concealed by the straw. It proved to be a corpse; but there were no marks of violence upon it. Without stopping to form any conjecture upon the matter, he desired the women to call the master of the inn. They, however, made a hasty retreat

to my daughter's room. M. de Laborde, unwilling to create an alarm, merely called from the window to one of the soldiers of the escort; and taking the lamp, went down into the kitchen where the master of the inn was sleeping tranquilly on the hearth, by the embers of the fire round which the muleteers had supped.

"Surely this man cannot be a murderer, or at least he is innocent to-night," thought M. de Laborde. "But no matter, we must know the history of the dead body." So jolting him violently with his foot, he woke him and immediately presented a pistol to his breast. The man thinking he was going to be murdered, uttered the most dreadful cries.

"Silence, rascal," said Laborde, "or I'll blow your brains out. What explanation can you give of the discovery which has just been made in one of the chambers above? You infamous assassin!"

"My God! my worthy colonel, I am no assassin," exclaimed the man, throwing himself on his knees and clasping his hands. "I will tell you all about it; only do not mention it to his excellency the ambassador; you shall see that I have done no wrong."

M. de Laborde continued to regard him with a threatening eye; and the poor wretch was so dismayed that he had scarcely power to tell his story. At length he managed to stammer out that one of the labourers of his miserable

farm had died of some malady that same morning. The body was to be interred the following day, but our arrival had upset their arrangements, for the chamber in which the corpse was deposited was one of the only two fit to receive company. "If the ambassador or his lady had done me the honour to sleep in my poor house," said the fellow, "I would have had the corpse well wrapped up in a cloth so that it should not have been visible. But as only one of their servants was to have the room, I thought poor Garcia might remain in the straw without incommoding her; I humbly ask her pardon. But, Sir, if I had murdered the man, I should not surely have allowed any one to sleep in the room, until I had removed all traces of the crime!"

This seemed reasonable enough. M. de Laborde asked him whom he could get to vouch for his character. He replied the curate and the Sangrado of the village.

"Lock me up till morning," continued he, "if you suspect I do not speak truth, and to-morrow you will be convinced of my innocence."

M. de Laborde took him at his word, and placing him in one of the wretched rooms which happened to be furnished with a door, he locked him in. He then ordered two soldiers to replace the corpse of the poor peasant on the bed, and desired the two women to retire with the child to the carriage for the remainder of the night; concluding that the effluvia of a chamber in

which there was a dead body might be pestilential.* I thanked him gratefully, the next morning for this precaution.

Junot was in a furious rage with the innkeeper, and the poor wretch was skulking about, dreading the anger of the great Señor, as he styled him.

"I am no great Señor, you rascal," exclaimed Junot, "but I am a father and a humane master. How dared you harbour the thought of allowing two females and a child, and my child too, to sleep in a room in which there was the corpse of a man who has probably died of some pestilential disease."

As he spoke, he seized the man by the throat and seemed ready to strangle him: but at this juncture the curate and the village doctor arrived. These worthies certified that the corpse was in no way infectious, the man's disorder having been a pleurisy, and that he had died a natural death. The curate had given him the sacrament, and as to the doctor, if there was any murder in the case, he was most probably the guilty man.

However Madame Heldt and Fanchette positively insisted that the man had been murdered, and declared their conviction that had it not been for M. de Laborde, they, together with Mademoiselle Josephine, would have shared the same fate.

* The yellow fever was raging in Cadiz at that very time.

Hardly had we left San-Pedro than we were thrown into fresh consternation. Little Josephine was in the carriage with her nurse, Madame Heldt and my two maids. As the road was bad, Junot alighted and prevailed upon me to do so likewise, in order to ascend a small hill. The child was asleep, and Junot said to the muleteer who was driving her carriage, "Do not go on that side," pointing out to him a particular part of the road which was in a most horrid state. "I desire you not to drive there, for I am sure an accident will happen."

The muleteer shook his head. It was plain he had no wish to obey. Junot therefore went up to him and repeated his injunction in a very decided tone.

"I have driven along this road more than twenty times," replied the muleteer, who, like others of his fraternity, was a species of animal much more obstinate than the mules he was driving. "I have driven along here," said he, "more than twenty times, and never met with an accident. The beasts know the path, and if I put them out of their way, they will be sure to play me some trick."—"And I will break a good stick across your shoulders if you make any demur," cried Junot, in a passion; "do as I order you."

We proceeded onward, and had begun to climb the hill. However, we had not advanced far, when a violent outcry in our rear made us turn quickly round. My daughter's carriage was overturned;

the muleteer having persisted in driving through the broken road Junot had enjoined him to avoid. The first shock of alarm made me fall to the earth; but immediately summoning all my resolution, I flew to the succour of my child, whose cries were heart-rending. As for Junot, he had with the speed of lightning hurried to the spot, and having seized the muleteer by the throat, had nearly strangled him. M. de Laborde and M. de Rayneval had great difficulty to loose his hold. When I came up, I took my dear child in my arms. Her cries were occasioned only by alarm, and by the condition in which she saw her nurse. However, she had had a very narrow escape. The instant before the carriage overturned, she had just waked, and had gone to sit on Madame Heldt's lap. Had she remained in her nurse's arms, she must have been killed, for the whole contents of the carriage rolled on poor Fanchette, which nearly suffocated her; and it was a full half-hour before she came to her senses. She was lying stretched on the grass when I came up, and little Josephine was calling upon her in a tone of the most affectionate concern. Fanchette also gave a proof of equal attachment for the child; for when her recollection began to return, before she opened her eyes, she stretched out her arms as if feeling for something, then in a feeble tone murmured, "The child! the child!"

From San-Pedro we pursued the high road to Merida. So much has already been said by previous travellers, of the fine Roman antiquities

which are to be seen at Merida, that I shall not fatigue my readers by referring to them here. I must, however, mention with what admiration I viewed the beautiful bridge over the Guadiana, the remains of the aqueduct, the arena, or rather the long wall, and above all the bridge, which is in as perfect a state of preservation, as if it had been built only fifty years.

From Merida to Badajoz we travelled along the banks of the famed Guadiana. We crossed fertile but uncultivated plains. The mesta destroys the whole country hereabouts. All along the banks of the Guadiana I observed the mandrake* in full blossom.

In the environs of Badajoz we saw a village which presented a singular spectacle. All the houses were tumbling in ruins. Such was the state they were in twenty-seven years ago, and I presume that since that date they have not been repaired. The name of this village was equally singular. In the map it was called Talaveyra la Real; in the traveller's guide, Talaveyra del Arroyo and its inhabitants, as well as those of Badajoz, called it Talaveruella. For my part I called it the village with three names.

At length we arrived at Badajoz, a frontier town of Spain on the side of Portugal. Badajoz is a fine town, with straight and well-paved streets—a circumstance very rare in this part of Spain. This was the birth-place of the Prince of the Peace.

* Atropa mandragora.

Though the garrison is a fine one, yet the Spanish soldiers do not like it; and they consider it a sort of banishment to be sent to Badajoz. The commandant gave us an excellent breakfast, and ordered a salute to be fired when we entered the town, in pursuance of orders he had received. We left Badajoz, charmed with the reception we had experienced. Descending the gentle declivity at the foot of the ramparts, we came in sight of Elvas, a strong garrison on the Portuguese frontier, and situate only a league from Badajoz. Both towns are built upon eminences. A river, or rather a brook, called the Cayo, is the boundary of the two kingdoms. We crossed it without the least difficulty, as it was then almost dry. We entered Elvas under the salute of the artillery, which was fired for our arrival, while the fortress of Badajoz courteously answered the compliment.

CHAPTER XVII.

Our entrance into Portugal—Difference between Spain and Portugal—Traces of the mixed origin of the Portuguese—Estremoz—Montemor-o-Novo—Alemtejo—Arrival at Lisbon—Picturesque aspect of the city and its vicinity—A Portuguese adage—Orders given by the Minister for Foreign Affairs for Junot's reception—The yellow fever—The royal yachts—Landing in Lisbon—The Count de Castro-Marino—The diplomatic collation—My wager lost—Old-fashioned carriages.

On my first entrance into Portugal, I was struck with the difference between that country and Spain—a difference I perceived immediately on passing the Cayo. The dark eyes, the black hair, and brown complexion, are the only traits of resemblance between the Portuguese and Spaniards. The Portuguese have thick lips, noses something of the negro form, black and often curly hair; and their figures, and above all their hands, show signs of the mixed blood. This is particularly observable in entering Portugal from Spain, where the people, in spite of their dark complexion and eyes, have at least an European look. On entering Portugal from Spain, the traveller is, however, agreeably surprised by finding

himself among a more cultivated people. He leaves those vast heaths and meadows which are laid waste by the *mesta*, and enters a country covered with rustic but well-built habitations; and as the peasantry carefully plaster their houses every spring, they are always of a dazzling white. The Portuguese are more attentive than the Spaniards to all that regards personal appearance. A brown cloth jacket takes place of the Spaniard's mantle and leathern waistcoat, and a hat is substituted for the *montera*. The women either simply fasten their hair with a ribbon, or cover it with a handkerchief which is tied under the chin. It is not by the common people that we can judge of the Portuguese nation. That nation has two very distinct characters. This I will point out by and by, when I come to speak of Lisbon and Oporto.

Before we reached Elvas, we met with the first orangery that we had seen since our arrival in the Peninsula. Every object on the frontier of Portugal presented a striking contrast to the country we had left behind us.

Elvas, which is the capital of what is termed a corregimento, is the residence of three magistrates, viz. a *corregidor*, a *provedor*, and of a *juiz de fóra*. Here we saw a fine aqueduct, which we greatly admired. It is one league in length, and is formed of very high arches: it crosses a valley completely covered with gardens in perfect cultivation, and little groves of orange-trees. This aqueduct is called *os Arcos de Amoreira*, and takes its name from a mulberry-tree (amoreira) near it.

But all this beauty, all this cultivation, is but

the gaudy adornment of a coquette, which Portugal assumes, as if to mortify her rival. All soon disappeared, and shortly after we left Elvas we beheld nothing but naked and barren mountains.

At Estremoz, a little garrison, we were again saluted by a discharge of artillery. The commandant of the town was a worthy old veteran, who fancied he beheld an angel of light, in the person of Napoleon's first aide-de-camp. He expressed his admiration of France, and her hero with heartfelt warmth. At Arrayolos we had no salute, because there were no cannon in the place; but we had discharges of musketry and carbines, together with compliments, and every assurance of a cordial reception. I must observe that from Estremoz to Arrayolos is a distance of six leagues, and all that way we did not see a single village. From Arrayolos we advanced to Montemor-o-Novo, a pretty little town, the environs of which are well cultivated. Here too we experienced an excellent reception, and we left Montemor-o-Novo for Alemtejo.

The province of Alemtejo derives its name from Alem (beyond) and Tego (Tagus). It is frequently confounded with that portion of the Algarves, adjoining the mountains which separate the two provinces. No words can convey an idea of the beauty of the plains of Alemtejo, which at the season when I travelled through them were overspread with flowers. Being a passionate lover of botany, I felt a peculiar delight at seeing beneath my feet, at every step I advanced, the most beautiful bul-

bous plants, the fragrant shrubs which are cultivated in our hot-houses, geraniums of every species, and all the varieties of the beautiful cistus of the south of Europe.

The badness of the roads in Portugal rendered this part of my journey less agreeable to me than it would otherwise have been. Under any circumstances, it is sufficiently tormenting to be confined in a carriage for a long succession of days; but in addition to this I suffered the annoyance of being shaken and jolted over the roughest roads imaginable. I sometimes thought it was a calculation of Portuguese weakness to keep the roads in this wretched state, in order to insulate the country as much as possible from Spain.

At length, on Holy Thursday, at four in the afternoon, I arrived before Lisbon. I was filled with admiration, and in spite of the thousand panegyrics which I had heard pronounced on the Portuguese capital, I confess I was surprised as well as charmed at the sight of the splendid picture before me. I should imagine that no city in Europe presents such a *coup-d'œil* at Lisbon, on approaching it from Spain. The vast plain of water formed by the Tagus,' (which in some places is a league and a half wide) is bounded on the opposite bank by an immense city built on an amphitheatre of hills; while the port filled with a countless multitude of vessels presented a forest of masts, bearing the colours of a hundred different nations, for at the period here alluded to (1805) Portugal was at peace with the world. One may

write and say that Lisbon is a large and fine city, built on a magnificent river, beneath a radiant sky, and in a balmy atmosphere;—all this is true;—but to convey by words or by writing, however eloquent, any idea of the aspect of Lisbon, when approached from the Aldea* Galega, Casilhas or Moutar, is utterly impossible.

At some distance from the Aldea Galega the view of Lisbon is exceedingly singular, and at the same time highly picturesque. In the background of the picture are seen the pointed rocks of Cintra rising above the hills on which the city of Lisbon is built. On the right, amidst the plains, may still be discerned the lofty *Serra de Arrabida*. On a nearer approach, the city seems to rise out of the water. You distinguish the arsenal, the exchange, and the corn market; and on the left are seen the hills of Belem and Ajuda, together with the beautiful church, royal park and menagerie. When on a lovely spring evening I sailed along the Tagus, that river whose golden waves are so poetically celebrated—when, after admiring Lisbon and its environs, I passed the hills of Saccavin, Belem, and Ajuda, and reached Pedrosa to view the beauties of Almada and its picturesque church, I readily admitted the justice of the adage which the Portuguese so proudly repeat:—

Que não tem visto Lisboa,
Não tem visto cousa boa.†

Our banker at Lisbon was a French merchant,

* Aldea is Portuguese for village.

† He who has not seen Lisbon has seen nothing good.

who was introduced to us when we alighted from our *coche de colleras*, by M. Serrurier. This gentleman, who was a brother of Marshal Serrurier, was at that time French Consul at Lisbon. As we were required to stay a few days at Aldea Galega, in compliance with an absurd rule of Portuguese etiquette, our banker had provided for our reception a delightful country house, which speedily enabled me to forget all the horrors of Spanish *ventas* and Portuguese *vendas*. The evening on which we arrived was deliciously fine. The orange-trees were covered with flowers, and their appearance promised a rich harvest of golden fruit. The hedges were adorned with the purple blossom of the pomegranate, intermingled with geraniums and aloes; while the palm and the magnolia spread their foliage on every side.... All is light and fragrance..all is life, and joyous life in my recollections of that evening!

M. Serrurier dined with us, and immediately after set off to announce to the minister for foreign-affairs the arrival of the ambassador from His Majesty the Emperor Napoleon, and to request that the requisite orders might be issued for his reception, which M. d'Araujo immediately did. This, as I have already mentioned, was on Holy Thursday. It was night when M. Serrurier returned, and he informed Junot that the reception could not take place till the following day. We passed the evening very agreeably in our little country-house at Aldea Galega. Next morning after having breakfasted and dressed, we walked on the

banks of the Tagus, awaiting the arrival of the Queen's *escaleres*.* M. d'Araujo sent a long note to explain that it was impossible to fire a salute from the tower of Belem, in honour of the ambassador's arrival, because it was Good-Friday. The three holy days cannot be profaned by any signal of rejoicing. The Queen, and the Prince and Princess of Brazil do not receive any such demonstration of respect when they pass Belem on one of those days. Having made the necessary inquiries to ascertain that the omission of the salute was not suggested by English influence, Junot returned for answer, that the Emperor, his master, would regard this respect shown to the King of Kings, as a practice which he himself would have been the first to order.

I believe I have already stated that Spain was at this time, the prey of a terrible scourge. The yellow fever had decimated the fair province of Andalusia. Cadiz, which had lost a vast proportion of its population, seemed to be almost arrayed in general mourning. Malaga, Murcia, and all that portion of the coast of the Peninsula had suffered frightful ravages. To the alarm naturally inspired by this pestilence, we were indebted for a visit from the officers of health, a ceremony which is not usually observed except towards persons arriving by sea. Our examination being ended, we again proceeded to the bank of the river and there we found the Queen's *escaleres* in readiness

* State barges.

to receive us. I was struck with the neat appearance of the rowers. They were twenty-five in number, and were all dressed in white, with black velvet caps ornamented in front with the arms of Portugal in silver.

I stepped on board the Prince Regent's* yacht, accompanied by Junot, M. de Rayneval, first secretary to the embassy, MM. Lagarde de Cherval, and Colonel Laborde, Junot's first aide-de-camp. My little girl, her governante, M. Legoy, and some other persons of the suite, followed in another *escaler*, of which there were four, besides the Queen's yacht. In this manner we crossed the great expanse of water formed by the Tagus, between Aldea Galega and Lisbon. As we advanced, the picture became more and more interesting; new beauties arose at every stroke of the boatmen's oars. I think we were nearly two hours in going across: the men had received orders to shew us the city in different points of view. This piece of national vanity I thought very pardonable. At length we landed between Belem and the Quay of Sodres. Here we found the Count de Castro Marino, a Portuguese grandee, who was deputed to receive Junot on his landing, and who was also to introduce him to the Prince Regent. They both stepped into one of the court carriages drawn by six horses: the ambassador sitting on the right of the Count de

† The Queen was living at this time; but she was out of her mind, and her son, the Prince of Brazil was Regent. The Queen was never seen.

Castro Marino. M. de Rayneval and M. de Laborde were then requested to enter a third carriage, and in conformity with one of those strange customs, which excited my astonishment, the second carriage remained empty. M. Legoy, and the other gentlemen of the embassy followed. As to me, I did not land until five minutes after Junot, etiquette having so ordained it. I then took my seat in a court carriage and six, accompanied by M. de Cherval, who holding no specific post in the embassy, could not form part of the grand cavalcade. My daughter and her governante occupied the second carriage, and the third was filled by my female attendants. All the three carriages had six horses each. We took a different road from the *grand procession*; and proceeding along the banks of the Tagus, we reached our destination before the ambassador and his introducer. This was exactly what I wanted. I had laid a wager with Junot that before he got through all his ceremonies with the count, he would inevitably be guilty of the indecorum of indulging in a laugh. I therefore was curious to observe him after he should alight from the carriage.

One of the absurd ceremonies of the court of Portugal, is that on the arrival of an ambassador,* He must give, *immediately on entering his hotel*, a collation to the individual who is to introduce him at court. This *collation*, as it is styled, is no-

* The observance of this ceremony is exacted only from *ambassadors*, and not from ministers plenipotentiary.

thing less than a great dinner, since covers are laid for five and twenty. The ambassador and his introducer sit down to table *alone*, face to face, and without tasting a morsel, amuse themselves with folding and unfolding their napkins for the space of five or six minutes, like two automatons. This ludicrous custom is the more at variance with common sense, inasmuch as when the ambassador arrives by sea, there can be no time for unpacking the plate and making the requisite arrangements for the observance of this etiquette. However, as there is no possibility of evading the ceremony, the ambassador borrows from some friendly power whatever may be necessary for the collation. Thus Spain enabled Junot to do the honours of his hotel, as soon as he alighted from his carriage.

Anticipating the drollery of the collation scene, I had laid a wager with Junot that he would never get through it with becoming gravity. I also had my misgivings about the Count de Castro Marino. Before he presented himself, I expected to see one of the thorough bred *fidalgos* of the old school, carrying in his hand, a gold-headed cane and coughing from the very bottom of his lungs at every word he uttered. But I was agreeably surprised at finding him quite a young man, ugly enough in all conscience, but still young, and therefore in all probability not very reluctant to join in a laugh. My conclusion was reasonable enough; but in Portugal things are not always consistent with reason.

"I have won my wager," exclaimed I to Colonel Laborde, "for I am sure those two men will never go through the ceremony of the collation without bursting into a fit of laughter." However, I was mistaken.

I stationed myself near a door which looked into the dining-room, and where I could have a good view of what passed. Their excellencies gravely ascended the grand staircase of the hotel, bowing to each other at every door, and the Count de Castro Marino keeping on the left of the ambassador with scrupulous care. In this manner they ascended from one flight of stairs to the other, bowing and bowing until they reached the reception room. Here they each made a most profound bow, and looking for all the world like two Chinese mandarins. After a little pause, the *maître-d'hôtel* entered to announce to their excellencies, that the collation was served. Then the two poor victims tortured as they had already been by bowing, made each three or four more bows, and at length adjourned to the dining-room. Here I was waiting for them. To my astonishment I soon discovered that the wretch of a Portuguese, far from being a *victim*, as I had imagined, went through the ceremony with evident complacency. He preserved his gravity so decorously, that Junot conceived himself bound to return it with interest, and there they sat as if challenging one another, which would longest refrain from smiling. At length at the expiration of six minutes, which I counted precisely by the time-

piece, the Count de Castro Marino rose, and Junot followed his example. They then resumed their bows, and having each made about a dozen, the Portuguese *grandee*, who by the by, was an extremely little man, took his leave, and set off in his large carriage, which I may observe, resembled one of the carriages of Louis XIV's time, after the model of which it was actually built.* Junot accompanied his guest down stairs with the same formalities as he had observed on coming up, and having bowed the count into his heavy, rumbling machine, bade him farewell. Two or three long strides up the stairs, brought him back to the drawing room, where he found me, mortified at having lost my wager, and not a little astonished to find that a *young* man could go through the ceremony I have just described, without even a smile. After a hearty laugh we sat down to partake of the *collation*, which was excellent, having been prepared under the superintendence of the Spanish ambassador's cook, for the Count de Campo d'Alange prided himself on his excellent dinners. We did full honour to the banquet, our appetites having been sharpened by our aquatic excursion and a long abstinence, for the diplomatic bows had prolonged the ceremony till seven in the evening.

* A curious collection of old fashioned carriages is preserved in the royal coach-houses of Portugal, and among them are many clumsy, heavy vehicles, richly painted and gilt, which were presented by Philip V to his brother of Portugal, on their reconciliation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Political condition of Portugal—Don Miguel and Don Pedro—The Hotel of the French Ambassador—Costume of the inhabitants of Lisbon—Cabriolets and carriages—Difficulty of driving in Lisbon—Junot's presentation dress—The Prince Regent and the Infante Don Pedro—The hussar's uniform—My hoops—My court dress—Getting into the carriage—My presentation—Conversation with the Princess of Brazil—Description of the Princess—Her costly jewels—Her hunting dress.

PORTUGAL is a part of Europe which the rays of the political sun now shine full upon. How will that little corner of our globe endure their dazzling glare? This question is continually asked by the thousands who daily devour the contents of twenty journals to ascertain whether Don Miguel will be hanged, whether Don Pedro will be victorious, or whether Portugal will have the power to prove herself a nation.

"Rather say the *will*," observed I, one day, to a friend with whom I was conversing on the affairs of Portugal. The Portuguese are a valiant people: that cannot be doubted. The names of

Albuquerque, Acunha, Pacheco, and in our time, Alorna, Gomez, Freire, Valence, gloriously prove that the Portuguese can and will *sacar la espada e el pugnal** when they please to do so, which, at the present moment I do not believe to be the case. Don Pedro arrives among them with liberal ideas (at least such are his professions, though I am not one of those who credit them); and, immediately, there rises up against him the whole body of the clergy, which composes a full third of the nation. There again the liberal road is intercepted by all the *senhorias posseiros*† who will not now any more than in the time of the great Pombal, consent to be deprived of their iniquitous and revolting privilege of letting their lands as they please and for what they please, while the poor *quinheros* have no resource but silence. Don Miguel is surrounded by this array of supporters, who will always sound the tocsin to prevent the people from receiving their liberators, or at least, those who assume that title. We know very well that in Portugal as in every other country the poor sheep always have been and always will be shorn, while the worthy shepherds entrench themselves behind their fine Utopian chimeras and launch anathemas upon those who wish to remain tranquil. But, to leave this digression and return to Lisbon, I may observe that even at the period when I first visited

* To draw the sword and the dagger.

† Noble landed proprietors.

that capital it presented indications of one day becoming a terrible volcano.

General Lannes had occupied at Lisbon a spacious and beautiful house, situated at the Chafariz* de Loretto, near the opera house and in the vicinity of the Tagus. In this house, one of the best in the Portuguese capital, we now installed ourselves.

The bank is situate in the quarter of the Chafariz de Loretto, which is, in consequence, the busiest part of Lisbon. The window of a little drawing-room which I usually occupied, looked into small square, through which thousands of people passed in the course of the day. The dress of the inhabitants of Lisbon has in it nothing peculiar, like that of the people of Madrid; but it is much more gay. The uniformity of dress, and especially the prevalence of black in Madrid, imparts to that city an air of melancholy which did not displease me, though I have heard it much condemned by travellers, particularly at the period here alluded to. Since that time, French fashion has had its influence on the Spanish customs, and now a female, whatever may be her rank, may venture to walk out, in open day, in a shawl and hat, while in 1805 she would have been insulted. At Lisbon, the females of the lower rank walk about the streets alone; but females of a superior class ride in what are called chairs. These chairs are a sort of cabrio-

* Fountain.

let drawn by two mules, one of which is ridden by a man who is very shabbily dressed, if in the employment of a common person, while his coat is trimmed with some wretched lace, if he should be the servant of an individual having any pretention to nobility. These little chairs are used in Lisbon by the noble and the wealthy, who have them tolerably neat in appearance and drawn by two fine mules. A groom rides beside the vehicle when it contains a lady of elevated rank. Females of the higher class, however, usually drive in carriages drawn by four mules, with a groom riding on one side. I too was obliged to conform to this latter ceremony, which I found was indispensable. In Lisbon, it is impossible to make several visits in a carriage drawn by two mules on account of the immense distance between one part of the city and another. The capital of Portugal which contained, at this time, nearly three hundred and forty thousand inhabitants, exclusive of the military, was two leagues and a half long, while in width it did not exceed the limits of two or three streets.

Lisbon, like Rome, is built on seven hills. The continual acclivities and declivities of the roughly paved streets therefore render driving very difficult, and this difficulty is augmented by the heaps of rubbish which are frequently encountered, and which have been thrown up by earthquakes. Yet scarcely any, except the very common people, walk on foot in Lisbon. The women of the lower class, who are generally

pretty, wear a very becoming costume. It consists of a red cloak and hood bordered with black velvet, while on their heads, instead of a cap, they have a lawn handkerchief pinned on in the style which in France is called *en marmotte*. This dress is exceedingly graceful, and even a plain woman looks pretty in it, since no feature is seen but her eyes, and the Spanish and Portuguese women universally have fine eyes. Indeed to take fine eyes to the Peninsula is so much beauty thrown away.

After we had got a little settled in our new residence, Junot requested that a day might be appointed for his presentation. M. d'Araujo, whom we now met again with great pleasure, and who as I have already mentioned, was the Portuguese minister for foreign affairs, informed Junot that he should be introduced as soon as the Easter festivals and processions were over.

The presentation took place at Queluz. Junot had received from the Emperor instructions respecting the etiquette he was to observe himself, and to exact from others. It was well known in Paris that the Prince Regent was the absolute slave of England; and that he almost trembled to receive us. It is true that the most marked honours were constantly shown to the French embassy; and yet, when the Portuguese nobility went to pay the usual complimentary visits, they behaved, by order of the court, in a way which was calculated to offend, though perhaps it would not have justified a demand for explanation. Thus

for example, there was a certain Count San-Miguel, who alleged that he could not visit the French ambassador without an order from the Prince Regent; and others came dressed in mourning.

On our arrival the court was at Queluz, and the Queen was as mad as ever. Junot was anxious that his retinue should be as splendid as a retinue possibly could be in Lisbon. His dress was superb, and became him admirably, for he was then a very handsome man. He wore his magnificent full-dress uniform of colonel-general of the hussars, the same which he had had made for the Emperor's coronation. The dolman was white, with red facings, the pantaloons blue, and the pelisse blue, richly embroidered with gold. The sleeves of the dolman and pelisse were adorned with nine gold chevrons, superbly embroidered in an oak-leaf pattern. The pelisse was bordered with magnificent blue fox-fur. This dress cost fifteen thousand francs, independently of the heron plume in the shako which was a present from the Empress Josephine, and was worth more than a hundred and fifty louis.

Junot presented a truly martial appearance in this dress. His tall handsome figure and noble countenance, on which five honourable scars were visible, naturally commanded respect. One of these scars was particularly visible, and was caused by a wound received at the battle of Lonato. I may mention that, whenever the Emperor looked steadfastly at Junot, he seemed to fix his

eye with an expression of complacency on this long gash, which extended from the temple almost to the bottom of the cheek. Napoleon used frequently to speak of the handful of blood he got at Milan, when playfully pulling Junot's hair, after a severe wound he had received on the crown of his head. The Emperor often told me he should never forget the circumstance, and he mentioned it to me in a conversation I had with him after my return from Portugal. In the course of this conversation after alluding to Junot's scars he asked me, and singularly enough, whether the Princess of Brazil had cast *tender glances* at Junot. This was his expression; and he added:—*Ma foi!* Junot is a handsome fellow; and that scar of his gives him a martial air which would turn my head if I were a woman. And I can tell you Junot made many conquests at Milan, and during the campaigns of Italy."

When the Emperor was in good humour, he was exceedingly fond of rallying his favourite officers. With women, on the contrary he never joked, or if he did, his joke was a thunder-bolt. The strange mania that possessed him of telling wives of the infidelities of their husbands was never agreeable, and sometimes gave rise to very painful feelings. With his shrewdness of perception, I cannot conceive how he was blind to the mischief which this habit produced.

Junot proceeded to Queluz in great pomp. The most trivial points of Portuguese etiquette were scrupulously observed, and the equerry in white

silk stockings was not forgotten. The carriage in which he rode was one of the finest Paris could produce, having been built by the celebrated coachmaker, Leduc; the liveries were rich, and the attendants numerous. Consequently, the embassy, consisting of the ambassador, M. de Rayneval, Colonel Laborde, MM. de Cherval, Legoy, and Magnien, presented a very imposing appearance. Junot went through his part exceedingly well, and was received with a marked degree of favour, for which perhaps, he was in some degree indebted to our eight hundred thousand bayonettes,* and also to the fear naturally inspired by such a *minister of peace* as Junot, who was inclined to say with the ancient Roman:— "I bear peace or war in the folds of my mantle."

The Prince of Brazil by no means realized the idea which Junot had formed of him, from what he had heard. "Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed, on his return home, "how ugly the Prince is!.... "Mon Dieu! how ugly the Princess is!.... Mon Dieu! how ugly they all are!.... There is not a comely face among the whole set: except the Prince Royal, the Prince de Beira.† He is a handsome youth, and he looks like a dove, amidst a brood of owls. But I cannot conceive," added Junot, "why the Prince of Brazil stared at me so steadfastly ... I did not know that there was

* Including Italy, Switzerland, the one hundred and forty-four departments of France, and the Rhenish confederation, the Emperor certainly had that number of troops at his disposal.

† The present Don Pedro.

anything very extraordinary in my looks; but he never for a moment turned his eyes from me."

In the evening we learned what had excited the Prince's curiosity. M. d'Araujo came to dine with us, and he said:

"Do you know the Prince was quite puzzled, to know why the ambassador did not take off his *cap*, as he called it."

"What does he mean by his cap?" enquired I.

"Why he calls the shako a cap. You must not expect that we poor folks in Portugal, should advance with giant strides, to call things by their right names. But I who have lived so long in Berlin,* am soldier enough to distinguish a shako from a cap. I have affirmed that the shako is never removed even in the presence of God, and the ambassador has certainly gone far to confirm that idea. However, I can assure you, that but for me the affair would have been made the subject of a note. But you will be surprised when you learn the effect which the General's appearance has produced at court."

These last words piqued my curiosity, but M. d'Araujo smiled and would not gratify it. However, it was not long before his meaning was explained. On the day after the presentation the Prince Regent's first valet de chambre was sent to request, that the French ambassador would be pleased to lend his hussar uniform, as a pattern for his Royal Highness's tailor, who

* He was long minister from Portugal to Prussia.

was to make one like it for the Prince, and one for the infant Don Pedro.

I had not then seen the Prince of Brazil, therefore I could not laugh as I afterwards did, when I beheld his corpulent figure, clumsy legs, and enormous head, muffled in a hussar uniform. His negro hair, (which by the bye was in perfect keeping with his thick lips, African nose and swarthy colour), was well powdered, and pomatumed, and tied in a thick queue. The whole was surmounted by a shako, ornamented with a diamond aigrette, of great value. The reader may imagine the figure he cut! I call up my recollection of him, at those gloomy moments when my spirits require to be rallied by a hearty laugh.

"I wager he will never wear the uniform," said Colonel Laborde to M. Magnien.—"Depend on it he will, rejoined the other, "he is capable of any thing, however ridiculous".....—"I wager he will not," said Laborde.—The colonel lost his wager.

After Junot had made all his diplomatic evolutions, my turn came. This was a tragical moment. Before I left Paris, and during my journey, hoops had been only remote objects of terror, but as the time for wearing them approached, I began to lose courage. Twice or thrice, I attempted to try them on before my dressing room Psyche, but I turned about so awkwardly, that I had nearly fallen flat on my face.....And then, what a strange figure I cut!—I looked for

all the world, like the Countess d'Escarbagnas; and to tell the truth, I believe it was this that alarmed me.

"Heavens!" I exclaimed, almost crying with vexation, "what an absurd thing it is to be obliged to wear these horrible instruments of torture....My dear Junot," said I, in the most coaxing tone, I could assume; "do pray get me exempted from this infliction. Come, I know you can arrange the matter, if you will... France is so powerful!"

But, within the first fortnight of his embassy, that is to say, when he had fairly entered upon his duties, Junot began to be very grave. He no longer laughed at the whimsical etiquette, of the Portuguese court, and he now talked of nothing but notes, and the duties which nations owe one to another. When I spoke to him about the hoops he seemed as astonished as if I had wished him to make a declaration of war.

"Your hoop, Laura....go in your hoop by all means. Recollect that being an ambassadress, you, of all persons, are required to observe this etiquette.....To think of going without a hoop, the thing is impossible!".....

What was to be done? there I was like an ass, just harnessed with his panniers, swinging to the right and swinging to the left, and in momentary expectation of falling on my nose. I was out of all patience, and I openly rebelled. I declared that my name should not mark an epoch in the annals of diplomatic presentations,

and that people should not have to say:—"Oh! you recollect, it was the year when the French Ambassadress fell down at court.....Don't you remember what a strange figure she cut?"

Among the foreign ambassadors at the Court of Lisbon, was Count Lebzeltern, the Austrian minister. His lady rendered me the important service, of helping me out of my dilemma. I was giving her a history of my trouble, and complaining of the tyranny of Junot, when she said:—"But, my dear Madam, I cannot imagine how it is that you find the hoop so awkward as you describe....You are slender and you move as lightly as a fairy: why then should you be so clumsy in your hoop? There must be something wrong about it. Let me see it; I dare say I can suggest a remedy."

She guessed right. On examining my hoops, she found that they wanted at bottom a little iron, or brass rod, the use of which was to act as a counterpoise to the enormous weight above it. When I tried them on after this improvement I found that I could walk like other people.

On the day appointed for my presentation, after getting the monstrous mountain properly adjusted, I put on a dress of white moire, embroidered with gold lama, and looped up at the sides with large gold tassels, precisely after the manner of a window curtain. On my head I wore a toque, with six large white feathers fastened by a diamond clasp, and I had a diamond necklace and earrings. When thus harnessed, I drew on a pair of white

gloves, for the daughter had not the same antipathy as the mother, and I was ready to set off for Queluz. But my troubles were not yet at an end. I had got dressed, it is true, and had made up my mind to look like an ass laden with cabbages; but this was not enough. A fresh difficulty presented itself. How was I to get into the carriage, especially at an hour of the day when the Chafariz de Loretto was crowded with Galegos,* who began to laugh when they beheld my extraordinary figure. With my foot on the carriage steps, I tried to squeeze myself in first frontways, then sideways, and at length I stepped back in utter despair, for the vehicle was as much too low for my plume, as it was too narrow for my hoop .... Junot, who had not to go to Quelez that day, anxious to see me safe off, came down to the door in his *robe de chambre* and slippers, and assisted in *packing* me as gravely, and with as much care, as if I had been a statue worth a million. At length we mastered the difficulty, and in I got; but then I found I was obliged to sit slantwise, and with my body bent almost double, for fear of breaking my feathers and crushing my beautiful moire draperies. In this state of purgatory I rode from Lisbon to Queluz, a distance of two leagues.

I was ushered by the *camareira mor*† into the little suite of apartments belonging to the Princess

* These are natives of the Spanish province, Galicia: they are employed as labourers in Lisbon, and are extremely industrious.

† The same post as the *camarera-mayor* of the Spanish court, already mentioned.

of Brazil. As it was contrary to Portuguese etiquette for the Prince or King to receive an ambassadress, this was the only visit I had to make, for all the Princesses were assembled in the drawing-room of the Princess of Brazil.... I made my three courtesies, looking all the while very stupid —for this compliment is in itself exceedingly foolish, and then I waited for the Princess to speak to me. I had been informed that she would question me about France, and that she wished to render herself agreeable to me, not that *I* personally was worth that trouble; but I was the representative of *female* France. Accordingly, the Princess commenced by observing that she should much like to know the Empress Josephine, and she asked me whether she was as handsome as she was represented to be. I replied that her Majesty was still very handsome, and that her figure in particular was exquisitely fine. "If," added I, "your royal Highness should wish to see a portrait of her, I can have the honour of showing you a most striking likeness." I then produced a miniature by Isabey, which was, like all his works, a masterpiece of grace and delicacy.

The Princess then spoke of her mother, and laughed very much at the court regulation respecting gloves. She then asked whether I thought her like her mother. I boldly answered *yes*. Heaven forgive me for the falsehood! for the Queen had really been a fine woman, while the Princess could never have been any thing but a most hideous specimen of ugliness.

Picture to yourself, reader, a woman four feet ten inches high at the very most, and crooked, or at least both her sides were not alike; her bust, arms, and legs, being in perfect unison with her deformed shape. Still, all this might have passed off in a royal personage, had her face been even endurable; but, good Heavens! what a face it was!....She had two blood-shot eyes, which never looked one way, though they could not absolutely be accused of squinting—every body knows what eyes I mean....Then her skin! there was nothing human in it; it might be called a *vegetable* skin....Her nose descended upon her blue livid lips, which when open displayed the most extraordinary set of teeth that God ever created. Teeth, I suppose, they must be called, though they were in reality nothing but huge pieces of bone stuck in her large mouth, and rising and falling like the reeds of a panspipe. This face was surmounted by a cranium covered with coarse, dry, frizzy hair, which at first sight appeared to be of no colour. I suppose it was black; for looking at me, the Princess said to the *widow Princess*,* "She is like us....She is dark-complexioned...She has hair and eyes like Pepita."—Heaven preserve me! I inwardly exclaimed, while I involuntarily turned my eyes to a mirror, as if to assure myself that what she said was not true. Pepita was the Queen of Etruria!

The dress of the Princess of Brazil was in *dis-*

* So called because she was the widow of the elder Prince.

cordant unison, if I may so express myself, with her person. This was precisely what it ought to have been. She would have been natural, at least, in a dress of dark-coloured silk, made perfectly plain. However, she had thought proper to array herself in a dress of India muslin, embroidered with gold and silver lama. This dress, which was wretchedly ill-made, very imperfectly covered an enormous bosom, and a chest all awry, while diamond brooches ornamented the sleeves, whose extreme shortness displayed a pair of arms which would have been much better concealed. Her frizzy, dirty-looking hair was plaited, and decorated with pearls and diamonds of admirable beauty. The body of her dress, too, was edged with a row of pearls of inestimable value. Her ear-drops were perfectly unique: I never saw any thing like them. They consisted of two diamond pears, perfectly round, of the purest water, and about an inch in length. The two brilliants which surmounted the drops were likewise superb. The exquisite beauty of these jewels, combined with the extreme ugliness of the person who wore them, produced an indescribably strange effect, and made the princess look like a being scarcely belonging to our species. Near her stood two of the young Princesses, one of whom was about ten years old. They were both fine girls, especially the one whose name was I believe Isabel; or at any rate she who afterwards married her uncle, Ferdinand VII. As to the other Princesses, Donna Maria-Anna, and the widow, they were

both ugly; but it was an amusing piece of coquetry in them to station themselves beside the Princess of Brazil; her singular ugliness gave a comparative touch of beauty to the others.

Let the reader imagine, if he can, the person I have above described, dressed as I have seen her in a hunting jacket, (made almost like a man's,) of green cloth trimmed with gold lace, a petticoat likewise of green cloth, open behind and before, like those worn by our great grandmothers, when they used to ride on horseback in the country; and then the *beaux cheveux*, which I have already mentioned, surmounted by a man's hat stuck on the crown of her head. Such was the hunting costume of the Princess of Brazil; and her royal highness, it must be observed, hunted like another Nimrod. Heavens! what a strange being she was. One day I arrived at Queluz just as she was setting out to hunt, and when I beheld her equipped in her extraordinary costume, I fancied I saw a grotesque vision before me. She had a black horse, very small, like all the Portuguese horses, but sufficiently skittish to intimidate a good male equestrian. To my amazement, the princess mounted him *astride*, and giving him two or three smart cuts with the whip, she made him prance round the esplanade in front of the palace; and then she set off at full gallop, like a headlong youth of fifteen, just broke loose from college. She appeared to me so ridiculous, that I confess I had great difficulty in preserving the gravity indispensable to my *diplomatic* dignity.

CHAPTER XIX.

The *Camareira Mor*, and ladies of honour—My position at Lisbon—Lord and Lady Fitzgerald—Lord Strangford and the lay figure—Count del Campo Alange—M. de Castro—The conspirator's countenance—M. Camillo de los Rios—M. Von Lebzeltern and his family—The Count de Villaverde—The Viscount d'Anadia—Monsignore Galeppi, the Pope's nuncio at Lisbon—The lover of seventy-five—Conversation with the Emperor—The green spectacles.

My presentation audience being over, I went, according to etiquette, to see the *Camareira Mor*. This personage was a little thin woman, very dark and very shrivelled, as most of the old women in Portugal are. Her dress, like that of all the ladies of the court of Lisbon, was the strangest masquerade that christian women can possibly assume. It consisted of a petticoat of very stiff and thick silk, of a deep blue colour, with a border of gold embroidery; and her robe was a piece of some kind of red silk, which dragged behind her by way of a train. I observed that some of the elder ladies of the court wore a sort of toque or cap, fitted

close to their heads, (this I believe was peculiar to widows,) and the Camareira had in hers a large blue flower of the same colour as her petticoat. When I entered the Princess of Brazil's drawing-room, all the *damas de honor* were seated—guess, reader, where? On the floor! yes! on the floor! with their legs crossed under them, like tailors, or rather like the Arabs, who have bequeathed this among the many other customs they have left to the Peninsula. The ladies all rose up as I entered, and I almost fancied myself surrounded by a flock of Brazilian birds—those brilliant red and blue feathered paroquets. Their dresses were of the brightest and most glaring colours. The Princess though blind to the defects of her person, apparently had sense enough to avoid these shewy colours; and she never wore a court dress. If she had, it would have been an awful affair to encounter the two-fold monstrosity of her person and her dress.

After my presentation I was looked upon with much consideration at Lisbon. I was the only important female connected with the diplomatic corps. There was to be sure the wife of the English minister, Lady Robert Fitzgerald, aunt by marriage, to the beautiful Pamela.* But I know not how it was, her manners rendered her utterly intolerable. The good sense and gentlemanly manners of Lord Robert Fitzgerald, formed a

* The adopted child of Madame de Genlis. She married the unfortunate Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

striking contrast to the qualities which distinguished his lady. She was a downright virago. A rawboned coarse featured woman, with large legs, large arms and large teeth: the latter making one almost afraid to go near her, lest she should bite, an apprehension not unreasonable in those who observed the furious way in which she used to eye even a French hat or cap, looking like a tiger, ready to fly at the face of the woman who wore it. The sort of reserve maintained by Sir Robert Fitzgerald previous to our arrival in Lisbon, was a proof of his sagacity. He clearly perceived the positive influence which France, supported by Spain, was about to exercise upon Portugal. That influence was not received by the nation with the ardour which England might have been led to expect; but it was not on that account the less decided; and Sir Robert, who knew the timid character of the Portuguese government, had no inclination to engage in a conflict which at that moment could not have turned to the advantage of England. The Princess of Brazil was a Spaniard, therefore discretion was necessary, and every train of reasoning led to the evident conclusion that France was then the ruling power of Europe. Lord Fitzgerald acted prudently. He made no display, gave no parties, but limited himself to the formal interchange of those diplomatic dinners, which furnish a stock of *ennui* for several weeks. I fancy, too, that his fortune did not enable him to live very expensively. In his youth, Lord Robert must

have been an extremely handsome man ; he had the manners of a nobleman, and of a highly educated nobleman.

The principal secretary to the English embassy was a man whose name was even then distinguished in the literary, as well as the political world, and who since has acquired a celebrity of which his country may be proud. I allude to Lord Strangford. He was then engaged on an English translation of Camoens. His lordship was an agreeable and well-bred man. He was short-sighted and this circumstance added to his absence of mind led him into some strange adventures. One day calling on Pellegrini, an Italian painter, settled in Lisbon, and a very clever artist, he perceived, as he imagined, M. d'Araujo sitting for his portrait. Pellegrini motioned Lord Strangford not to approach, observing at the same time :—"It will be finished presently." Lord Strangford imagined that the artist did not wish him to show himself lest he should disturb the minister for foreign affairs at his sitting. After he had waited more than a quarter of an hour, at a respectful distance as became a young diplomatist, Pellegrini beckoned him to come forward. He advanced with a low bow, but M. d'Araujo seemed to take no notice of his extreme politeness. He made a second bow, but without exacting any sign of recognition from M. d'Araujo. He then tried a third bow, but M. d'Araujo still preserved the same motionless silence.

"Is it possible," thought his lordship to himself, "that those French have brought them all over to themselves?" And has the good example of Russia given them no inclination for the alliance?"

Reasoning thus, Lord Strangford advanced quite close to the minister for foreign affairs, and saluted him for the fourth time; but his surprise at the taciturnity of M. d'Araujo was speedily converted into merriment when he perceived that he had been bowing all the time to Pellegrini's lay figure dressed up in the minister's robes of office.

The Spanish embassy would have been of infinite assistance to us if the ambassador's lady had been living. The Count de Campo Alange was an old man, a widower and a greater devotee than any good christian needs to be. He was imbued with all the gloomy superstition of the most ignorant of the Spaniards. In other respects he was a worthy man, and his honorable principles well fitted him to the post he filled. The count had once been the Spanish minister at Vienna, where he lost his wife, and notwithstanding the interval that had elapsed since her death, he never alluded to his loss without feelings of the most poignant anguish. Count de Campo Alange was not eloquent, but all he said was marked by a pleasing earnestness and sincerity of manner. He had a large fortune and he made a good use of it. His establishment was splendid, though it partook of a character of austerity. He was the owner of the finest flocks of merinos in Spain. They are called the Ne-

gretti flocks, after his son, the Marquis de Negretti, and like those of the Duke del Infantado they are highly celebrated. He remained faithfully attached to King Joseph and proved his fidelity by the sacrifice of almost the whole of his fortune.

His chief secretary, Señor Castro, was a man alike remarkable for his intelligence and for the gloomy and even ferocious character of his countenance. His black eyes, surmounted by his bushy and lowering eyebrows, gave him an expression altogether peculiar.

"Good God!" I often ejaculated, at the sight of M. de Castro, "how much he looks like the leader of a conspiracy."

When I used to make this remark, I little thought I was telling his fortune. No sooner did the troubles in Spain break out, than Castro took part in them, and his name became celebrated among the Spanish insurgents and the English. His mind was like his countenance—gloomy. The decision of his character was expressed in his eye. His glance alternately wandering and alternately fixed, indicated the man whose mind was solely occupied in one single object. He was a man of very great ability. The under secretary to the Spanish embassy, Don Camille de los Rios, was as lively as a Frenchman, and spoke our language with perfect elegance; his manners, conversation and deportment were at once Parisian and Castillian. He was a most elegant and agreeable man, and was

a welcome guest at our house, as he must have been wherever he visited. He belonged to the noble family of Fernand Nuñez and had received his education in France, at the college of Sorrèze. He loved France as a foreigner ought, without any absurd enthusiasm, and still preserving for his own country that partiality which one ought to cherish for the place of one's nativity. The other posts of the embassy were efficiently filled up. All the *attachés* and their secretaries were young men. But the two I have just mentioned are all I have a precise recollection of.

The Russian minister was the most tedious of men : we however saw but little of him. England, which already began to tremble at the threatened invasion of Europe by the overwhelming power of Napoleon, tried every scheme to build up a barrier to oppose the threatening torrent. It was whispered that a treaty had been signed at St. Petersburgh between Great Britain and Russia. The fact was not yet officially announced ; but the Russian minister, on being invited to a party at my house, where there were more than two hundred persons present, appeared with a face screwed up for the occasion. He assumed such a ridiculous air of importance that even those who were best disposed to England wished he had staid at home, since the only effect he produced, was to render himself uglier than he naturally was.

Holland had only a Consul General at the court of Lisbon. He discharged the functions

of minister. His name was Dormann and he was a worthy and excellent man. His wife, like himself, was one of those persons whose friendship and esteem always confer honour on those who enjoy them.

The Austrian ambassador was M. von Lebzeltern. For him and his interesting family we cherished a high regard, and it will give me pleasure should this book fall into the hands of his charming sisters, that they may thus be assured I entertain a just recollection of them.

When I was in Lisbon in 1805 the elder M. de Lebzeltern had been established in Portugal nearly fifty years. He had married a Spanish lady, and Portugal had become his adopted country. He had three daughters and a son. This son, now one of the most distinguished diplomatists of the Vienna cabinet, is at present ambassador from Austria to the court of Naples. He is a son worthy of his parents and a brother worthy of his sisters. This is as high a compliment as I can pronounce upon him.

The Countess de Lebzeltern his mother was much advanced in years. But the gaiety of her mind, her manners, which were the relic of a past age, and which recalled to my mind the traditions of infancy all conspired to attach me to her. Her daughters, especially the eldest, Donna Theresa Maria, were charming girls. How many delightful hours have I passed at Lisbon and at Cintra with this estimable family! Junot was much attached to them;

and used to tell me how much he wished to see me a frequent visitor of Mesdemoiselles de Lebzeltern. He had no need to repeat his wish, for my desire to cultivate their intimacy was equal to his own. It was a delightful thing to see the three sisters enter a ball room supporting their aged parents, and so managing that one of them should always remain beside M. and Madame de Lebzeltern, though they were all passionately fond of dancing.

The Count de Villaverde filled in the Portuguese cabinet an office similar to that which in France is called President of the Council. He was considered to possess a certain tact, or to speak in plainer terms a sort of shrewd cunning; and was subject to that perpetual timidity, which in a government as well as in an individual is the stamp of degradation and frequently of dishonour. M. de Villaverde had just talent enough to discern from the lightning's flash, that the storm was advancing upon his country. But there his discernment ended. He had no resources to oppose to the danger, and having proclaimed it, he delivered himself up to his terrors.

The Viscount d'Anadia, the minister of the marine, was one of those persons whom it is always a happiness to meet. But the Viscount was not easily to be met with, for he was an absolute hermit. He avoided society. He saw his country in its true light, viz. a paradise inhabited by demons and brutes, and containing a mere sprinkling of what was good. He contem-

plated the evils of his country with a heavy heart, and a broken spirit. M. d'Araujo who was no less sensible to the misfortunes of his country, used to say to him, "Let us try to remedy them," for he did not think them incurable. But M. d'Anadia wept like Jeremiah over the fate of his poor country, rejecting both consolation and hope. He was an excellent musician and he embellished his retreat with all the resources of the fine arts. I contrived to gain his good graces, and he came to visit at my house more frequently than he went elsewhere.

I have now arrived at the principal portrait of my groupe, that of the Apostolic Nuncio.

Monsignore Galeppi, Archbishop of Nisibi, is a man famous in the diplomatic annals of the Vatican. The shrewdness joined to his extensive and profound information, rendered his society extremely interesting. He felt that his attitude must be very humble towards France, whom his own sovereign had already raised from her orphan state; and the greatness of the man who was elevated by a people's homage, formed a defence against the insinuations of those who might accuse the Holy Father of weakness. I do not know whether the Nuncio had received any instructions, or whether he anticipated them, but certain it is that as soon as he heard of our arrival he constituted himself the friend, rather than the diplomatic colleague of the Ambassador of France. As for me, he lost no time in declaring himself my *cavaliere servente*, and as he was between sixty

and seventy, his age of course set scandal at defiance. He declared himself my *admirer*, and addressed to me the most elegant compliments. At the same time he lavished caresses on *my treasure* (as he called my little Josephine) and used to bring her presents of delicious sweetmeats, made by an Italian confectioner whom he had brought from Rome. The Nuncio did all this with good taste, without any tinge of servility, and it might have answered Galeppi's object, with those who would have suffered themselves to be led, without looking where they went. But an event which just happened was calculated to put us on our guard.

The Emperor before being crowned King of Italy, of which country he had already accepted the sovereignty, had seen the Holy Father and the ecclesiastical court quit Paris. The Pope and his council were urged to this step by a conviction, which must have been evident to all, especially to Gonsalvi and others possessed of equal penetration. But the interests of mankind had little to do with this extraordinary determination, which filled Europe with astonishment.

The council of the Holy Father had, as well as himself, reckoned on the restoration of his ancient domains. The treaty of Tolentino had deprived him of the three legations, and Cardinal Gonsalvi, as well as the rest hoped that the Emperor would acknowledge the deference the Pope had shewn him by his journey from the Monte Cavallo to the pavilion of Flora, and would at

least restore some of the wrecks of the legations. I know not whether Napoleon acted wisely or not, but he did not fulfil this expectation. The Pope after lingering four months in Paris, recrossed the Alps without obtaining any satisfaction. Perhaps the Emperor committed an error. I fear he did. I am not so prejudiced as to refuse to see his faults. No doubt he has committed many, and unfortunately for him, his faults had a direct and dreadful influence on himself. It is impossible to conceive how prejudicial the bull of excommunication was to his interests in Spain, Italy and throughout catholic Germany.

He must have perceived at this time the leaven of hatred and vengeance which lurked in the breasts of the Italian ecclesiastics. Monsignore Galeppi made no demonstration of his feelings to me, but he doubtless regretted as keenly as others the loss of that gem of the triple crown. At the time of the Italian coronation, the Nuncio who had probably requested his friends to furnish him with accounts of it, shewed me a great quantity of letters from Milan, giving details of the ceremony, in terms which revealed profound attachment to Napoleon, and seemed almost dictated by enthusiasm.

I may here relate an observation which fell from the Emperor relative to Galeppi, and which shews his opinion of the crafty Italian's character. After my return from Portugal, Napoleon was one day conversing with me about the court of Lisbon, and naturally enough men-

tioned Monsignore Galeppi. He had known him, I forget now where, but I believe in Italy. He observed that all the art of the most subtle Turkish sheik was mere simplicity compared to the cunning of Galeppi. This was a comparison he frequently made, and often when talking of Galeppi at Malmaison, he used to point to the little figure of an Egyptian sheik, enveloped in an enormous green pelisse trimmed with sable, a turban made of a scarlet sprigged cachmere shawl, and holding in his hand a jessamine pipe tipped with amber.* The figure was the precise representation of Maugraby, in the Arabian Nights, when he acts the part of the African physician. "That Galeppi is a cunning fellow," the Emperor would say.

He told me that when Galeppi was once signing a treaty with Murat, I do not recollect on what occasion, he put on a pair of green spectacles that the expression of his countenance might not be observed.

This single fact shews the man completely.

* In the billiard room at Malmaison there was a collection of these little figures, representing all the sheiks of Cairo.

CHAPTER XX.

The nobility of Lisbon—The Duke and Duchess de Cadaval—The nobleman and his cook—The debt of 50, 000 francs—The game at Pharo—Portuguese politeness—Compliments—The Marquis de Loulé and Henry IV—The three Graces—Noble society in Lisbon—Ratification of a treaty—General Lannes' sabre—the Prince of Brazil, in his hussar uniform—The order of Christ—The valet-de-chambre and the red ribbon—Ceremony in the Convento Novo.

When I was at Lisbon in 1805, the noble society of that capital presented a strange mixture. It was in two extremes without any medium;—either detestable or excellent. In the latter division, which unfortunately was the minority, I have already placed the Austrian minister's family; and I am proud to say that the two other individuals whom I most highly esteemed in Lisbon, were French women married to Portuguese. One of them was the Duchess de Cadaval, cousin to our present king, and sister to the Duke de Luxembourg; the other was Madame de Braamcamp de Sobral, the daughter of Count Louis de Narbonne.

The Duchess de Cadaval was married at Lis-

bon, at the time of the emigration. She was possessed of great charms of person, grace of manners, a cultivated mind, and an excellent heart. The first families in Portugal were incensed at the marriage she formed, since many ambitious hopes were thereby frustrated; for the Duke de Cadaval is in Portugal what the Duke of Orleans was in France before the three days of July. The rank of the Duke de Luxembourg was not inferior to that of the Duke de Cadaval. It was not, therefore, on the score of lineage that envy prepared her poisonous shafts. I have heard many malicious and false things said of women whose characters were in all respects angelic. However, general opinion is in her favour, and the Duchess de Cadaval is universally beloved and esteemed in Portugal.

When she espoused the duke he was young and even handsome, a quality very rare among the Portuguese. As I happened, however, to be neither the relation nor the friend of the Duke de Cadaval, I can state here with impartiality the circumstance which rendered this union discordant. Mademoiselle de Luxembourg was, at the date of her marriage, nineteen or twenty years of age. She was tall and well shaped; her eyes, though soft, beamed with animation, and she had an easy and gentle demeanour which imparted additional charms to her appearance. When I knew her she still retained the gaiety of her smile; but it was easy to detect in it a tinge of grief,—that grief which the heart endeavours to conceal. As I

have never been honoured with her confidence, I may fearlessly disclose the observations I made upon her and her husband. The Duchess de Cadaval, whose son may possibly one day sit on the throne of Portugal, is an excellent woman in every relation of life; she is a good mother, a faithful friend, and an exemplary wife; and heaven knows how great is her merit in fulfilling the latter character! When she married the Duke de Cadaval his fortune had been dissipated by debts of all kinds, some of them not the most honourable. She had the courage to adopt a most rigid system of economy in his household. There was a cook to whom he owed 50,000 francs. This sum she paid. The duke, enraged at this settlement with a man whom he alleged to be a thief, behaved in the most violent manner to his wife; nor was he appeased till the following day, when the money was refunded. Can the reader guess how? He staked the sum at pharo with the cook, and won it. This is a fact; and it was facts such as these which caused the Duchess de Cadaval to shed bitter tears. But the world never knew her griefs. I learned the particulars I have just related from some of her intimate friends who were deeply affected by her distress.'

I have already alluded to the Portuguese nobility, but I will now speak of them more at length. Portugal is a country to which all eyes are now directed. The nobility of Portugal resembles no other. It contains none of those elements which may be turned to advantage in

stormy times, and when a country is in danger. The days of Juan de Castro, Albuquerque, and Pombal, are gone by, and even the recollection of them is almost extinct. We must not even go back to a very recent period in the life of a nation whose weeks ought, like those of Daniel, to be regarded as years instead of days. We must not even travel back to the conspiracy of Pinto. There was then some heroism left in the nation; and yet in that brilliant affair, Pinto, a man of obscure origin, did all the business. The Duke of Braganza was *afraid*, that is the right word. The Portuguese will tell you he was *prudent;* but prudence has another name when it is exercised by the chief of a conspiracy, especially when he sets others forward in his stead. We have had examples of this in France.

In every country the upper classes differ from the common people. But perhaps this difference is nowhere so strongly marked as in Portugal. The only point of resemblance discernable between the two classes, is their habit of paying compliments, which the Portuguese carry to a ridiculous pitch of extravagance, far beyond even the ceremonious politeness of the Spaniards, which though overstrained, has nevertheless some appearance of sincerity. A Portuguese peasant, when he meets his friend, never fails to take his hat off, and hold it in his hand, whatever may be the state of the weather, until he has inquired after the health of the children, the grand-children, and the house-dog. Then he finishes his

string of compliments by the customary phrase: *Estoy a seus ordens, seu criado.** And of all people in the world the ass-drivers are the most observant of these ceremonies. I am aware that since the war they have become somewhat less polite, because their contact with the French and English has deranged their symetrical habit of bowing (always the characteristic symbol of duplicity,) especially among the fidalgos. But neither from them nor from the common people have I ever heard drop an indecent expression or an oath. This peculiarity in their character is so marked, that there exists no word in the Portuguese language which is equivalent to the Spanish *caramba*, much less to other blasphemous expressions used in common conversation by the French, English, and Germans. The Portuguese indulge in no expressions of the sort, and a foreigner must forego the pleasure of swearing in the Portuguese language. The populace alone, sometimes swear by the devil. I merely remark this singularity as it may serve to convey an idea of the stagnation of thought among a people who proceed mechanically through all the business of life.

The Portuguese are great talkers:—they may almost be called babblers. They busy themselves eternally with the domestic concerns of the families of their acquaintance. This mean practice may, perhaps, be attributed to their bad habit of living with, rather than among, their servants.

* I am your servant at command.

They are not frank, but are constantly endeavouring to conceal their real feelings under the cover of engaging and polite attentions. Of this we ourselves experienced mortifying proofs, when, at a subsequent period, Junot with his chivalrous generosity of feeling sought the aid of men, who had once offered to place their fortunes and lives at his disposal, and who answered his appeal only by base treason.

Of course I speak only of the general character of the Portuguese, for there are, I must repeat, honourable exceptions. I think I can explain the decay of Portuguese society by several causes of which the government is the principal author. Never has that government known how to turn to good account any generous impulse on the part of the people. Such feelings have always been stifled by fantastic laws, still more fantastic in their application. The ruin of literature was so complete at the period of our residence in Portugal, that Camoens was scarcely known. To this melancholy state of things was added the English domination, the real cause of the malady which preyed upon the vitals of Portugal in 1805. The English were then all powerful at Lisbon, and their rule was exercised with such perfect despotism as to brutalize and enslave the whole people.* How

* No doubt Don Miguel merits the reproaches of all who now, and with reason, wish to see liberty established all over the globe. But the question as it regards Portugal is strangely complicated. Is Portugal worthy, and is she fitted to receive this political baptism? I do not think she is. But Don Miguel wishes to rescue

could it be otherwise when the Prince of Brazil himself set the example?

After my presentation I kept open house. I received company every day, and three times a week I gave a grand dinner. I often gave balls, but not for the Portuguese, who indeed are not fond of dancing, and danced very badly. At the time to which I allude, there was but one man in Lisbon who danced well, and he would have been conspicuous even in Paris, not only for that accomplishment, but also for the general elegance of his manners, and his high-bred politeness. This was the unfortunate Marquis de Loulé, the father of the handsome nobleman of that title, who is now at Paris. The son bears no resemblance to his father, though the latter was likewise a handsome man. He was very much like the portraits of Henry IV, and had the pleasing smile which distinguished that monarch. He married one of the "three Graces," for so we called the sisters of the Marquis de Marialva, who has been ambassador from Portugal to France, and who is one of the few men who do honour to Portugal. His three sisters were most charming girls. The Marchioness de Loulé, the Marchioness de Louriçal, and the Duchess of Alafoës were all very near of an age. The Duchess of Alafoës, who was married at the age of two and twenty to an old man of seventy-five was, I believe, the eldest.

his country from the English yoke; so far his enterprize is grand and noble; but Don Pedro, while he talks of a constitution, comes home supported like the Bourbons,—by a foreign force.

She was remarkable for her beauty. The Duchess of Alafoës* was above the middle size, with a form of most symetrical elegance. Her deportment was simple; but sufficiently indicated her rank, even when she did not wear the cordons of Elizabeth, or Maria Louisa. Her hair was black as jet, and curled in a profusion of soft and luxuriant ringlets. Her complexion was so extremely dark, that at first sight she would scarcely be taken for a European; she might truly say:—

"I am dark, but I am comely,
O ye daughters of Jerusalem!"

But with this sombre tint were combined a set of exquisitely regular and delicate features. Her teeth were brilliantly white; but this is very usual in Portugal where smoaking is rarely practised, and chocolate is not a daily beverage.

The Duchess of Alafoës, who was when I knew her about twenty-eight or twenty-nine years old, was the aunt of the Princess and of the Prince Regent; I believe also of the old mad queen. The Duke of Alafoës was upwards of eighty. He was a lively and intelligent man, and had travelled much. He had been long in France, and his recollection of that country sufficed to ensure a polite reception to every Frenchman who visited him. He was no favourite at court at the period of our stay at Lisbon, and consequently lived very

* After the death of her husband she retired to a convent, and is since dead.

retired at his residence, called the Grillo, at the eastern extremity of Lisbon. After the custom of the most exalted fidalgos, he lived in the midst of a troop of dependants who formed a sort of little court around him.

The Marchioness de Louriçal, and the Marchioness de Loulé were more elegant than their sister. They were fond of pleasure: they used to come to my balls, and scrutinize my toilet with looks of envy, and amused themselves by saying ill-natured things of France, her ambassador and even her ambassadress. As to the Marquis de Louriçal, I presume there was such a person, though I never had the pleasure of seeing him. He was one of those men, with whose wife one may be acquainted for a dozen years, and then on seeing the husband for the first time in his own house, one inquires: "Who is that gentleman?"

In 1805 the Bellas family were exceedingly influential in Portugal. They were devoted to the English, soul and body. This family consisted of a little father, a tall mother, and a set of daughters who were neither tall nor short, neither one thing nor the other, though they were very anxious to be thought something. They aped English manners, and never danced any thing but country dances, which, to be sure, was a proof of their good sense, for in any other dance, they would have looked very much like those figures of crabs, which I have seen in French caricatures, pirouetting gracefully in a quadrille.

All the family of the Count de Lima resided in

Lisbon at this time. Among the members of this numerous family, there were two sisters and a nephew whom we saw immediately on our arrival. One of these sisters, was the Countess d'Obidus, the mother of the Count de Sabugal, who is at present in Paris, the other was the M. hioness d'Abrantes. The Countess d'Obidus was wholly devoted to the service of God; she counted her beads from morning to night, and from night to morning again. She wore her grey hair combed up to the crown of her head and confined with a ribbon, as the hair is dressed in some old pictures. Her thoughts were wholly absorbed in religion, and she never troubled her head about Portugal, Spain, or Brazil, piously leaving them all to the grace of God. Her sister, the Marchioness d'Abrantes, mixed more in society, but she was exceedingly stiff and formal, and always looked as if she had just swallowed a poker. Her husband was more agreeable. As to the nephew of M. de Lima, the Marquess de Ponte Lima, the chief of the family, he was a man of very pleasing manners; he spoke French, which was a great recommendation, and though he did not dance quite so well as the Marquess de Loulé, yet he was very passable. He was married to his cousin, the daughter of the Countess de Obidus. She had a pretty face, but though only twenty, she was, like the Baroness von Tondertintrunck, nearly three hundred weight. This was the consequence of a habit of gourmandizing,

and an excessive indulgence in *caldo de gallina.** The Portuguese are by no means so abstemious as the Spaniards.

The men are not handsome in Portugal. There is among the Portuguese, a sort of mixed blood which gives them very much the appearance of mulattoes: this is particularly observable in Lisbon and Oporto. The fact may probably be accounted for by the frequent intercourse maintained by the inhabitants of those two cities with the negroes. In figure, the Portuguese are short, thick set, and square. Their features present no regularity; and the thick lips, flat noses, and curly hair of the negroes, are frequent among them. But it is in their hands, and especially their nails, that the distinctive character of the mixed blood is above all perceptible.

Count Sabugal, the eldest son of the Count d'Obidus, was a man of very elegant manners, and his merit in this particular, was fully appreciated when he came to Paris. He wrote Italian verses very neatly, and spoke French well. He was passionately fond of literature, which was something rare; for the Portuguese nobility make literary taste a subject of ridicule. The Count was connected with the royal family, and therefore his servants wore the *green livery*. Count Sabugal would have been a distinguished man in his own country, had the government employed

* Chicken dressed with rice.

him as it ought to have done; but in Portugal nothing is ever seen in its right place.

The Countess da Ega is another individual of whom I will here say a few words, though I shall presently have to speak more at length of her and her family. The Countess was a Portuguese by birth, but the daughter of a German nobleman, Count Oyenhausen. She was a pretty and intelligent woman, well informed, without pedantry, and she spoke and wrote several foreign languages with facility. Just as I arrived in Lisbon, the Countess was about leaving Portugal for Madrid, where her husband was ambassador. As she had taken her *congé* at court, that *monster etiquette*, which creates so much annoyance in the world, prevented me from seeing her. However, I afterwards saw her in Madrid, on my way back to France. Her acquaintance was a source of great gratification to me; for her house was the resort of the best company. The new books, music, prints, drawings, etc. which made up the *elegant litter* of her drawing-room, sufficiently indicated her cultivated taste and her superiority to most of her countrywomen. Her fair hair, and fine complexion gave her the appearance of a German or an Englishwoman rather than a Portuguese: and she was altogether a very pretty and elegant woman. The Count da Ega, who was very old and ugly, possessed, it was said, considerable ability as a statesman. Since her widowhood, the Countess has married Baron von Strogonoff, the brother of

my friend Madame Demidoff. The Count da Ega had two daughters by his first wife. The Countess, who was young enough to be their sister, was tenderly attached to them. One of these ladies is now in France: she is Madame de Choiseul.

Among the females of the Portuguese nobility, who were most remarkable for vulgarity and ill breeding, there was a Marchioness d'Anjeja, respecting whom I happen to possess some *historical facts*, which will probably amuse the reader. I shall insert them in their proper place.

The treaty concluded by General Lannes had been signed,* and the Emperor directed Junot to present the ratifications to the Prince Regent. Junot carried them to Queluz, where the Prince generally resided. When his Royal Highness received the rouleau of papers, he began to laugh like another Prince of our time, who laughed while the cannon was roaring at Paris.

"Ah!"... he exclaimed, "yes!....yes!.... yes.....It is a fine treaty!.... a fine treaty!.... Ah! Portugal is a fine nation!.... a very fine nation!"

I must mention that at this moment, Junot and the Prince were alone on a little terrace which commanded a fine view of the scenery round Queluz; and when the Prince said:— "Portugal is a fine nation!"... he alluded to

* The treaty of neutrality between France, Portugal and Spain, concluded in 1803.

the fields of olives and maize which he perceived around him.

"Yes!.....yes!...." he continued, "it was on this very spot, that I gave my word of honour, to General Lannes.....The General is rather....." Then observing a frown gathering on Junot's brow, the poor Prince drew in his horns, and added:——"He is a very worthy man!.....He used to carry a very large sabre which made a great noise as he came up stairs."

I was informed that Lannes' sabre had once or twice nearly frightened the Prince of Brazil out of his wits. Probably, the plenipotentiary observing its effect in accelerating business, employed it as a convincing argument. *The great sabre* had left a profound impression in the memory of the Prince.

Those who did not see his Royal Highness the first time he wore the hussar uniform, which he ordered to be made after Junot's pattern, lost the most burlesque sight that can possibly be imagined. I enjoyed that treat, and I never shall forget it. There was the pelisse hanging over his *right* shoulder, like a Jew's bag of old clothes, and his clumsy ill shaped legs muffled in braided pantaloons, and red boots.....But the best of all was the shako.....it was put on quite straight, and very backward, with the vizor resting on a powdered head, with an immense *queue*. There never was a more burlesque incongruity, than by this costume, presented in conjunction with

the strange figure and countenance of the Prince of Brazil. His son was not at all like him. Even then, though a mere child, Don Pedro bore no more resemblance to the Prince, than if they had not been related. Pedro was a very fine boy, and he has grown up a handsome man.* His figure is totally the reverse of that of his father. A hussar uniform was made for the young prince, who looked very well in it.

As a mark of gratitude for the courtesy which Junot had evinced in his relations with the court of Lisbon, the Prince of Brazil offered him the grand cordon of the order of Christ. Junot could not venture to refuse it, though he was very much inclined to do so; but he replied that he could not accept it without the Emperor's permission, which he would write for.

The reader must know that in the whole trumpery catalogue of ribbons and decorations, there is none so contemptible as this order of Christ. Out of respect to the name of the order, the grand cordon, to be sure, is considered a desirable distinction conferred by the *most faithful court;* but the mere knighthood is not at all esteemed. I, myself, have seen the valet of the Duke de Cadaval waiting on his master, at my table, with the red ribbon of the order of Christ in his button-hole. Considering that the Emperor had not succeeded in inspiring

* He was then only seven years of age. As to Don Miguel, I imagine he was not born in 1805, or at least he was so young that I did not see him.

his old military comrades, with any great respect for decorations, whether imperial or royal, it may readily be supposed that they could not easily be induced to adopt one held in so little estimation as that above mentioned. I watched Junot when he read M. d'Araujo's letter. He was very much ruffled. In his answer, he candidly informed the minister that he would have preferred any other mark of respect, and he did not dissemble the cause of his reluctance to accept the proffered honour.

M. d'Araujo had too much good taste and right feeling not to sympathize with Junot in this affair; but he was a patriotic Portuguese, and it was not to the French Ambassador that he could officially acknowledge the absurdity of his government. To me he was more candid. But to Junot he merely observed that in our *belle France* he very well recollected the red cordon being considered a great honour,—that in 1789, and even in 1786, the cross of Saint Louis was worse than contemptible, and that he had known several gentlemen who gave up wearing their crosses of Saint Louis, especially in 1787, to avoid being confounded with men who at that period used those decorations as passports, for insinuating themselves where they had no right to be.

Junot said nothing; but he wrote to the Emperor, expressing his objections, and resting them principally on the history of the Duke de Cadaval's servant. However, remonstrance was use-

less. Junot received formal permission to accept the order of Christ on the eve of a grand ceremony which was to take place at a convent recently founded by the mad Queen. This convent, to which a beautiful little church was attached, was situated on one of the hills of Lisbon, which, on account of its pure air, was resorted to by foreigners as their place of residence, and was known by the name of *Buenos Ayres*.* This church and convent, which were dedicated to the Heart of Jesus, was called *O Coraçâon*, or more generally, *O Convento Novo*. The church was extremely beautiful, but small, and perhaps on that account it appeared rather too much overcharged with ornament. In this church or chapel the ceremony was to take place. Junot enquired what dress was to be worn by the Knights on the occasion, and he was informed, *a large mantle of white crape, without lining, and training on the ground.*

"Well," said Junot, using an emphatic expression, "the best thing I can do is to dress myself like a priest on Shrove-Tuesday, to complete the ceremony."

The Minister for Foreign Affairs had sent a note to Junot, informing him that the Prince Regent requested his presence at the Convento Novo, as Grand Cross of the order of Christ, if he had received from his Sovereign leave to accept it.

* I do not know why this name is Spanish : in Portuguese it would be *Bons-ares*.

Junot replied, that to his great regret the courier who he had no doubt would bring him the *gracious permission*, had not yet returned; but he added, that Madame the Ambassadress, who was exceedingly anxious to witness the imposing ceremony, requested to know whether she could be admitted to the chapel without any breach of *etiquette*. M. d'Araujo immediately replied, that places should be reserved for me and any persons who might accompany me, and that I must be at the convent next morning at half past eleven o'clock.

CHAPTER XXI.

Honours rendered to me at the Convento Novo—I am received with military honours—A Portuguese sermon—The royal omelet—the *Coraçdon de Jesu*—Exorbitant sums expended on it—Portugal in a dilemma between England and France—The fleet under Vice-Admiral Missiessi—Naldi the singer—The stolen watch—Singular mode of punishing a thief—Mademoiselle Naldi, now Countess Spaare—Naldi's benevolence—The opera at Lisbon—State of the Portuguese drama.

As Junot could not properly accompany me to the Convento Novo, M. de Rayneval offered to escort me. MM. de Cherval and Magnien also wished to witness the ceremony; and therefore, at half past ten o'clock we all left the *Chafarize de Loretto* for Buenos Ayres. I was dressed as any lady in Paris would have dressed on a similar occasion. I wore an Indian muslin dress with a worked border. It was made high in the neck, and with a demi-train, as morning dresses usually were at that time. I had on a Leghorn hat with a bouquet of wild flowers, a very large English veil, coloured gloves, and black shoes. As for

the gentlemen, they were in boots and round hats, in short, quite in an undress.

On arriving at the *Coraçdon*, we were received with military honours. The guard presented arms; the drums beat, and an officer who spoke French very well, indeed so well that I recognised in him an emigrant, stepped forward to hand me from my carriage, and to conduct me to the place which he said was reserved for me by order of the Prince.

We passed through a number of little passages and doors, and at length reached a very gloomy corridor, where I heard some delightful singing. We were separated from the body of the church only by some tapestry. "Take care, your Excellency!" said the officer; "there are three steps to ascend."

I stepped up, and he raised the tapestry. It was now impossible for me to recede: I found myself at the edge of a broad platform, on which were the Prince Regent, the Prince of Beira,* the Infant Don Pedro, and in short all the male portion of the royal family of Portugal, but not one of the females. It was fortunate that there was a seat for me, for I was ready to expire, first from confusion, and next from vexation. The reader may imagine what I must have felt at finding myself an object of observation to seven or eight

* So called in order that he might not be confounded with the Infant Don Pedro, the son of a Spanish and a Portuguese princess then at the court of Portugal. The Prince of Beira is the late Emperor of Brazil.

hundred persons who looked upon the wife of the French ambassador as an extraordinary animal. At that time the men of the revolution were regarded by foreigners as paragons of bravery; but in Portugal it seems they were looked upon as absolute anthropophagi.

What then must have been thought of their wives? Fortunately for me, Count de Novion whom it gave me great pleasure to meet in Lisbon and who as well as his wife had been for thirty years the friend of my family, assured the Portuguese that my parents were old *Christians*. Thus I found favour in the eyes of the Portuguese, who though three parts Jewish are extremely tenacious of admitting amongst them any persons who do not bring good proofs of their purity of blood. M. de Rayneval and M. de Cherval were as much perplexed as I was by our awkward situation at the Convento Novo. Their first impulse, like mine, was to retreat; but this was impossible, and the greater our astonishment was, the more it behoved us to conceal it from the uncharitable ridicule to which we knew we should be exposed.

That I might be the better able to observe the ceremony, I had raised my veil on entering. I would fain have drawn it down again to hide my poor face, which I am sure must have been as red as a pomegranate. The Prince Regent, who probably had never seen an ambassadress in such a situation, fixed upon me two great eyes, which at first frightened me, but afterwards made me

laugh, inwardly however as may be supposed. Fortunately my attention was diverted by observing the Knights of Christ ranged in two files, and each covered with the white crape mantle, at the idea of which Junot had been so much amused. The strange figures of the Count de Villaverde, then President of the Council, the Prince of Brazil and many other distinguished personages present, were so diverting, that they afforded me some compensation for my embarrassment. But one gets tired of every thing, even seeing the Knights of Christ dressed in white crape mantles, marching to and fro in a space of twenty-five feet, alternately sitting down, standing up, and kissing each others ugly faces. I began to yawn, and M. de Cherval, who was also tired to death, said to me in a whisper, "Never mind, we shall get off very well if we can escape the sermon."

At this moment we heard a voice exclaim with a nasal twang:

"*In nomine Patris, et Filii, etc.*"

We looked at each other with such an expression of despair, that the inclination to laugh naturally followed. However this was immediately suppressed by a sermon in Portuguese, a horribly barbarous sounding language to those who do not understand it, with its continual terminations in *aon*. This harangue lasted for a long hour and a half, for our tormentor did not omit one point out of the *three points*. So we were obliged to exercise our patience and hear him to an end.

During my long torture I surveyed the different members of the royal family. As to the Prince of Brazil, I have already attempted to sketch his portrait, but his countenance baffles all description. There was a caricature published in Lisbon, the day after his flight, in which he was represented with a bull's head with somewhat of the expression of a wild boar. The fact is, that he was not only ugly, but his ugliness was of that description which left good nature no resource. It was impossible to look with patience at his great brutish head, his clumsy legs and his shoulders as broad as those of a Galego. The Prince of Beira was handsome, and was altogether a pleasing and interesting child. As to the Infant Don Pedro, who was as I have stated, the son of an Infant of Spain, whose name I have forgotten, he was a strange looking creature, and my recollection of him is connected with a comical incident.

One day I saw him with a napkin before him by way of an apron, and his blue ribbon hanging out on one side, going up the staircase leading from the kitchens to the apartments of Madame Moscoso his old governess: he had in his hand, guess, reader, what!..an omelet of his own making! Fortunately for my dignity on the day of the ceremony at the convent, I was not aware of His Serene Highness's taste for making omelettes, or otherwise I fear that not even the sanctity of the place would have prevented me from bursting into one of those

hearty laughs which I always found so difficult to restrain.

At length after nearly four hours' torture we were allowed to go away, because the Prince and all his craped court took it into their heads to retire, after kissing each other in all peace and charity, although they hated one another as cordially as any persons in the world. I did not leave my place until I was pretty sure the Prince was quite gone, then again accepting the arm of the officer who had before escorted me, I regained my carriage. My companions were exceedingly annoyed, especially M. de Rayneval, who accustomed as he was to the *ennui* of a court life, had never before swallowed so soporific a potion. He had been for an hour struggling against sleep and yawning till I thought he would dislocate his jaws. In vain I reminded him of the gracious salutations which his Royal Highness had made us, he continued resolutely to maintain that it was atrocious to inflict such a martyrdom on innocent people, who were ignorant of what they were going to witness. The guards saluted us at our departure as they had done on our arrival, presenting arms and beating drums, and we departed fully resolved to make strict enquiries respecting any ceremony of the court of Lisbon which we might again desire to witness.

The construction of the Convento Novo, otherwise the *Coraçdon de Jesu* cost incredible sums of money, and yet in my opinion the edifice is neither well built nor in good taste. The orna-

ments with which it is overloaded, are unsuitable to a church, or rather to a monastery. On a subsequent occasion, I inspected the interior, and in every part bad taste and misplaced expense were apparent.

There was at this period great hesitation on the part of the Portuguese government to obey the imperious wishes of England. Even the court of Lisbon, though directly under the yoke of Great Britain, could not obey her without fear and trembling. Now too, a voice of thunder also issued its mandates and insisted on being obeyed. Hitherto Portugal had not been under much apprehension with respect to France, because we could not attack her except by sea, and we had no fleet. But Spain was now subjected to the man to whom mountains covered with snow, raging torrents, unformed roads, hostile fleets — nothing proved an obstacle, and a sort of instinctive terror hinted to Portugal: "This man will ruin you if you do not obey him."

And truly this man did ruin her, and *because* she did not obey him. What I have already said of the Portuguese character will enable the reader to comprehend the double dealing of the court of Lisbon. M. d'Araujo, who wished to act uprightly, was compelled to do as the others did. England herself had began to fear. The squadron of Rochefort, under the command of Vice Admiral Missiessi, sailed from Aix on the 11th of January 1805, and returned to Charente after

a cruise of six months, having completely effected its object, without having once been seen by the enemy.

This intelligence, which we received one evening in the midst of a fête at our hotel, did not appear to impart equal pleasure to all present. I remarked the circumstance to an individual for whom both I and Junot entertained great esteem, and who possessed a minute knowledge of both Portugal and England, under all the various aspects which those two nations presented. This individual who usefully aided me in my own observations, was the celebrated singer, Naldi, then a performer at the Lisbon Opera. He came to Paris and ended a life which he had employed in acts of benevolence, and in proving that unsullied worth may be found even in his profession. I engaged him for my singing master as soon as I heard him in Fioraventi's *Camilla*, and we soon learned to appreciate his various merits. Before I proceed further, I will relate a circumstance which will give the reader a better idea of his character than all I could say.

Naldi was of a particularly kind and charitable disposition. A very large portion of his income was appropriated to the relief of his unfortunate countrymen, whose professional mediocrity prevented their finding in Lisbon that *el dorado*, which the talents of Naldi, Catalani, Crescentini and Morubelli secured to their possessors: for nothing short of musical excellence, found any favour in the Portuguese capital, where in spite of the backwardness of every thing else, music at least was

very highly cultivated. Naldi was therefore a guardian angel to many unfortunate musical professors, who had left their comfortable homes in some of the little towns of Italy, where at least they were secure against want. Naldi paid their debts and sent them home again, with a little supply of money. But still there were some perfectly destitute, for whom Naldi could not always provide. Among these was a rogue who had officiated as candle-snuffer at the theatre: he had five children and a wife as dishonest as himself. Vagabonds of this class knew Naldi's kind disposition, and although M. d'Araujo often told him that they imposed upon him, yet he continued to give them money. But in spite of his good nature, he at length saw his mistake, and he consequently became less liberal in his donations. One day during the rehearsal, Naldi being indisposed, left the theatre before the usual hour and returned home. His wife was out, walking with his pretty little daughter Caroline, who has so often sat on my knee, and who is now the wife of a man worthy to possess her.

On entering his cabinet, Naldi found the candle-snuffer in the act of secreting an English watch worth a hundred guineas, which he greatly valued. The thief thus taken in the fact, fell upon his knees to ask for pardon. Naldi in the first impulse of his anger was about to throw him out of the window.

"What, rascal!" said he, "do you come here to rob me?"

"Pardon, pardon, M. Naldi....I am dying of

want .... If you only knew what hunger I have suffered for two days ....."

Naldi had seized a stick to give the candle-snuffer a drubbing; but on hearing him speak of his hunger and wretchedness, the stick was thrown aside.

"What do you say—you are dying of hunger? But that is no reason why you should come to rob me."

"Alas! I am an unfortunate man.....but if you knew, M. Naldi!....my poor wife.... she is suckling her little infant....and when I saw that we had no bread to eat...."

"No bread! what, nothing to eat! What, have you nothing to eat?....Shall an Italian be allowed to die of hunger in a foreign land, where he has fellow-countrymen richer than he is?.... Have you been to Catalani, (she, too, was very charitable, but less so than Naldi), to Matucci, to Mombelli? My God! die of hunger!".... and the kind-hearted man was choked by his tears. The thief, who was afraid of himself, seeing the turn the affair had taken; began now to draw a terrible history of the sufferings of himself and family, and almost made it appear that he had not tasted food for a week.

"Well," said Naldi, "what did you intend to do?"

"Ah, God help me, M. Naldi, I meant to throw myself in the river....then in passing your house, I recollected all you had done for me.... I came up stairs....I saw no person....I en-

tered this room.... I perceived the watch.... and the devil tempted me."

"Rascal! throw yourself into the river!... crown your misfortunes by an act of impiety!.... you would have been damned like a dog!.... drown yourself, indeed!"

During all this colloquy the thief was on his knees before Naldi, as if he were in the presence of his judge, and still holding the watch in his hand. Naldi approached him, took from him the proof of his guilt, and looking at it with complacency, said, "And would you really have taken this from me, *ladrone?*..... what would you have done with it?.... you would perhaps have sold it."

The sly rogue perceived from the tone in which Naldi put the question that it would be best not to tell the truth.

"No, no, M. Naldi....No: I would not have sold so beautiful a thing—I would only have borrowed a few cruzados* upon it, for you must know that we also owe our rent, and the landlord will turn us out into the street, where we shall have nothing but straw to sleep upon, like the dogs; and I wished to...."

"But why did you not inform your countrymen of this?" said Naldi, affected at the bare

* The cruzado is worth three francs. Much is said about the monetary system of Portugal, and I know nothing more tiresome. The fictitious money, such as the rees, confuses accounts instead of simplifying them. There are two sorts of cruzados, the new and the old.

idea of the mother nursing her infant being turned out, with four others, to lie on straw in the street. "How much would you have asked upon the watch?"

"A hundred cruzados, M. Naldi," replied the other, looking up to the excellent man, with a hawk's glance, to ascertain whether he had done well in saying this.

"I'faith they would have readily given you them—the watch is worth six hundred... a hundred cruzados!....how much do you owe your landlord?"

"Sixty cruzados, M. Naldi. The rest would have gone to buy clothing for my two eldest children, who have scarcely a rag to cover them ... and as for myself, only look at me." Here the fellow exhibited an old tattered cloak, the rents in which had probably been made in scaling some wall.

Whilst he stretched out his arms to show his rags, Naldi walked up and down, ruminating. The result of his cogitations were expressed in these words:—

"Harken to me——you were going to pledge my watch for a hundred cruzados....I will give you that sum; but as it is large I must raise it among my comrades, and I will merely advance it in the first instance; but it will be solely upon this condition, that you swear to me in the name of God never to steal again."

"Ah! M. Naldi, I should be a great wretch,

indeed, if I did. No, no—I will never steal again."

"Well, here are the hundred cruzados, return me my watch....that is right; and now depart, for if my wife knew what I have done, she would be very angry."

It must not be supposed however from this observation, that Madame Naldi was not as generous as her husband. She was the best of women and has always continued so. She now resides in Paris with her daughter.*

I may mention, that in addition to his benevolent disposition, Naldi was distinguished for extensive information on every subject relating to the fine arts, science, and mechanics. His love for the latter cost him his life. He was trying an *auto clave*, when the machine which was new and not perfectly understood by him, burst and fractured his skull.

How many delightful hours have I passed in listening to the delicious composition of Fioraventi, sung by Naldi and Guaforini! Naldi played the part of the Duke, in Camilla to perfection, and the fine duet of *Barbara Gelosia* was admirably executed by him and Guaforini; their voices producing a beautiful effect when blended together. Guaforini's voice was properly a counter tenor. Naldi also excelled in the *Fanatico per la Musica*. This opera, which was produced during my resi-

* Naldi's daughter is married to Count de Spaar.

dence at Lisbon, for Guaforini and Naldi, was quite spoiled in Paris when Madame Catalani arranged it for her voice. The pretty duo of the singing lesson was no longer the same.

The Lisbon opera was at that period the most famous in Europe. Catalani, then in her zenith, was the prima donna. The soprano was Matucci, the successor of Cuscentini, who did not renew his engagement, and departed for Madrid, after our arrival at Lisbon. Mombelli was the tenor, and he was a very excellent singer and actor. There was also another tenor, named Olivieri. This was the company for the opera seria. For the opera buffa there were Guaforini, Naldi, and a good tenor, whose name I have forgotten. Add to this list the names of Fioraventi the composer, for the opera buffa, Marco Portogallo composer for the opera-seria, and Caravita as writer of the *Libretti*, and some idea may be formed of what the Lisbon opera was in 1805 and 1806.

As to the Portuguese theatre, which is called *Teatro do Salitre*, it was wretchedly bad. The house was gloomy and dirty, and the actors detestable. I went once to see the performance of *Gabrielle de Vergy* translated into Portuguese; I began to understand a little of the language, but I could as easily have comprehended Chinese as the Portuguese actors: they seemed to be braying. As to the dresses I cannot attempt to describe them. When Fayel enters Gabrielle's prison wounded, the actor wishing to have the

appearance of being stained with blood, made an immense blotch of red on a portion of his dress. This was hideously disgusting.

The Lusitanian Roscius had got a piece of red rag sewed upon his dress, and being insecurely fastened, it got loose, and fluttering in the wind which blew in from the side scenes, produced a most ludicrous effect. The reader may judge of the rest from what I have stated. The Portuguese themselves do not go to their national theatre. They have no dramatic writers. The actors are bad, because there is no audience capable of appreciating them if they were good.

CHAPTER XXII.

Situation of Lisbon—Deficiency of fortifications—Bull fights—The celebrated Pepe—The Marquis de Pombal's theatre—Belem—The Quinta da Raynha—The bouquet—My illness—Junot's departure for the campaign of Austerlitz—Curious phenomenon.

THE city of Lisbon is perfectly open on every side, and totally incapable of being defended. In 1805 it was more than two Portuguese leagues in length, whilst in some places, its breadth was not more than fifty toises. The only fortification then existing at Lisbon, was a wretched little fortress, like a castle built of cards, which stood in the middle of the city; but on the other hand the banks of the river, and the entrance to the bar were studded with redoubts, for up to that period danger had never approached Lisbon, except from the sea. Elvas, Alcantara, Ciudad Rodrigo, and other places on the frontier towards Spain, are to be sure, sufficiently defended against attack; but at Abrantes, the country is perfectly open. Thus when the French entered Portugal for the first

time, they advanced without meeting any resistance until they arrived under the walls of Lisbon.

Lisbon is said to be built on seven hills. This pretended resemblance to ancient Rome is illusory. There are in fact only three hills. The first, and it may almost be said the only one, commences at the bridge of Alcantara, on the west and ends at the Rua San Bento: it forms that portion of Lisbon called Buenos Ayres. This hill is covered with houses on the western side. There are such steep descents in Buenos Ayres, that during the great rains in Lisbon, to which I have never seen the like anywhere else, the little chaises drawn by two mules cannot face the torrent, which rushes through the narrow, and almost perpendicular streets. There are instances of men and horses being driven by the force of the rain-water into the Tagus, which flows directly at the foot of the hill. These torrents have at least, the advantage of clearing away the filth in the streets, which but for them and the salubrity of the air, would inevitably create the plague. In Lisbon no kind of filth is ever removed, and when an ass, a cow, or a goat dies in the streets, it is left on the pavement; but in thirty-six hours afterwards the rarified air dries it, and neutralizes the noxious miasma arising from it.

Buenos Ayres is chiefly the residence of the English and Dutch merchants, who prefer that situation, not only on account of the purity of the air, but because at the time of the great earth-

quake that part of the city suffered less than others. When I saw this hill for the first time, it appeared to me to resemble an oriental town. The houses irregularly placed, the streets ill payed or not paved at all, the surrounding corn fields and the gardens, planted with magnolias, cypress trees, palms and even aloes in bloom, produced a very pleasing illusion. I often went to walk in this almost wild part of a populous city, and I always directed my steps to a place, which deeply interested my feelings, namely the burying ground of the protestants. This cemetery contains many remarkable monuments, and amongst others the grave of the English novelist Fielding, who died at Lisbon. The burying ground is kept in the greatest order.

The second hill of Lisbon is in some degree only a continuation of the former. It was at the foot of this second hill that the earthquake was most destructive, and heaps of rubbish are still seen around some pretty houses newly built. On the slope towards the east, stand the Opera House and the Theatre San Carlos. It was here that I resided. In the square of Rocio stands the Palace of the Inquisition, a sombre and gloomy structure, which would inspire terror independently of its name. The square of Rocio was formerly the scene of the *autos-da-fe*, for the traditions of Torquamada had penetrated into Portugal, in spite of the paternal intentions and wishes of King John. Behind the square of Rocio is the

public garden, a dull and solitary place, for the Portuguese never walk. The Spaniards have always an *alemeida* in their smallest towns, for the inhabitants to assemble in, and meet each other, which with them appears a social necessity. The Portuguese, on the contrary, avoid those public places of meeting, and seldom go out of doors. The women pass the day at their windows. Behind the public garden of Lisbon runs a little narrow and muddy street, in which stands the theatre for bull fights. In Lisbon, the bulls have their horns tipped with ivory balls, when they fight. This is done to prevent accidents ; but the precaution does not always answer the intended purpose.

In 1779 the son of Count Dos-Arcos whilst speaking to the King in his box, was killed by a bull, and in 1805 I saw a man killed by a bull in a fight at Almada. The animal appeared to strike the man with his mouth, and the poor fellow bled profusely. It is remarkable that the bull never makes use of his horns more than once. As soon as he perceives that the ivory balls placed at the end of his horns prevent him from lifting up the object he attacks, he concentrates his strength on another point. I shall hereafter give a description of a bull fight, which Junot prepared for me at a fête we had at Ledisma in 1810, in celebration of my birth-day. The *matador* was the *secunda espada* of Spain, during the life time of Pepe Hillo, and after his death the first. People came from all parts of the province to see this really

curious spectacle, which I had been prevented from seeing on my first visit to Spain. The Prince of the Peace had at that time suppressed bull-fights, which was perhaps one of the causes of the people's dislike of him.

All along the slope of the second hill there are heaped together traces of the earthquake of 1755. The effects of this scourge were very astonishing. On the plain all was destroyed; on the mountain nothing was injured.

The Marquis of Pombal was in utter disgrace with the clergy and nobility. He had built a very elegant theatre which was swallowed up by the earthquake. The priests said that the hand of God had justly marked it. Pombal asked them why that part of the city, which was the residence of bad women, had been spared?—this was really the fact.

The Square of Commerce was erected by Pombal. Its quays and buildings are magnificent and superior to any thing of the kind which Paris or London can boast. All this was Pombal's work. The minister who effected such wonders deserved the gratitude of his country. But how was he recompensed for wishing to teach the nobility to read —for attempting to destroy the canker that was praying on the finest parts of flourishing Lusitania now degenerated into barren Portugal? He was not burnt it is true, but whilst he lived his enemies assailed him with their venemous attacks; and while he lay in his coffin the infuriated populace repaired to the bronze equestrian statue of

King Don José, on the pedestal of which the Marquis had permitted his grateful master to place his bust; this was seized by the mob, and treated with every species of insult.

The Square of Commerce *(Praça do Commercio)* is six hundred and ten feet long, and five hundred and fifty feet wide. This square with its three adjoining streets are the finest portions of Lisbon. These three streets have been built since the earthquake; and they certainly have the fault of being too narrow. They are occupied by jewellers, goldsmiths, and silversmiths. The shop windows are perhaps somewhat too small, but upon the whole, these streets present a very fine appearance. They have foot-pavements, a thing which in 1805 was a sort of wonder in Lisbon.

The King has no palace in Lisbon. He formerly resided at Belem, but since that castle was burnt, the royal family live at Queluz, which they never leave except when they go to Maffra a royal convent, and a wretched copy of the Escurial. The castle of Belem was being rebuilt when I was in Lisbon, and I thought it would speedily be completed; but the person who shewed me over the works, informed me that they had continued for twelve years in the same state in which I then saw them, and that probably a century might elapse before they would be raised a foot higher. I believe my informant was correct; and yet the Prince of Brazil had in his treasury whole chests of rough diamonds!

Belem is called a suburb of Lisbon, but it may

be considered as forming part of the city like Junqueira, Ajuda, and Alcantara. There is at Belem a convent of Hyeronimites, founded by Don Manuel, the architecture of which is the strangest jumble imaginable. All the pillars of the church and cloister are of different orders. At first sight it appears like a vision seen in a dream, at least, such was the effect it produced upon me when I first saw it. Near this convent is a very beautiful gothic church. It is at Belem that the kings of Portugal are buried, and there the Amirante of Castille was interred. Near *Nossa senhora de Ajuda* are the botanic garden, and a cabinet of natural history, which I used often to visit. Close by is a royal garden called the *Quinta da Raynha*, in which there is a collection of beautiful and rare birds, some wild beasts, and ugly serpents. Behind Belem is the Prince's park. This is nothing more than an extensive piece of ground so thickly planted with olives, some green oaks and broom, that there is no walking in it with the least pleasure. The Prince used formerly to hunt here. In this neighbourhood there is also another *Quinta* belonging to one of the Princesses, I think the Infante Donna Maria, which is very pleasant. It contains some beautiful laurels, orange-trees and myrtles. These with some water are all that is requisite to form a Portuguese *Quintas*.

There is in the environs of Lisbon only one garden that deserves that name, though in Paris

it would attract no attention. In Lisbon, however, it has a very beautiful appearance, when contrasted with the enclosures planted with aloes which are denominated gardens. It is the property of the Marquis d'Abrantes, at Bemfica. Plants which we find the greatest difficulty in rearing in green-houses, thrive here in the open air, and almost without culture. To say nothing of laurels, twenty-five feet high, orange and lemon trees, there are palms and banana trees laden with clusters of dates and banana figs; and then the pisang, the magnolia, and the rarest geraniums, spring up almost spontaneously. One day when I was walking at Bemfica, inhaling the balmy air, in an alley formed of superb magnolias and palm trees, then in full bloom, the gardener of the Marquis d'Abrantes, made me up a large bouquet of all the choicest flowers in the garden, and among them he placed four or five magnolia flowers, and a sprig of the lemon tree, whose violet flowers are even more beautiful than that of the orange tree. I departed from Bemfica quite delighted with my nosegay. It was a beautiful June evening; the moon was at its full, and its rays were more silvery and vapour-like than in our colder France. On my return home I felt an unusual drowsiness; Junot observed that I looked fatigued, which was not surprising, for I had walked a great deal. I went to bed, having first placed my nosegay in water, and deposited it on a table near my bed side, that I might enjoy its

delicious perfume, for I was always a passionate lover of flowers. When I lay down the drowsiness with which I had been oppressed appeared to leave me. My blood circulated with extreme violence, my pulse beat as if I had been in a fever. I was for a considerable time exceedingly restless; but at length I fell into a profound and heavy sleep.

I was accustomed to rise tolerably early, and at nine o'clock my *femme-de-chambre* came to my door; but not hearing me stir, she did not enter.

As I had retired to bed very much fatigued, Junot desired the servants not to disturb me. However, at eleven o'clock, finding that I had not been called, he himself came into my apartment, and opened my shutters, whilst my little Josephine climbed upon the bed to embrace me. But as soon as the light came into my room, the poor child uttered a terrible shriek. I was almost suffocated. Junot instantly threw open the windows. My faculties were so completely suspended that at first he supposed me to be dead. However, there was no contraction of the features which indicated suffering. I was deadly pale, and my teeth were so firmly closed, that on coming to myself again, I could hardly separate them. My eye-lids also were very much swollen. I had lost my sense of hearing, and was in a state of perfect insensibility.

Junot raised me in his arms, and carried me into the balcony. The air caused me to give signs

of life; but it was not till M. Magnien* had rubbed my forehead with vinegar, and I believe with ether and alkali, that I was able to open my eyes. I awoke as if from a long and sound sleep. My eyes could not support the light of day, and I several times appeared inclined to relapse into my state of insensibility. I remained in this situation about two hours. I had felt no pain until I was perfectly roused; and then I suffered from violent head-ache, which was removed only by very active exercise. I suffered all the evening with this annoying head-ache, which, by the application of vinegar to my forehead was at length removed.

I should undoubtedly have died had not Junot entered my chamber just as he did. This circumstance serves to prove the baneful effects which may be produced by perfumes so powerful as those exhaled in Portugal by the magnolia, and especially the datura, of which there was a superb branch in my nosegay, as well as daphnes of all kinds.

As I am on the subject of phenomena I may mention one of a very singular kind. I must first of all observe that it occurred on the 28th of October, when the heat of the sun was somewhat abated.

Junot had departed for the campaign of Austerlitz, and M. de Rayneval remained in Lisbon, as chargé d'affaires. I was myself on the point of

* M. Magnien was a medical gentleman. He accompanied the embassy, but not in any official capacity.

returning to France, and one day previous to my departure we observed, while sitting at breakfast, a strong smell of fire. We were at a loss to imagine from whence it could proceed. There was no chimney in the house, except a small one built by the Duchess de Montebello in the little drawing room, which I usually occupied, and there was no fire there.

"The smell comes from below," said I to M. de Rayneval, "from your room."

"This is an odd accusation," he replied, "I have no light, no fire, not even a fire-place."

"If it be not in your room," said I, "it is on the lower story; and we must go and see about it."

We rose from table, much alarmed, for the smell became stronger and stronger every moment. When we came to the corridor, into which M. de Rayneval's room opened, we distinguished the smell of burning paper. We entered the apartments of M. de Magnien, M. de Cherval, and M. Legoy, but could perceive nothing. At length we heard M. de Rayneval call out "fire." His writing table was all in flames. The cause of this combustion is so extraordinary, that if M. de Rayneval, and M. de Cherval were not both living, I should not venture to mention it, lest I should be accused of relating extravagancies.

On M. de Rayneval's writing-table stood a glass jug filled with water. This jug, which was perfectly clear, and contained very limpid water,

had produced the effect of a lens. The rays from the jug ignited the paper on which they fell. It will be asked how this was possible? It is not in my power to tell. I merely state the fact, and leave it to more scientific persons to explain the phenomenon.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Military position of Lisbon—Error of Lord Byron—Cintra—Possibility of defending Lisbon—Junot's answer to the Duke of Wellington—Emigrant garrisons—The mad queen—The box on the ear—The mountains of Cintra—The Peñaverde—The heart of Don Juan de Castro—The cork convent—The Cabo di Rocca—The Cabo d'Espichel—An ancient temple.

HAVING sketched a slight description of Lisbon, I must say a few words about Cintra. Lord Byron has justly observed that Cintra is a paradise inhabited by demons, but in alluding to that place in his Childe Harold, he has committed an historical error which I shall hereafter correct. I have now to make a few observations on the military condition of the Portuguese capital.

I have already described Lisbon as it appears when approached from Spain. In this point of view it seems as if entrenched behind the Tagus, which at that part is two leagues broad. From hence to the mouth of the river, about half a mile, there are several hills which might be easily defended, but which do not command the city. On one of the hills is a tower, corresponding with the

tower of Belem. It is fortified and contains a garrison, and is called *Torre Velha.* Near the mouth of the river are two villages, Trafferia and A-Costa, the inhabitants of which are as uncivilized as the natives of the coast of Angola. These villages are considered, even in Lisbon, to contain the refuse of the nation. From the point of land where A-Costa is situate, a sand bank runs out to a large fortified tower, which, together with a fort built opposite to it, defends the entrance to the port. Its proper name is the Fort de San Lourenço, but it is commonly called Torre di Bugio. The northern bank then stretches much further into the sea, and forms the famous promontory of Cabo di Rocca. A little below Belem, proceeding towards Lisbon, is a square fort called the Torre de Belem, which is thickly planted with cannon, and defends the entrance to the port. No vessel could pass these guns without being seriously assailed. A short time before I arrived in Lisbon, several batteries were built near this fort, some quite on the edge of the river, which is very difficult of access. The channel is very narrow, and its mouth is barred by a bank of stone called *os cachopos.* At a short distance stands the little town of Oeyras, and two leagues lower down, still following the current of the river, is Cascaes, an important town, having a fort, beneath which vessels may anchor. Close to this place is fort San Antonio. From thence, in the direction of the north, the river is bordered only by a chain of broken rocks, while

on the south, there are an immense multitude of sand-banks, not yet marked on any map. From the description I have here given of the position of Lisbon, the reader may conceive the difficulty, not to say impossibility of carrying the city by an attack directed either from the side of Spain or from the sea. Before the city could be endangered in the latter direction, the hostile force must land at a considerable distance, and in that case Lisbon may defend herself by an army, and her natural position. It was by this means that Junot defended Lisbon in 1808; but once the barrier being passed, all defence is impossible. Thus availing himself of the peculiarities of his position, a general entrusted with the defence of Lisbon, once said to his assailant:

"Grant me the conditions which *I impose upon you*, or I will destroy the city of Lisbon; the Emperor did not confide to me his eagles, that they should be dishonoured by a capitulation."*

And he would have done as he said. Of course he and his army would have been destroyed first, but the destruction of the English would have been equally certain. This would have been better than the burning of Moscow, for at that catastrophe Rostopchin escaped.

A fact which throws considerable light on the

* This was Junot's reply to the Duke of Wellington (then Sir Arthur Wellesley) when, after the battle of Vimiera, he found himself with 12,000 men, opposed to 35,000 English and an equal number of Portuguese troops, backed by a savage and insurgent population, bent on the pillage and massacre of the French.

political events of Portugal in 1797-98, is that at that period, the garrisons San Jao, San Antonio, Cascaes, and Oeyras,* consisted of English troops and emigrants in the pay of England.† Dillon's regiment was at Cascaes; an English regiment at Oeyras; *Roy l'émigré* at Belem; and in Lisbon the regiments of Castries and Mortemart. These facts explain the impossibility of Portugal concluding an advantageous peace with France, however much she was inclined to do so; for Lisbon and its port were in the hands of the English, or their *pensioners*, who, in their character of renegades, were more hostile to us than the English themselves.

Leaving Belem and its fortifications and crossing two leagues of a fertile and cultivated country, we arrive at the residence of the royal family, which is situate in a solitary valley. Here dwelt the mad Queen, Donna Maria. She was at times raving mad, and was always haunted by the dread of hell-fire. Whenever her confessor the grand-inquisitor, entered her room, she would exclaim that he was the devil. She used also to greet her daughter-in-law with the same appellation; but in this instance, at least,

* The vineyards between Oeyras and Carcavelo produce the grapes from which is made the wine, called in France, *Vin de Carcavelo*; in England, Lisbon wine; and in Germany, Portuguese wine. These vineyards belong to the son of the great Pombal.

† Portugal had at that time only one emigrant regiment in her pay. This was a regiment of artillery commanded by a Colonel Roquelot. Afterwards there was the Police Legion, commanded by Count Novion, a French emigrant.

the mistake was not very extraordinary. This Queen was the mother of the two Princes of Brazil. One died of the small pox before he came to the throne; the other reigned in Brazil as he did in Lisbon:—Heaven knows how gloriously that was!..The mad Queen was therefore the grandmother of Don Pedro and the great-grandmother of the young Queen Donna Maria de Gloria. Her majesty never left her royal prison except to enter another, namely one of the little Portuguese carriages, in which she was closely shut up until she got into the country, and quite out of the reach of the public gaze; then sometimes her keepers would let her get out of the carriage and enjoy her liberty.

One day when I was strolling in a little solitary valley, in the neighbourhood of Cintra, where I used to go and botanize, I met three ladies, one of whom attracted my notice on account of her strange appearance and wild stare. It was a windy day, and her hair, which was as white as silver, was blown over her face and shoulders. As this appeared to annoy her, one of the females who accompanied her endeavoured to shade the hair from her face; but for this kind office she received a box on the ear, which I heard, though I was a hundred paces off. Three men were walking at some distance to render assistance in case of need. When I was perceived, one of these men came to me and, addressing me in Portuguese, begged that I would retire. He did not, however mention her majesty, and it was not

until afterwards that I was informed by M. d'Araujo, it was the Queen. I think her attendants must have told her who I was; for as I withdrew I perceived that she was menacing me with clenched fists, and darting at me looks which were absolutely demoniac. This rencounter not only frightened me, but it gave rise to a world of melancholy reflections. The sovereign of a great nation wandering in a solitary valley, and consigned to the charge of a few menials, whose impatience and ill-temper being excited by constant attendance on the unfortunate lunatic, were likely to increase her malady; her grey head, too, which in its *desenvoltura* seemed to reject the crown it could not support:—all presented a picture which made a profound impression on my mind.

When, on my return home, I mentioned my adventure to Junot, we could not help remarking the curious fact that all the sovereigns of Europe, at least all the *legitimate* sovereigns, were at that time either mad or imbecile.

At the distance of half a league from Queluz is situate the town of Bellas, and a pretty quinta belonging to the Count de Pombeiro. At a short distance from Bellas there are several mineral springs. The government has built here an hospital for the sick; but no use is made of it.

On the north-west of Lisbon, a long chain of high mountains terminates the beautiful landscape. These are the mountains of Cintra. In the beautiful valleys formed by these moun-

tains, we no longer see those green trees or those plants peculiar to the Peninsula. We now find the forest oak, the beach, the poplar and the fir, intermingled with orange and lemon trees, whole groves of strawberry trees, together with the *myrica faya* (Azorian candleberry myrtle) a tree transplanted from the island of Madeira, and a multitude of exotics, producing flowers and fruits as abundantly as on their native soil. Springs of limpid water which descend from the summit of the rocks, clothe the l vely valleys with verdure. Many of the Portuguese have their quintas or country-houses on the declivities of the mountains of Cintra. Towards their summits they have a rocky and wild appearance. At the top of one of them, there is a convent of Hyeronimites, which looks as if it were suspended in the air; and on another are the ruins of a Moorish castle. At the extremity of these mountains is the delicious valley of Collares; and the picture is bounded by the royal monastery of Maffra and the sea.

We hired a quinta at Cintra, which had belonged to a Madame la Roche, the widow of a French merchant. The garden was not large; but it was entirely planted with orange and lemon trees, which we were informed produced an extraordinary abundance of fruit. Speaking of the produce of gardens, reminds me of a curious circumstance relative to the famous quinta the Peñaverde, where is deposited the heart of Don Juan de Castro, that celebrated man whose mustachio was taken as a pledge for several millions when

the signature of his government would not be accepted. The Peñaverde*, belonged to Don Juan de Castro, and his heart is interred here in a little mausoleum, on the highest point of the Peña. By a clause in the will of Don Juan, it is ordered that no tree producing anything shall be suffered to grow in the quinta, which is of considerable extent. Consequently if a seed wafted by the wind, should happen to take root and produce a shoot, it is immediately torn up. No one knows the cause of this whimsical prohibition to the fertility of nature, in a spot where fertility is so remarkable. However the Peñaverde is one of the most lovely parts of Cintra. How many delightful walks have I had in its verdant groves, formed by old laurel trees worthy to shade the tomb of a hero.

At Cintra we found the Duke and Duchess de Cadaval. They had three quintas there, and scarcely one of them was habitable. The Duchess laughed at this, though it was easy to perceive she was dissatisfied. As to the duke, he did not concern himself about the matter. His occupations were gambling and abusing the French, at least, saying behind their backs, what he dared not have said to their faces. He left the whole management of his affairs to his angelic wife, and in this he was right; for all she did tended to the honour of her family and the happiness of a man who was unworthy of her.

* *Green Mountain.* It richly deserves its name. At a distance it has the appearance of an emerald rock.

We had also near us the family of the Austrian minister, our friends the Lebzelterns. They resided in the old royal palace of Cintra, part of which was assigned to their accommodation by the court. This formed a pleasant little journey for us, for our house was almost at Colares at the other extremity of the valley. How many happy evenings we spent with that charming family; after taking tea with them at eleven o'clock we used to ride back on asses to our quinta, our servants lighting us with torches through the perfumed groves.

To the west, near Colares, there is a convent of capuchins called the *cork convent*. It is almost entirely cut out of the live rock, especially the church two sides of which are the rock itself. Several of the cells are lined with what is called cork, though it is in reality merely the bark of the green oak. This convent is situate on a pointed rock in a solitary region, near the Cabo di Rocca, commanding a distant view of the sea, and is one of the objects which most attract the curiosity of travellers visiting Cintra and Colares. A little further on, the mountains become lower, and at length terminate in a smooth platform which is the promontory. Its slope measures about eighty feet. Near it are built a lighthouse and a chapel. This place is sometimes visited by such violent storms that one might fancy one's-self in the latitude of Norway. The sea, which is very deep below Cabo di Rocca, breaks with unremitting violence against the rocks. On the

opposite side is the Cabo d'Espichel, called by the ancients *Promontorium Magnum.* On its summit there was a superb temple dedicated to Isis. While I was at Lisbon, Millin wrote me many letters requesting that I would make every possible search to discover this temple, and M. d'Araujo authorised me to make excavations ; but I was prevented prosecuting this object by a fit of illness which had well nigh cost me my life.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A third continental coalition—Madame Mère—My appointment—Admiral Villeneuve—Battle of Finisterre—Disgraceful defeat—Compensation—Captain Baudin—Affair of the *Topaze* and the *Blanche*—The Topaze enters the port of Lisbon—Ingratitude of the Portuguese—Colonel Napier—Calumnies published against Marshal Ney and Junot—The Convention of Cintra—Ill-treatment of Baudin—The new continental coalition—Situation of Austria—The salute of twenty one guns returned by one of two thousand—My illness—Medicinal waters of Caldas da Raynha—Junot's departure from Portugal—He joins the Emperor at Brunn—Conversation respecting the royal families of Spain and Portugal.

WHILE we were at Cintra Junot received letters announcing positively that a third continental coalition had been formed against France. He became low-spirited, for he was fearful that the Emperor would forget him. He therefore wrote to Napoleon, and sent off his letter by an extraordinary courier. It was now July. The reports of war were circulated only in whispers; for Austria had not formally acceded to the treaty between Russia and England.

At this time, too, I learned an event which rendered me truly happy. Madame Letitia Bonaparte was at length raised to the rank suitable to the woman who had given birth to the sovereign of Europe, and I was appointed one of her ladies. I have reason to be gratified for the kindness I invariably experienced from that Princess. She was an excellent woman, and she possessed a truly queenly heart. I am aware that the contrary has been said, but it has never yet been proved.

About this period, several acts of the Emperor awakened the petty animosity of some of the governments of Europe. All that was wanted was a pretext for rising against the colossus, whose regenerating hand was extended to all the old crowned heads which were tottering beneath antiquated and decayed institutions. By an imperial decree, the states of Parma and Placenzia were united to France, and Lucca was given to the Princess Eliza. England who was desperately resolved on war, at any sacrifice, gladly seized the opportunity to characterize as the ambition of invasion, that which was rather the ambition of glory on the part of Napoleon. Accordingly her fleets put to sea. The Emperor, assured of the good will and fidelity of Spain, and confiding in Admiral Villeneuve (that man who brought so much misfortune and disgrace on our arms,) ordered him to go in pursuit of the enemy, but only with a superior force; which was very easy since we had the command of the dock-yards and arsenals of Spain. Admiral Villeneuve set sail with a combined fleet consisting

of fourteen French ships of war, and six Spanish vessels. He fell in with the English fleet, commanded by Sir Robert Calder, off Cape Finisterre. The unfortunate Villeneuve was beaten with a superior force, and two of the Spanish ships fell into the hands of the enemy.

We were among a people to whom our misfortunes were a source of joy, and our glory a cause of mourning:—it may easily be imagined, therefore, what were our feelings on the receipt of the above intelligence, which came to us even before it reached the Emperor. Junot was furious. But Heaven had a compensation in store for us. How happy I am to number among my friends a man of whom the French navy has just reason to boast, and over whose laurels we then shed tears of pride.

We were still dejected by the melancholy intelligence of the battle of Finisterre when we learned that a French frigate had just entered the port of Lisbon after some glorious engagements. We were then at Cintra. Junot directed Colonel Laborde to set off to Lisbon and request the Commander of the frigate to come to him immediately. It was too late for him to return that evening; but next morning the colonel came back accompanied by the brave officer who had secured such a triumph to the French flag. Junot hastened to meet him, and embraced him as if he had been an old friend.

Captain Baudin was, at that time, a very young man. His countenance was handsome, his figure

good, and his manners so extremely mild and reserved as to give him the air of belonging to any profession rather than the one in which he had so brilliantly distinguished himself. Junot questioned him; but it was evident that his modesty shrunk from what he had to tell.

"Well, my dear captain," said Junot, "the colonel will shew you over our beautiful valley. In the meanwhile leave me your reports."

When he was gone we perused with lively interest the details which the gallant young officer had written. He had the command of the frigate, *la Topaze*, forty-four guns. Off the Antilles he had fallen in with the English frigate, *Blanche*, also of forty-four guns. He had defeated and captured her. Returning to Europe to refit, for he had suffered considerably in the engagement, he fell in with another English vessel, the *Reasonable*, sixty-four guns, near the coast of Spain.

"My lads," said he to his crew, "shall we allow this fine prize to escape us?"

"No!" exclaimed with one voice, both officers and men. "*Houra pour la belle France!*.... Captain, give the word." The guns of the *Topaze* gave the signal for the attack, and with his masts broken, his sails tattered, a part of his crew wounded and disabled, the young captain attempted to capture this large vessel. The *Reasonable*, however, escaped; but with immense loss, and the *Topaze*, brilliant as the jewel whose name she bore, entered the port of Lisbon amidst the acclamations even of our enemies.

I never read any thing more natural than Captain Baudin's narrative. It was, like its writer, simple, energetic, and remarkable for truly patriotic spirit.

"Oh!" exclaimed Junot, striking the table forcibly with his hands, "oh!" if this young man had been at Finisterre instead of that —— Villeneuve!" When Captain Baudin returned to the drawing-room, Junot ran to him and embraced him a second time.

"You are a brave and loyal young man," said he, "I ask you for your friendship and I offer you mine."

This was not a common phrase with Junot. It was but the second time I had heard him make use of it since my marriage. On the first occasion it was addressed to General Richepanse.

The *Topaze* had suffered so severely that she required to be completely refitted. Lisbon, being a neutral port, seemed admirably adapted for this operation; but, will it be believed, it was necessary to resort to violence to enable the frigate to remain there, whilst a flotilla composed of six large vessels, and several small ones lay at anchor before the Square of Commerce as long as it was found convenient.

Is it surprising that this conduct should provoke revenge? Is it wonderful that we should take reprisals when we have in our hands overwhelming proofs of the ingratitude of the Portuguese towards the man who devoted himself to the protection of their lives and honour, when his own

safety was compromised, both as a private individual and one entrusted with an immense responsibility? Lisbon should not have raised her ungrateful voice so loudly. How base and treacherous has been her ingratitude!..... As if I were not here, beside the grave of the father of my children, to see that his memory is not insulted.. as if I had not, in my portfolio, documents which would overwhelm hundreds with shame? I should have destroyed them; but when I saw hypocrisy take place of loyalty, I conceived it my duty to follow the path I have traced out. The disclosures I shall have to make, will enable the sovereign of Portugal to estimate the fidelity of men who are ready to declare themselves the subjects of any one.

But why should I be surprised at the conduct of the Portuguese? Have I not seen here, *in France*, one of Junot's old comrades permit the publication of a work translated from the English, containing revolting falsehoods respecting my husband and Marshal Ney?....This work, which is the production of Colonel Napier, and which found grace in the eyes of the minister for the war department, was presented *to me, to me the widow of Junot*, as containing *authentic* documents. I read in it an indecent attack upon the private character of a man whose conduct as a soldier not even his enemies could traduce, in that admirable affair of the convention of Cintra; since the individuals who signed it on the part of England, were tried by a court martial. The fine lines of Childe Harold would in

themselves suffice for the glory of Junot even though the original copy of that convention were not in existence to prove it. Fortunately, I possess that original document, and in both languages. It is not inserted in Colonel Napier's work, and if I were to ask for it at the office of the war minister, I should no doubt be told it was lost, and next day I should be informed that a quarter of my widow's pension was kept back, as was the case two years ago.

When I read that the private lives of public men were not to be screened from censure, I recollected that I had lived long in Spain, and that I, too, had curious histories to relate. These stories I shall lay before the reader in due time.

On receiving intelligence of the affair of the *Topaze*, Napoleon immediately raised Captain Baudin, to the rank of *Capitaine de Frégate*. In the report which Junot transmitted to Paris, the Emperor remarked a circumstance which greatly pleased him: this was, that Captain Baudin had adopted at sea the same method which he, Napoleon, employed in making an attack by land: he had taken positions in which he could employ more guns than the enemy, and it is well known that this was one of the Emperor's favourite manœuvres. M. Baudin, who was then a very young man, was as overjoyed at his promotion as if he had not won it by his blood. He remained several months in the port of Lisbon, because there was an English cruizer at its entrance which he wished to avoid. He left Lisbon after the unfortunate

battle of Trafalgar, of which I shall presently speak, for I am now approaching that fatal period. My husband was much attached to Captain Baudin and I feel great happiness in observing that he is one of those friends who have remained faithful to me. The friendship I cherish for him makes me feel the more indignant at the injustice with which he has been treated. Napoleon, who so well knew how to appreciate talent and who never conferred distinctions except as the reward of real merit, made Baudin a Rear-Admiral at an age when others of his profession scarcely attain the rank of captain. This is three and twenty years ago and he still remains what Napoleon made him.

I have already mentioned that a new continental coalition was expected. While we were at Cintra, Junot one day received a letter in the hand-writing of the Emperor, which brought him very important intelligence. On the horizon of Europe clouds were already gathering in the direction of the north. This important period deserves a brief retrospection.

Of all the powers included in the coalition, Austria was the one whose interests were most in danger. Her states, reduced to one half their former extent, were open on all sides. Her federative power was annihilated in Germany without the hope of recovery; and this same power was strongly menaced in Italy and even in part destroyed. Accordingly Austria took the alarm, for with her the question was an affair of life or death, if she had had to do with any other man than Na-

poleon, with Frederick, for example. Napoleon's coronation at Milan conveyed to Austria the last conviction that her power was for ever annihilated in Italy, and that she had never been beloved there; a fact sufficiently inexplicable to a sovereignty who was adored in its own hereditary states. Be this as it may, Austria was really afraid: she had not yet recovered from the shock of Marengo and Hohenlinden. She found herself, as it were, pressed between the source of the Maine and the mouth of the Po. It was necessary to assume an imposing attitude, or she was lost. It is probable that M. Metternich, whose talent, though then immature, already developed itself at that period so fatal to his country, had sufficient influence to determine the third continental coalition. M. Metternich was an Austrian, and to save his country was his first duty.*

The violation of the treaty of Luneville was seized upon as a pretext. It was alleged that by virtue of that treaty, Holland, Switzerland, Lombardy, Genoa and Lucca as well as Parma, had the right of choosing constitutions for themselves and that it was an encroachment on that right to impose laws upon them. Reasoning thus, Austria at length acceded to the treaty concluded between St. Petersburgh and England on the 8th of April previous. She immediately entered the field. Ge-

* I do not think that M. Metternich was at that time in office. M. Stadion then filled the post which M. Metternich now occupies.

neral Klenau crossed the Inn and invaded Bavaria. The Austrian army, eighty-thousand strong, was commanded by the Arch-duke Ferdinand under the tutelage of General Mack, whilst thirty-five thousand men occupied the Tyrol under the command of the Arch-duke John; thus supporting the left of General Klenau's army and the right of the army of Italy. The latter, which was under the immediate command of Prince Charles, was perhaps the most important of all, and consisted of one hundred and ten thousand excellent troops. This force was advancing in good order upon the Adige.

France found herself again threatened on all sides. The south of Europe alone continued faithful to her, and therefore it was of the highest importance to preserve friendly relations between the courts of France and Lisbon. England made superhuman efforts to stir up a quarrel, and a very trivial occurrence well nigh enabled her to accomplish her object.

Junot went to visit Captain Baudin on board his frigate, and as soon as he set foot on deck a salute of twenty-one guns was fired in honour of him. It is not allowable to fire guns in a neutral port, and the English affected to be very indignant at this violation of the rule. They appeared much more mortified at it, than the Prince Regent of Portugal himself. Finding that they did not obtain what they were pleased to call justice, they made our one and twenty guns an excuse for firing two thousand as the signal of mourning on the one

side and rejoicing on the other, on the occasion of the battle of Trafalgar. This powder cannonade was more insulting to the Princess of Brazil than to us, because she was a Spaniard; but its object was to insult France, and serious consequences would no doubt have ensued had Junot been at that time in Lisbon. Fortunately he was galloping towards Moravia. His first impulse which was always violent when the honour of France was concerned, would doubtless have been injurious to the feeble government of Portugal. M. de Rayneval, who was no less susceptible, but more calm, avoided a rupture, to the great disappointment of the English.

I had been exceedingly ill for several months past, and notwithstanding that the season was now almost over, my medical attendants in Lisbon ordered me to go to a little miserable village called Caldas da Raynha, where there are some tepid springs which are said to possess wonderful medicinal virtues.

Though I entertained very little hope of deriving benefit from them, yet I set off, carried on a sort of litter, and I arrived at Caldas da Raynha in such a weak state that at first I could take the waters only by spoonsful. They are warm, sulphoric and at the same time tonic. My disorder was a nervous affection of the pilorus, but so severe that I could not take even a glass of *eau sucrée*. The waters produced a wonderful effect upon me, so that at the expiration of a week, I was able to

walk in the royal quinta, and within a fortnight I eat a partridge for my dinner. However my convalescence was slow.

One day, while I was at Caldas da Raynha, Junot came to bid us farewell. The Emperor had kept his word, and had sent for him as soon as the first cannon was fired.

" Be speedy," said Duroc, in his letter, " for I have a presentiment that this campaign will not be a long one."

Junot immediately set off to join the Emperor wherever he might be. M. de Talleyrand, who had written to desire Junot to give the power of chargé-d'affaires to M. de Rayneval, mentioned in his letter that I might if I pleased return to France, as it was known that I was an invalid. Junot stayed but a few hours at Caldas. He returned to Lisbon, where he mounted a post horse, and rode to Bayonne. There he procured a caleche which conveyed him to Paris. He stayed there four and twenty hours to assist in arranging the affairs of his worthy friend M. de Recamier, after which he departed for Germany in a post-chaise, driving with the utmost speed. He joined Napoleon at Brunn, in Moravia, on the 1st of December. The Emperor was standing with Berthier, at a window looking towards the high road. It was about half past nine in the morning, and the weather was thick and foggy.

" Who have we here ?" said the Emperor, as he perceived Junot advancing along the road. " It

is a post-chaise. We do not expect any news this morning."

The chaise advanced rapidly, and the Emperor who kept his glass pointed at it, at length exclaimed :

"It is a general officer.—If the thing were possible, I should think it was Junot.—On what day did you write Berthier ?" Berthier informed him.

"Then it cannot be he," continued Napoleon. "He has twelve hundred leagues to travel, and with the utmost possible speed he could not"—

The aide-de-camp on duty entered, and announced General Junot.

"Par dieu," said Napoleon, running up to him, "you are the man for affairs like this! To arrive on the eve of a great battle, after travelling twelve hundred leagues, and to leave an embassy for the cannon's mouth. To complete the business you have only to be wounded in to-morrow's battle."

"I trust I shall, Sire; but it must be with the last ball," replied Junot laughing. "The Russians must let me perform my duty to your Majesty."

"Faith," said the Emperor, "it is the only duty that is left for you. You have come too late. Every corps has got a commander, even yon brave grenadiers of Arras, and they have a very able one."

"I know it," replied Junot; "and I do not regret his appointment, for I know he will lead them to victory." But, Sire, I am too happy in

serving as your aide-de-camp, as I did in Italy. It is a happy augury."

The Emperor shook his head, but his air of doubt was not discouraging; he smiled on the contrary, and his smile always inspired confidence. He walked about the room with a calmness, calculated to encourage the most timid. He asked Junot how he had left me, and whether my illness was caused by jealousy of the Princess of Brazil.

Junot burst into a fit of laughter.

"Is she really so ugly as she is described," resumed the Emperor. "Is she uglier than her sister of Etruria?—Surely that is not possible?"—

"Sire, she is uglier than any thing you can possibly imagine."

"What, uglier than the Queen of Etruria?"

"Much, Sire."

"And the Prince Regent?"

"In the first place, Sire, he is a perfect fool; and as to his personal appearance, your Majesty may judge of that from the portrait which my wife drew of him in two words, and which I assure you is exceedingly accurate. She observed that the Prince of Brazil was like a bull, whose mother had been frightened by an oufang-outang."

"Did she really say that?" resumed the Emperor laughing immoderately, "*Petite Peste.** And is it true?"

* A name by which the Emperor frequently called me in his moments of good humour.

" Perfectly true, Sire."

The Emperor then asked Junot a multitude of questions respecting the royal families of Spain and Portugal, and that at a moment when his mind must have been engrossed by thoughts of a different and more important nature. But every thing was wonderful in that wonderful man.

CHAPTER XXV.

Dreadful storm in the Tagus—Our danger and escape—My return to Lisbon—The Battle of Trafalgar—Disgrace of Villeneuve—Decres' advice to him—Admiral Gravina—His quarrel with Villeneuve—The English fleet and the combined fleet—Glorious death of Rear-Admiral Magon—Villeneuve made prisoner—Death of Admiral Gravina—Death of Lord Nelson—Allusion to the battle of Trafalgar, on the opening of the legislative body.

After Junot left his diplomatic post, to assist in gaining fresh triumphs for the country he so dearly loved, several unfortunate and unlooked for events occurred. The battle of Trafalgar, that disastrous conflict which extinguished the last gleams of our maritime glory, happened about this time; I was at Lisbon. I saw the consequences of that event unclouded by the illusion with which flattery sought to conceal the disaster—a disaster so at variance with the glories of Austerlitz.

I was on my way back to Lisbon from Caldas da Raynha after having recruited my health, or I may rather say after having saved my life, which had been seriously in danger. Leaving the sands of

Obidos I reached the Tagus, and went on board one of the royal *escaleres*, which was prepared for my accommodation.

This was on the 21st of October; the weather which at first had been exceedingly fine, became all of a sudden overcast, and soon fell to a dead calm. As we had twenty rowers this mattered little, especially as we were descending the river. But a most violent storm presently burst upon us, raging with such increasing fury that we were at length in extreme danger. M. de Cherval became very ill from the motion of the barge, for we had now got into a part of the river, which was as rough as the sea; and the current being strong, in consequence of the approximation of its banks, there was considerable danger, and also increased illness to those unable to stand the motion of the yacht. The rolling did not incommode me, but our barge pitched horribly, and that I could not so well bear.

For two hours the wind raged furiously, and our yacht was sometimes driven aground so violently that we feared she would go to pieces.

Fortunately my little daughter was not with me, so that I had only my own safety to think of, and that did not very greatly concern me. However, I had just been so very near death, that I felt existence was worth caring for. I was then but twenty years of age, and it is hard to die a violent death so early. But I recollect I was quite resigned; and when I overheard a warm

dispute between M. de Cherval and M. Magnien, I was rather inclined to appease them, than to join my reproaches to those of M. de Cherval.

The subject of dispute was this: M. Magnien, contrary to the opinion of the barge master who foresaw a storm, insisted on returning by water, and that he might not alarm us, he said nothing of the conversation he had held with the master. It however came to our knowledge. It has always been my maxim never to make a bad case worse, by reproaches which serve only to augment the mischief. I questioned the master of the yacht; he seemed very uneasy, especially as there was no possibility of landing at the part of the river in which we then were.

"If the storm should continue," he said, "I fear that no efforts of the men will prevent our being driven into the roads."

"Well, so much the better," replied I, "we can then land. We can go ashore either at Maravilhas or at Grillo."

"We shall be lost to a certainty if we get into the roads," rejoined the sailor with the abrupt freedom which characterizes his profession; "the great cables are all on the stretch, and we shall be upset immediately. Besides the wind is so strong we cannot contend against it, so that we shall probably be dashed against one of the great ships which are riding at anchor, and be dashed in pieces like a nutshell."

As he was speaking the clouds closed over us,

with such rapidity that the banks of the river disappeared from our view in an instant. The master left me and running to his men, cried out:

"Unfurl the sail! Unfurl the sail! Do you not see the roads?"

The sail was no sooner unfurled than a dreadful blast rent it in two. The lurch was so violent at that moment that we were within an ace of being upset.

M. de Cherval was quite resigned. His fears were for me alone, and his solicitude for the preservation of my life on that occasion is a proof of friendship I have never forgotten. As to Magnien he appeared the same as ever, only he was more than usually bewildered. He kept traversing the little cabin of the barge, into which the waves forced themselves through the windows, wringing his hands and crying out:

"My God! It is all my fault. We shall certainly perish! If Madame Junot should be drowned, the General will throw all the blame on me!.. What shall I say for myself!... "

"If Madame Junot is drowned we shall all be drowned with her," observed M. de Cherval, "so that Junot can say nothing to you. You are not ill; go up on deck and see whether you cannot render some assistance."

At that instant the master came down to us, looking agitated and pale.

"Our oars are broken, and the sail is torn," said he, "I cannot answer for your safety. We

are now opposite Saccavin. If you like I will endeavour to land there."

"By all means," cried I, "for if we continue in the boat much longer I am sure this pitching will kill me."

"Oh! the pitching," said the master as he left us, "I wish we had nothing else to fear."

All the efforts of our twenty rowers were at first of no avail. The wind blew with such violence that we were constantly driven back into the middle of the river covered with the surge, which forced itself over the sides of the yacht. At length, however, the promise of a rich reward, joined to a natural solicitude for their own safety, animated the men, and after the most laborious exertion they succeeded. We were brought on shore, at about two hundred paces from the landing place. Four of the boatmen carried me over the shallows, not indeed to prevent my getting wet, for I was already as completely soaked as if I had been dipped in the Tagus. I was taken to a house at Saccavin where I was provided with a fire and a change of clothes.

I then despatched an express to Lisbon for my carriage and on that same evening I was seated in the little yellow drawing-room, of my hotel in Lisbon, with my daughter on my knee surrounded by my friends, and perfectly happy.

Ah! how often have I reproached myself for the happiness I enjoyed that evening!... It was the day of the battle of Trafalgar!

Five days had elapsed since my return. The

stormy weather had passed away, and the blue sky of Lisbon opened over us again. The autumnal sun, more glowing than that which warms the summer of our climate, now again shone forth in cloudless glory. We had arranged a little excursion in the country with the Lebzelterns, when one morning I was awakened by the firing of guns which shook the frail walls of our hotel.* The reports followed each other with such rapidity that I knew not what to think of it. I sent to M. de Rayneval, but he had gone out. Indeed every body was abroad making inquiries. M. de Rayneval was the only person who had learned the news, and he had gone immediately to M. d'Araujo.

Intelligence of the battle of Trafalgar† had arrived at Lisbon during the night. The port was crowded with English vessels, and without regard to the neutrality of the place, without regard to the Princess of Brazil who as infanta of Spain, had lost by the disaster even more than France, the English vessels immediately began firing in celebration of their victory; with their demonstrations of joy signs of grief were mingled. The victory was dearly won. Nelson was no more!

On his return M. de Rayneval told us the news. The feelings he evinced on this occasion enhanced

*Since the earthquake at Lisbon, the Portuguese, from the apprehension of a similar calamity, build their houses very slightly. The walls are so thin that both heat and moisture find ready access to the interior of their houses.

† Trafalgar is ten leagues south east of Cadiz.

my friendship for him. He was overwhelmed with grief at the disastrous event, happening as it did at the very moment our arms promised such success,—an event too which the enemy and the elements combined to follow up with such murderous and general destruction! M. de Rayneval's heart was warmed by that philantrophy which is directed to the happiness of mankind at large. He described the dreadful conflict to me, for he could not bear to read it over again.

It was indeed horrible! What a wretch must that Admiral be, thought I!.... He has been the cause of this catastrophe, this scene of carnage, this second act and conclusion of the tragedy of Quiberon, this ruin and destruction of our naval power.

The Emperor is reported to have cried out in his sleep, after he heard of the defeat of Villeneuve by Admiral Calder:

"Varus, rends-moi mes légions."

The brilliant affair of Captain Baudin had not rendered this news less bitter to Napoleon. He immediately ordered Admiral Villeneuve to be succeeded by Admiral Rosilly. Villeneuve had previously fallen into disgrace; for it was he who at the battle of the Nile remained quietly at anchor. He was patronized by Décrès who always protected the unworthy and never the deserving. When Décrès was informed of the Emperor's determination, he wrote to Villeneuve to this effect:

"I delay the *official announcement* of Rosilly having superseded you. Manage to get under

weigh before it reaches you. Seek the enemy, and if you should have a successful engagement you will be pardoned. You must risk all to gain all."*

On receiving this letter, which informed him of his well merited disgrace, Villeneuve saw that he must escape from his dishonour at any risk. In his character of commander-in-chief of the combined squadron, he summoned on board his ship all the Spanish commanders, at the head of whom was the brave Gravina, the boast of the Spanish navy. Villeneuve announced to them his intention of proceeding out of the way. Gravina objected to the proposition on the ground of its impracticability. Villeneuve replied to him in an abusive strain.

" I shall demand satisfaction for this after the battle," rejoined Gravina. " We must be off it seems; may God protect us, for we are going to our destruction !"

Villeneuve was impelled by his evil genius. He was equally deaf to the remonstrances of the officers of the French fleet. Rear-Admiral Magon, the old friend of my family, in vain enforced Gravina's arguments, and Magon's bravery and talent were well known.

The English fleet† commanded by Admiral Nel-

* I knew the officer who carried this dispatch. Many months after, by a singular accident, he became acquainted with its contents.

† The journals of the day contained very erroneous accounts of this battle. The English papers were full of falsehoods. The details I here present to the reader were collected at Lisbon and Madrid, almost on the very scene of action, and may be relied on for accuracy.

son, that enemy of the French, whom he hated as cordially as Hannibal hated the Romans, consisted of twenty eight vessels, nine of which were three deckers. The combined fleet included eighteen French and fifteen Spanish ships. It consisted of one vessel of a hundred and thirty guns, (the Santa Trinidad) two of a hundred guns, two of eighty four, three of eighty, one of sixty four and twenty four others, each twenty four guns! What a noble fleet! In this united force there was power sufficient to crush the English fleet. But instead of being victorious, ours was destroyed, through the most unskilful manœuvres. The courage and ability of some of our officers, it is true, present examples almost equal to the fabulous achievements recorded by Plutarch, of the heroes of antiquity. A storm as dreadful as any which had occurred in the memory of the oldest sailor added its horrors to those of the conflict. The lightning vied with the flashes of the guns and its lurid glare afforded the dying the consolation of seeing that it dealt its shafts impartially on every flag. Our tri-coloured flag, alas! suffered most during those fatal days, for the horrid conflict raged two days and a night. We had five vessels taken! three sunk during the action! three blown up! one, (that commanded by Rear-Admiral Magon,*) borne down upon by the enemy and her deck covered with the slain, was blown up by her crew to escape the disgrace of surrendering!

* L'Achille, Rear-Admiral Magon was determined not to surrender. "I was taken once," he used to say to me, "but it shall be the last time."

Thus did I lose a friend of my early childhood! Ten other vessels ran ashore on different parts of the coast. One was wrecked at a distance of thirty two leagues from Trafalgar, at Cape St. Vincent, near Lagos; but she contained only the dead and dying. Only nine vessels re-entered Cadiz. As to the Admiral it was natural to expect that he must have been killed in the battle, or at least that one of the thunderbolts which rent the air on every side must have lighted on his head! But no! he was taken! he was made prisoner! He delivered up his sword amidst the groans of the dying and the wounded, who with their last breath vented imprecations on him as the author of their misfortunes. I am but a woman! yet methinks, were I placed in a like situation a pistol should have settled all my accounts in this world.

Admiral Gravina had his leg shot away and died of the wound; Rear-Admiral Alava was dangerously wounded; Rear-Admiral Magon was killed; Rear-Admiral Cisneros was taken prisoner. Fourteen of the English ships were destroyed either by the lightning or the guns of their enemies. In the heat of the battle Admiral Nelson was killed by the merest chance. When in action, he always made it a point of wearing his ribbons, medals and orders, English and foreign. A French soldier who was on the top sails of one of our vessels, which the English Admiral was endeavouring to board, espying a man covered with gold lace and

diamonds, with but one arm, and seeming to direct all the movements of the English, fired a musket at him and shot him in the breast. The wound was mortal. Nelson was borne to his cabin where he died while dictating his dispatch to the English Admiralty. He deputed the command of the fleet to Admiral Collingwood. In his dying moments, he might have exclaimed in the words of one of our French poets:

Et mes derniers regards ont vu fuir les Romains,

for just as he drew his last breath he saw, from the window of his cabin, the famous Santa Trinidad go down. The Santa Trinidad has been described as carrying a hundred and forty two and even a hundred and forty four guns, but she was only a hundred and thirty gun ship.

The consequences of this battle of Trafalgar were most dreadful. I was then in the habit of seeing men capable of judging of the extent of the disaster, and who considered it not even balanced by the Emperor's victories. As soon as the English vessels in the port of Lisbon learnt the news they began to fire, just as they would have done in Portsmouth harbour. Napoleon was not irritated, but profoundly grieved at the battle of Trafalgar, and certainly when at the opening of the legislative body, on the 1st of March 1806, he said as it were with indifference: "The storm destroyed some of our vessels, after

a conflict imprudently entered into, etc., etc.," he did not divulge the real feelings of his heart; for I repeat he was wounded deeply and the wound had not ceased to bleed.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Amount of the military forces of France—The Victory of Ulm—Oudinot victorious at Werthingen—Occupation of Augsburgh—Battle of Elchingen—Occupation of Weissemburg—Victory of Austerlitz—Napoleon inspecting the Lines—Subject for a Picture—The Emperor of Austria suing for peace—M. Haugwitz, the Prussian Minister—Retrospect of twelve years of the Emperor's life—My departure from Lisbon—Audience of the Princess of Brazil—The order of St. Elizabeth.

WHILE the straits of Gibraltar were reddened with French blood, Napoleon was leading our eagles to victory on the plains of Ulm. The grand French army, composed of seven different corps,*

1st corps—Bernadotte.
2nd ,, Marmont.
3rd ,, Davoust.
4th ,, Soult.
5th ,, Lannes.
6th ,, Ney.
7th ,, Augereau.

The cavalry was commanded by Murat, who had under him Nansouty, Beaumont, Walther, Klein, and General d'Hautpoul. The army of Italy, was commanded by Massena, then there were three grand army corps, formed at Strasbourg, Boulogne, and Mentz; and lastly three moveable camps of grenadiers in Italy and La Vendée.

and an immense reserve of artillery and cavalry was advancing with giant strides upon Austria.

Every thing had been prepared with such ability that nothing was wanting in the hour of need. Treaties were every where signed against France; yet she, ever great and powerful, smiled at all the projects formed against her, as a giant smiles at the efforts of pigmies. The Kings of Naples, Spain, and some portions of Germany, alone remained faithful to us.

All at once, as if by a mandate from Heaven, the French army was set in motion. It advanced, and kingdoms fell before it. Its course was marked by the destruction of all that opposed its progress. In the space of one month, after the occupation of Weissembourg, or rather from the 3rd to the 20th of October, 1805, the French army pursued its victorious course as follows:

Whilst Napoleon dismayed Austria, and secured the tranquillity of the debouches of the Tyrol, by the rapidity of his movements, and the skill of his manœuvres, every day brought us a fresh victory. I shall, therefore, speak of battles only, without adding the word *victory*, that being always understood. To begin with Werthingen: Murat has frequently been said to have won this battle. This is a mistake, the glory of it belongs to General Oudinot and the brave grenadiers of Arras. After the battle of Werthingen, came the battle of Guntzbourg, in which Marshal Ney defeated the Archduke Ferdinand: then the occupation of Augsbourg by Marshal Soult: then the occupation of Munich

by Bernadotte : then the capture of Memimgen, by Soult, who made 4,000 prisoners. These events were succeeded by the famous battle of Elchingen, at which Marshal Ney made 3,000 prisoners, and which, by the taking of the bridge of Elchingen, mainly insured the success of the campaign, and especially the capture of the garrison of Ulm. Then followed the battle of Lauginau, in which Murat made 3,000 prisoners. And lastly, on the 20th October, seventeen days after the occupation of Weissembourg, Ulm capitulated, while Mack, the quarter-master-general, was within its walls. The Arch-duke Ferdinand had escaped with a party of cavalry. In Ulm were found immense magazines, thirty thousand men in garrison, seventy pieces of cannon mounted, three thousand horses and twenty generals : these last were allowed their liberty on parole. In these seventeen days, Austria lost fifty five thousand prisoners, and almost the whole of her artillery and baggage. The wreck of her army was obliged to retire behind the Inn, where Napoleon immediately came up with it. The Emperor of Russia had an interview at Berlin with the King of Prussia. It was derogatory to the glorious position in which we then stood, to allude, in mentioning this interview, to the Queen of Prussia and the Emperor Alexander. It was in bad taste, and although I am a Frenchwoman, or, I should rather say, because I am a Frenchwoman, I wish such allusions had never found a place in the *Moniteur*. The article inserted in the following year was still worse. In order to render their

union the more solemn, the two young Sovereigns swore on the tomb of the great Frederick, to maintain a fraternal alliance for the extermination of France: this is what should have been stated.

After the brilliant affair of the taking of Ulm, the French army passed the Inn, and Marshal Lannes took Branau: the very place in which five years after, the Arch-duchess Maria Louisa, consigned herself to the fair hands of the Queen of Naples, when she was about to become Empress of France, and Napoleon's wife! Salsbourg was next taken, by Lannes. In Italy, Massena sustained, as he always did, the honour of the French arms. Vicenza and Verona, fell into our hands. The Arch-duke Charles, having obtained a momentary advantage at Caldiero, paid for his transient triumph by an immediate retreat upon Palma Nova. Marmont reached Leoben, in Styria, and while the Emperor was entering Vienna, the Tagliamento was crossed by our victorious troops. The Russians, astonished at the rapidity of our triumphs, proposed an armistice. Murat accepted it on condition of its meeting with the Emperor's sanction. Napoleon rejected it, and commanded the French army to pursue its march. Presburg was occupied by Davoust's corps. Here an incident worthy of remark occurred. The Hungarian flags of truce claimed the neutrality of Hungary, and engaged to furnish Vienna with provisions. While these events were proceeding in Austria, the army of Italy passed the Izonza; took Gradisca and Udine. Palma Nova, with its numerous magazines, fell in

its turn. Marshal Augereau crossed the Black Forest, took Lindau and Bregentz, obliged General Jellachich, with six thousand men, to capitulate, and the French became masters of all the Voralberg. It seemed as if at the blast of our victorious trumpet, towns opened their gates, ramparts crumbled to pieces, and troops laid down their arms.

While his lieutenants were seconding him with the ardent spirit which then animated every man in the army, Napoleon advanced into Moravia. Buxhowden had formed a junction with Kutusow, and the latter general became commander-in-chief of the whole allied force. But Napoleon did not allow him time to arrange new plans. He took Brunn, the capital of Moravia, and the point of union for all the magazines of the combined army. He then made himself master of Trieste. A corps of 8,000 men, under the command of the Prince of Rohan, driven from the Tyrol by Ney, endeavoured to reach Venice. They were routed in turn by Regnier, Ney, and Gouvion St. Cyr, and after flying from defeat to defeat, and fighting every where against their fellow-countrymen, they terminated their career by a capitulation. At length, on the 2nd December, the three Emperors appeared at the head of their armies. The Russians numbered seventy-five thousand effective troops; the Austrians, thirty-five thousand; with a cavalry force far superior to ours. We counted but eighty-five thousand men. The battle of Austerlitz is one of the most glorious monuments of Napoleon's

fame. On that field, as in Italy, he beat the enemy with an inferior force, and by his superiority of military skill. But even there he was pursued by the envious hatred, which finally rivetted the chains at St. Helena.

Lannes commanded the left wing of the army, having General Suchet under him. Soult led the right wing, Bernadotte the centre, and Davoust commanded a corps of observation. The cavalry was placed under the command of Murat, and twenty-four pieces of light artillery supported Lannes' right. Oudinot formed the reserve, with the grenadiers of Arras, and Junot was to support that reserve with six battalions of the guard.

Napoleon, from an eminence took a view of the enemy's forces on the morning of the battle. He was accompanied by a young page, who is now a colonel in one of our regiments; his name is M. de Galtz de Malvirade. The Emperor rested his glass on the shoulder of the youth, and for seven or eight minutes attentively watched Kutusow ordering the position of his troops. What he saw afforded him the most perfect satisfaction, for he smiled, and his countenance wore the expression of perfect serenity. He closed the glass, and observed to Junot, who was standing near him:—"It is well: they are doing exactly what I want."

The battle of Austerlitz, which commenced at sunrise, and did not terminate till night fall, is a memorable proof of Napoleon's talent, and of the courage of his troops. I have no objection to admit that the enemy's folly, also contributed to his

success. If Hannibal, at the battle of Cannæ, had been opposed to a commander like Napoleon, perhaps he would not have measured his gold rings by the bushel. The battle of Austerlitz was a complete humiliation to the Russians and the Austrians. Junot, who never left the Emperor's side during the whole of the action, has often described to me, the conduct of that extraordinary man, during those hours when his destiny depended upon defeat or victory.* To render justice to all, it must be allowed, that Marshal Soult gave evidence of superior courage and talent. For seven hours he maintained an attack, as suddenly conceived as it was vigorously executed, and to which, according to Junot, the success of the day was mainly owing. I know not whether the *Moniteur* made specific mention of this at the time, but I find the circumstance set down in my notes, for Junot attached considerable importance to it, frequently declaring, that it had an important influence on the result of the battle. The loss of the allies was immense; a hundred and fifty-five pieces of cannon, flags innumerable, whole parks of artillery, and forty thousand men, either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. At Austerlitz, the cuirassiers, for the first time, were seen to charge batteries, a circumstance to them unprecedented.

The night before the battle, the Emperor directed Junot, Duroc and Berthier, to put on their

* The French army had, some time previously, been spread through Moravia, and its line being so much extended, was in proportion diminished in strength.

cloaks and follow him, as he was going round to see that all was arranged as he wished. It was eleven o'clock, the bivouac fires were surrounded by soldiers, among whom there were many of the brave guards, who were afterwards nicknamed the *Grognards*. It was the 1st of December, and the weather was very severe, but none cared for it. They were singing and talking, and many of them were engaged in recounting the splendid victories of Italy and of Egypt. The Emperor, wrapt up in his *redingote grise*, passed along unperceived behind the groups in which were hearts devoted, not only to him and his glory, but to the glory of our arms. He listened to their conversation, smiled, and seemed greatly affected. Suddenly he passed a bivouac, the fire of which gleaming full in his face, discovered him. "The Emperor!" exclaimed the whole group. "*Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Empereur!*" responded the next.

Along the whole line, in the bivouacs, and under the tents, the cry of *Vive l'Empereur!* passed from mouth to mouth, and rent the air. The fires were immediately deserted, for the soldiers rushed forward to behold their well-beloved chief. They took the straw from their beds, and lighting it, made torches, with which they illumined the gloom of the night: still shouting *Vive l'Empereur!* with that heartfelt enthusiasm, which neither authority, seduction, or corruption, can ever repress. Napoleon was moved....."Enough, my lads! enough of this!" he said. But these proofs of attachment, afforded him the liveliest pleasure, and

his heart responded to them. As to Junot he shed tears of joy even when relating the circumstance to me the following year.

"Ah! you seek glory!" exclaimed an old soldier, with mustachios which seemed never to have been cut since the first passage of the Alps. "Ah!" he repeated, "you seek glory! well! to-morrow the good soldiers of the guard will purchase it to crown your anniversary. Yes! they will purchase it for you!"

"What are you growling there under those thick mustachios?" said the Emperor, approaching the old grenadier, with one of those smiles, which in him were so captivating.

The grenadier, like most of his comrades, held in his hand a torch of straw, whose light revealed his swarthy scarred face, the expression of which was at that moment most remarkable. His eyes were filled with tears, while a smile of joy at sight of the Emperor was playing on his hard but manly features.* The Emperor repeated his question.

"Faith, my General, that is *Sire*," replied the soldier, "I only say that we will thrash those rascals of Russians: that is if you desire it, for discipline before every thing. So, *Vive l'Empereur!*"

At this fresh shouts conveyed to the Russians their death warrant, for troops thus animated could never be subdued. It was, however, found neces-

* I have always thought that this would be a good subject for a cabinet picture. Horace Vernet, the poet of our school of painting, as well as the historian of that epoch of our glory, should have pourtrayed this moment with his charming pencil.

sary to order the soldiers to put out their straw torches, for their cartridge boxes being filled, an accident might possibly have happened.

The Emperor of Austria, it is well known, came to Napoleon at his bivouac, for the purpose of *asking for peace.* The Emperor was grandfather of that unfortunate exile, who recently died at the early age of twenty-one, in suffering and banishment. He loved him, however, and I bow before his affliction; for if he feels at all, he must feel most poignantly.

M. d'Haugwitz, the minister of the King of Prussia, was sent to our Emperor. He had, it is said, two letters in his pocket. Junot, who regarded him, perhaps, with an eye of prejudice, maintained that this fact was not doubtful, because d'Haugwitz searched a long time for the packet which the issue of the battle had rendered the right one, or rather the wrong one, for his master. He made strange grimaces; "In short," said Junot, "I did not like his countenance." It is a fact, that on receiving the letter from his brother of Prussia, Napoleon smiled and said, very pointedly: "Here is a compliment, of which the fortune of war has changed the address."

The battle of Austerlitz not only terminated the campaign of 1805* but also put an end to the triple continental coalition.

* At first an armistice only was agreed to: and the first thing demanded was the evacuation of the Austrian states, by the Russian troops. They were required to retire by the Krapack mountains, by daily marches in three columns, and in a way prescribed by the Emperor Napoleon.

We now find the Emperor Napoleon amid the blaze of a court, invested with almost magical splendour: we beheld him amidst entertainments, and court festivals, balls and masques; in short amidst that multitude of tasteful and refined amusements, which for seven years rendered the court of France the most elegant in the whole world. To describe all this is now my task; but as the life of Napoleon is composed of three distinct epochs, and as we have now reached the second (the Empire) we will take a retrospective glance over the twelve preceding years, going back to the time when he was before Toulon as a mere general of artillery.

In 1796 General Bonaparte left France to take the command of the army of Italy. From the Julian Alps he flew to the mountains of Liguria. Montenotte and Millesimo* were the scenes of his first victories; these two battles proved him at once a great captain and a great statesman; because their result was the disjunction of the Sardinian and Austrian armies. Bonaparte was then only twenty six years of age.

Wurmser was upon the banks of the Rhine. He left Alsacia and hastened to the succour of the Tyrolese. He was defeated at the famous battle of Castiglione.† He retired to the mountains, and returned again only to experience a complete defeat at Bassano.‡ He was shut up in Mantua.

* April 1796.
† 7th August 1796.
‡ 8th September 1796.

Then came the glorious day of Arcola.* Alvinzy was driven back across the Brenta with the wreck of the third imperial army, and Bonaparte did not face the double headed eagle till the month of April of the same year! The battles of Rivoli and la Favorite,† caused at once the destruction of the fifth imperial army, and the surrender of Mantua. Then came the treaty of Tolentino.‡ Between this period and that of the Campo Formio, a fresh Austrian army appeared under the command of Prince Charles,—the last and only hope of the family. This army was completely routed, and vanished like the vision of a fantastic dream. Bonaparte drove it across the Tagliamento, the Julian Alps, the Save, the Drave, the Muehr, and the Izonzo; and Austria, petrified at the sight of France planting her tri-coloured flag within five and twenty leagues of Vienna, was constrained to accept peace as a favour.

The war of Egypt immediately followed. This was a new field for Bonaparte's military genius. He has been blamed for having lost so many men before St. Jean d'Acre, as if Cæsar had not lost more time before Alexia! or as if Cæsar had not been beaten at Dyrrachium, and Turenne at Marienthal.

* 15th November 1796.

† 1st January 1797.

‡ 11th January 1797. I have set down all these dates to show the very short time which intervened between each victory. Bonaparte accomplished all this with inferior numbers, and while his troops were in want of money, bread and equipments; and with numbers inferior to the enemy.

Napoleon recrossed the sea. A fresh coalition was formed. Disregarding the winter and every other obstacle, he repassed the Alps to join the army. This was his eighth campaign, and each presents a succession of victories. This last indeed seems a dream of wonders, and yet all is real. His genius rendered every thing possible. The torrents which rush from the summits of the Alps, were less rapid than he in his career. Melas was defeated at Marengo, and Italy was reconquered before either Belgium or any of the united departments had been threatened. Then indeed we were at least respected, if not loved.

Bonaparte's ninth campaign commences with the rupture of the treaty of Lunéville. In the space of sixty days, 150, 000 men marched from the Seine to the mouth of the Vistula, from the Black Forest to the Krapack mountains, and advanced like conquerors animated by the genius of their chief through the Tyrol, Styria, Carniola, and even to the confines of Austria. It was like a dream.

And how was all this accomplished? By the genius of one man. That man, I shall be told, invaded and subverted every thing. Granted; and why should he not have done so? How splendid was the career of the French troops in Italy! They marched beneath the shade of laurels, and amidst shouts of triumph. Alas! how many bitter tears of regret are now shed at the memory of that epoch!

At length Napoleon reposed in the full blaze of

his glory. The drum had ceased to beat; the eagle had closed his wings, and peace prevailed. We enjoyed the climax of our triumph, when we saw Napoleon seated upon that throne to which he had been raised by the voice of the nation. After signing the treaty of peace which restored to the Emperor of Austria his states and his subjects, Napoleon proceeded to Munich, and married Prince Eugene to the daughter of the King of Bavaria. Prince Eugene was a most amiable as well as a very handsome young man. Junot who was affectionately attached to him, wrote to me, at Lisbon all the particulars of his marriage. This union, I know not why, met with strong opposition on the part of the Queen of Bavaria, who was the mother-in-law of the Prince Royal and of the Princess Amelia.* However the marriage took place, and gave occasion to a succession of very brilliant entertainments, which I did not see, because I was then on my way home from Lisbon to France.

The cause of my long and severe illness was pregnancy; and as soon as I was able to undertake the journey, I determined to return to France. I requested an audience of the Princess of Brazil who immediately granted it.

The Princess received me in a cabinet into which none were admitted but her personal favou-

* Junot who hated imperious women, especially when they conceived they had a *right* to be imperious, nevertheless confessed that the Queen of Bavaria was very handsome.

rites. She was surrounded by her young family, and the interesting groupe gave her almost an air of beauty. One of the infantas was truly pretty, viz. Donna Isabella who afterwards married Ferdinand VII. She was then a mere child; but a very engaging creature. The princess treated me with great courtesy. She spoke to me of my pregnancy, and proposed to stand godmother to the child. She had mentioned her intention of doing me this honour before, when Junot took his leave of her and the Prince at Maffra. I acknowledged, as became me, this mark of royal favour. But I was somewhat more embarrassed with her next offer, which was the cross of St. Elizabeth. I replied much in the same manner as Junot had done on a similar occasion. I said that as the Empress Josephine wore no orders herself, the ladies of her court could not wear any. I added that before the revolution no distinctive symbols were worn by the ladies in France; with the exception perhaps of cannonesses and the females of the family of the grand master of Malta, as for instance the Noailles and others.

The Princess of Brazil was very lively, but I think very ignorant. She gazed at me with a singular expression while I was speaking to her, and seemed to follow my words one by one as if to catch their sense.

"But," said she in a tone of voice which had in it something of bitter sweet: "I do not think the Empress will refuse to accept the cross of St. Elizabeth, if I offer it to her. General Junot is

the bearer of a letter from the prince and one from me, in which we beg her acceptance of it. Should she accept it, you can have no reason for not wearing it."

I replied that I had an earnest wish to wear the order, which in fact was true. I never had a stronger wish for any thing than to possess a decoration. That of St. Elizabeth was beautiful: it was a white and red ribbon terminated by an enamelled portrait of the holy aunt of our Saviour. The decoration of Maria-Louisa, which is a white and violet ribbon, is less pretty, especially for a female. I cannot help remarking as a singular circumstance the scruples which both Junot and I felt to accept favours, which in general are so eagerly sought after. For my part, I wished with all my heart to wear the order; but it was different with Junot: he had an objection to the order of Christ.*

My conversation with the Princess was long and very condescending on her part. She talked to me with a sort of grace which reminded me of her mother. The Empress Josephine seemed to be a

* There are two more orders of knighthood in Portugal: the order of Avis and that of Santiago. The first is a green, the other a violet ribbon. The prince regent wore the whole three in one; that is to say, the three orders were combined in the same decoration and the ribbon was striped with three colours, red, green and violet. As to the order of Christ, Portugal is to be reproached the more for allowing it to fall into such degradation, inasmuch as it is the order of the Temple. After the abolition of the institution of the Templars, they established themselves in Portugal and merely changed their title.

particular object of curiosity with both these Princesses. They evidently wished that I should be very communicative on the subject; but I contrived to maintain that sort of reserve which, for more reasons than one, became me. I therefore only touched in a general way on the subjects of Malmaison, St. Cloud, and the very social mode of life led by the Emperor, the Empress, the Princess Louis, the Prince Eugene, etc. As I spoke, I observed that the countenance of the Princess of Brazil became more and more repulsive: a malicious expression seemed to over-spread her singularly ugly features. She had that sort of disposition which becomes dreadful in its results when combined with a narrow and illiberal mind. Ever since the battle of Trafalgar she had stood in a humiliating situation at her own court. Her pride had been wounded, and though she could neither give her ill-humour vent, nor accuse anybody for her misfortunes, yet she nevertheless longed to do so. I perceived her chagrin, whilst she innocently believed she was all amiability in my eyes. How she detested the Emperor!

Our conversation turned upon French fashions. I said that with her permission, I would do myself the honour of sending her patterns of every elegant fashion prevailing in Paris, after my arrival there.

"And will you not send me any thing?" enquired the young Princess when I approached her to take my leave.

I understood sufficient Portuguese to comprehend this simple question, and I replied that I

should have the honour of sending her royal highness a finer doll than ever Prince Lutin conjured up with his magic rose.

My audience was as I have stated a very long one. The weather being bad the Princess could not go to hunt, and it became, therefore, necessary to kill time, the great enemy, as Madame de Souza justly calls it. I staid with her a full half hour. A fortnight afterwards when I was on the point of departing I had another audience. This was very brief, but still of the same friendly description.

I frequently received letters from Paris and Germany, communicating the events I have related. It may easily be conceived that I was much gratified by these communications, especially at a moment when the enemies of France were on the increase. I was much amused sometimes, by the hypocritical compliments I received on the success of the French arms. One day when the Duke de Cadaval was dining with me, he said with an air of confidence:

"Now I see how it is; come tell me frankly: *Bonaparte* has bought over Mack; has he not?"

I pretended not to understand him.

"What do you say, Monsieur le duc," inquired I.

He looked embarrassed.

"I was saying," he stammered out, "that I thought the Emperor Napoleon had bribed General Mack."

The idea was so stupid and at the same time so

malicious that I could not refrain from bursting into a fit of laughter which not a little disconcerted my politician.

Thus it was that those great events, those splendid achievements of genius, were appreciated in Portugal in the year of grace 1806!

CHAPTER XXVII.

Fête on board the Topaze—The Nuncio's dress of lilac taffety—The Spanish embassy—Count Sabugal—Don Camille de los Rios—Elegance of the frigate—The déjeûner—Toasts and firing of guns—Sham fight—The Nuncio tipsy—The soldier and the witch—The inquisition—The soldier turned monk.

I WAS now on the point of leaving Lisbon to return to Paris; and Captain Baudin, who was still in the Tagus, where he had repaired his frigate, wished to give me an entertainment before I left. Every person connected with the diplomatic corps, maintaining friendly relations with us, was invited to meet me; for instance, the apostolic Nuncio and his Auditore, who by the by is now a cardinal, Count del Campo Alange, (the Spanish ambassador,) M. de Castro, Don Camille de los Rios, and all the attachés of the Catholic embassy, M. Dormann, (the Dutch minister,) Count de Sabugal, now first gentleman of honour to the young Queen Donna Maria, Madame Negrier,* and her

* Madame Negrier was a Portuguese. She had married M. Negrier during the émigration. At the time of which I am speak-

pretty little daughter, Virginia, besides many Portuguese of distinction. The captain had invited M. d'Araujo; but in his rank of minister for foreign affairs, he could not be present at an entertainment given in the port of Lisbon, and at which the health of the Emperor Napoleon would of course be drunk with enthusiasm. This was at all events the real reason of his declining the invitation; the pretended reason was the arrival of some dispatches.

The person who contributed most largely to the amusement of the company was Monsignore Galeppi, the Pope's Nuncio. He wore what in Italy is called a country costume, that is, a sort of great coat of violet-coloured taffeta, trimmed with gold lace; and as we were not on terra firma, he conceived himself privileged to behave as he pleased. The déjeuné scene was singularly diverting, as we shall presently see.

I reached the quay of the Square of Commerce at eleven o'clock. There I found the captain's gig, with twelve rowers dressed in white trousers and blue jackets. I was accompanied by M. de Rayneval, my daughter, her governess, and M. Magnien. M. de Cherval was unwell, and could not go with us. On reaching the Topaze, which lay at anchor off the quay of Soudres, I was received by the captain and his officers. The Spanish Ambassador and the Nuncio were already arrived; and the gallant captain conducted us over his vessel.

ing she was a widow, and had but one daughter, a charming girl. They often visited me.

To me this was a curious and a novel sight. My daughter, little Josephine,* who was extremely fond of Captain Baudin, because he always took great notice of her, was quite delighted to find herself in *a house on the water*, as she called the ship. We were shown into the captain's cabin, which was so elegantly fitted up that it might have served as the boudoir of a Parisian lady. It was wainscotted with Brazil and other woods remarkable both for their rarity and fine odour, and every part of the furniture was in the most perfect taste. The cabin was carpeted, and contained pictures, porcelains, in short every thing necessary to the elegant equipment of a drawing-room. A magnificent déjeûner was laid. Captain Baudin managed every thing with that courtesy which enhances the value of a reception. I have uniformly remarked that officers of the navy and army are ever more solicitous and attentive than other gentlemen when in the company of ladies. They seem to fear that their professions should subject them to the suspicion of being deficient in courtesy; and therefore they observe the greater politeness. Such was the case that day on board the Topaze, where nothing was omitted which could render the entertainment perfect. A fine band played while we sat at breakfast; but presently our ears were greeted with a different sort of harmony. Several toasts were drunk; first, the Pope, then the Emperor, the King of Spain, the Queen of Portugal, the Prince and Princess of

* She was then hardly four years old.

Brazil, and lastly the King of Holland. Each toast was succeeded by loud hurras and the firing of five-and-twenty guns. The noise was so terrific that I almost fancied myself in the infernal regions. My ears, however, soon grew familiar with it, and it even pleased me; but my little Josephine uttered lamentable cries. The captain took her in his arms, and endeavoured to explain to her the cause of the thunder, as she called it. "If you were to fire the guns, Captain," said the interesting little creature, "I should not be frightened."

But this uproar was nothing to that which followed. I had often wished to be enabled to form a good idea of a naval battle. Captain Baudin got up a sham-fight, for my amusement, and it was so admirably managed that the illusion was for a moment terrific. The guns, however, contained only half-charges, for the captain told us afterwards, that the shock of a full charge would produce a considerable effusion of blood from our ears. Each gun was discharged ten times without reckoning the musketry. But what rendered the scene very remarkable was a peculiarity, which at that moment the Topaze alone could have presented.

The frigate, in consequence of the damage she had sustained in her late engagements, had required to be new masted. The yards and top-mast were up; but not being completely rigged, it was easy to make them fall as if broken by the enemies' balls. The admirable order in which every thing was managed was truly extraordinary. When the spectacle was ended, we found to our astonishment

that not the slightest accident had occurred,—no one had suffered even a bruise or a burn. I could now understand how victories were gained at sea.

Almost all the population of Lisbon had assembled at the water-side, to view the spectacle, which, even now, is I doubt not, fresh in the recollection of many of the inhabitants. We had our revenge that day, and the shouts of *vive l'Empereur*, compensated for the hurras, that had been given for the battle of Trafalgar.

I have already observed that the Nuncio contributed very largely to the amusement of the day. Monsignore was at first a little stunned by the guns which were fired in honour of the toasts. The Pope's health was the first toast, and the Nuncio did full honour to it by drinking off three glasses of Madeira, probably to fortify his nerves. Then he drank Port for the Emperor's health, Carcavello for the King of Spain's, Oyeras for the Prince of Brazil's, and so on, until from health to health he came to mine. This was the *coup-de-grace*, The Nuncio's head began to betray symptoms not strictly apostolical. The frigate, though at anchor, nevertheless had that slight rocking which is always perceptible in a vessel when lying in rough water like the Tagus.* To behold Monsignore Galeppi, that pink of finesse, that leader of the Machiavelic science of the Vatican, in the situation above alluded to, was a sight never to be forgotten. He

* In roads like those of Lisbon, in which the banks are close together, the waves are rougher than in the open sea.

was like what Dominique, the celebrated harlequin might be imagined to be if he took off his mask and appeared with any other face, than that which he habitually wore, and yet bearing in his new face traces of the expression assumed by the skilful actor. In plain terms Monsignore Galeppi was completely *tipsy*, if I may so express myself. He laughed, looked round with his little bleared eyes, and blabbered things which greatly scandalized the Auditore. The latter behaved with all due propriety; but as to the Nuncio, his tongue ran on beyond all bounds.

"These dogs of English must all be annihilated," he exclaimed filling up a bumper of wine;—"they are a set of infidels. *Vive* his Imperial and Royal Majesty Napoleon, Emperor of France, and King of Italy!"

He handed a glass of Madeira to me that I might drink the toast; but I was then, as I still am, a rigid water drinker. I told him this but he nevertheless extended his violet taffeta sleeve, exclaiming: "*Vive Sa Majesté l'Empereur Napoléon!*" Then with his rusty voice, he attempted to sing:—

Beviamo, o Dori beviam; ch' il giorno
Presto è al ritorno, etc. etc.

He was a most original character; but nevertheless a very intelligent man, and free from priestly superstition when he could act according to the dictates of his own understanding. I will here relate a curious circumstance which occurred while I was in

Lisbon, and which, thanks to Galeppi and Junot, was attended by no serious consequence.

There was in the Portuguese capital, a regiment commanded by Count Novion, a French emigrant. Excepting the error of quitting his country, the Count was free of all reproach. He was an excellent man, and subsequently rendered important services to France. His regiment was a very fine one. Junot said it was as fine as the guards. Thanks to the Count, the inhabitants of Lisbon were enabled to pass through the streets at midnight, without having their carriages stopped by robbers. As Count Novion had been an intimate friend of my father, he visited me frequently, and Junot received him as he deserved to be received. One day he called to tell me of an affair which had just happened, and which, though trivial enough in itself, was likely to be made a subject of importance by the Inquisition. "The Inquisition in 1805!" the reader will probably exclaim,—Yes, I answer. The Inquisition is one of those things which will not die a natural death, and live till they are put out of the world by violent means. But now for my story.

On the Quay de Soudres there lived an old woman who used to sell oranges during one half the year, and pilchers during the other. Her best customers were the soldiers, to whom, besides her fruit and fish, she sold another kind of merchandize, viz: fortune-telling. Whether this old woman deceived herself, or only deceived others, I cannot pretend to say, but by all the vagabonds of the

Quay of Soudres, and by all the foreign soldiers in the Police Legion, and the Legion of Alorna, she was looked upon as a *witch*. One very wet and stormy evening, after the soldiers had almost all returned to their barracks, a German, named Fritz Klump, presented himself to the old woman, who was just preparing to shut up her hovel. Fritz was completely intoxicated.

"Juana, Juana, I want you to tell me what is going to happen to me:—I have just killed a man —I found him in company with my sweetheart. He was one of Kay's men,*—one of the relic bearers—but that did not save him,—I have made an end of him;—now our colonel does not like these affairs—therefore, good Juana, tell me what punishment awaits me."

"I have not time this evening," replied the old woman, who was probably not inclined to have anything to do with the business; "come back to-morrow."

"I cannot; you must tell me now. I must know what will be my punishment before I return to the barracks. If the colonel should be severe, I have a good pair of legs and I shall be off."

During this coloquy several sailors and some of Kay's soldiers had assembled round the old woman's habitation. Some of the latter proposed throwing both the German and the witch into the

* There were no body guards at Lisbon; and the regiments of Kay and Lippe performed the duty of attendance on the royal family. In 1805, I rather think this duty devolved on the legion of Alorna, but of this I am not sure.

Tagus. Fritz, as I have already observed, had been drinking, and on hearing this he became irritable, and turning to the by-standers, he said :—

" Let any of you touch her at your peril, and if you meddle with me—*sacramentskerl !*—have a care of yourselves—Come, Juana, come," and he staggered towards the old woman.

" I said before that I will sell you nothing to-night. Leave me, or you shall *repent* of this."

" But I say that you shall tell me," exclaimed Fritz in a passion; " and though you should be in league with the devil himself, I will have satisfaction of you both."

On hearing the name of the devil, every Portuguese in the group of by-standers crossed himself three times at least. Fear was stronger than curiosity, and the group now retreated from the two interlocutors. Fritz advanced to Juana for the purpose of forcing her into the wretched hovel in which she cooked her pilchers and delivered her oracles.

" Touch me not," she exclaimed, "touch me not, or I say again you shall *repent* it."

Fritz replied only by an oath, and staggered forward. The old woman stretched out her arm to defend herself; and she no sooner touched the soldier than he fell at her feet as if struck by a thunder-bolt.

On seeing this, the by-standers were, for a moment petrified with terror. Juana herself was dismayed at what she had done. Fritz was raised up; but he showed no sign of life, and it was not until

he had been bled, and after a lapse of two hours. that he at length opened his eyes. However, it would have been better for Juana had he kept them closed ; for as soon as he was able to speak, he declared that just as he was about to seize the old woman, he saw, standing beside her, a tall black man with fiery eyes, and that this black man had felled him to the ground with a club which he had in his hand. The most singular part of the affair was, that Fritz was now perfectly sober, and in all the different interrogatories he underwent, he never varied in his story. The result of this important investigation was, that poor Juana was confined in the blackest and deepest dungeon of the inquisition, and every preparation was being made to perform the second act of the ridiculous farce of the beggar of Madrid, and his sympathetic powder ; but luckily for the poor old woman she was saved by one of her nieces, who, as if by a sort of inspiration, thought of applying to Junot, for whom she one day waited at the door, until he came out to mount his horse. The soldier, who had now got into the hands of the monks, and whose brain was excited to a pitch of insanity, positively persisted in his *first statement*. Through an aberration of intellect he had well nigh become the murderer of the poor old woman, who was praying for pardon (though too late) to all the saints in paradise, for having had dealings with the demons in hell. The real facts of the case were these : Fritz, who could not stand very steadily, in attempting to walk on the muddy, slippery ground, lost his equilibrium on

being touched by Juana. In falling, his head struck against a stone, and from this very natural incident, ensued all that I have just detailed. M. Magnien, who saw Fritz and examined his head, found that the contusion had produced considerable injury, and that it was, indeed, within an ace of being fatal. However, he firmly persisted in his hallucination, and never could be convinced that poor Juana was nothing more than an innocent vender of oranges and pilchers.

"She is a great magician," said he. "I did wrong to offend her; but she has punished me dearly for it."

This affair, which scarcely seems to belong to the nineteenth century, was, thanks to our exertions, brought to a less awful conclusion than the *San Benito* and the *sulphured shirt*. The Nuncio interested himself for old Juana, and the poor creature was sent to a convent at Viseu or Ciudad-Rodrigo. Galeppi behaved very well on this occasion; but he was afraid lest it should be known in Rome that he had taken any part in the business.

"But surely," said I to him one day, "you do not believe that the poor woman had the devil under her control, or that she was under his?"

"Madame Junot," replied he, "the ways in which God permits Satan to wander in this world are infinite, and I can believe that——"

"Stop, stop, Monsignore!" said I, interrupting him; "do me the favour to say no more."

As to the soldier, Count Novion lost him. He became a perfect miracle of a convert. To be sure,

being a Catholic, his conversion was less difficult than if he had been an infidel. He turned monk, and entered one of the most austere convents in Lisbon, still thoroughly convinced that the devil had knocked him down with his club. Was this really the effect of a disordered imagination? or was it that the monks, who are ever ready to make the most of such cases, had influenced Fritz to adhere to his first assertion. M. de Novion was thoroughly convinced that the soldier had been bribed to persist in declaring that he had been knocked down by the devil. All this took place in fair Lusitania in the year 1805.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

My departure from Lisbon—Arrival at Madrid—The Countess da Ega—Death of the Princess of the Asturias—Her dreadful sufferings—Suspicions of her having been poisoned—Reported confession of the apothecary—My arrival in Paris—Curious coincidence—General Lallemand and his wife—Madame Mère—Exaggerated statement of her wealth—Poverty of the Bonaparte family.

On my departure from Lisbon, I proceeded straight to Madrid, where I took up my residence at my old abode, Alphonso Pignatelli's pretty little house.

I now became acquainted with the Countess da Ega, the wife of the Portuguese ambassador at the Court of Madrid. Her rank gave this lady great prerogatives; but her turn of mind made her rather avoid than seek distinctions; and she naturally preferred her own elegant saloon in Madrid to an ill-aired, badly-furnished, and incommodious dwelling in the village of Guadarrama, near the Escurial, where the court then was.

Awful and ill-boding events were passing at this juncture within the palace of the Kings of Castile.

Much has been said of the enmity borne by the Prince of the Asturias to Manuel Godoy. That enmity, if it had its origin in the ill treatment to which the Prince of the Peace insolently subjected the son of the King, as well as a Princess, whose amiability rendered her admired and beloved,—if, I repeat, the enmity was grounded on this—it was entirely justifiable. It should be remembered, that as kings and princes are but mortals, they must, like other men, be influenced by human passions.

The Princess of the Asturias was on her death-bed, expiring amidst tortures so frightful that I could not endure the sound of her piercing shrieks, one day when I was at the *Sitio*. I was much attached to the Princess, and should have liked to have paid a visit to her on her death-bed; but all my efforts to obtain permission were ineffectual. During my long sojourn at Madrid, I frequently solicited leave to make this visit, not only from respect to the Princess, but because I wished to see the Prince of the Asturias, whom I was sure of finding at his wife's bed-side, which he never quitted, day or night. I had in fact, received from Paris some secret instructions, in which I was desired to do something which unfortunately I was unable to effect. This occasioned my protracted stay at Madrid, a circumstance which some persons have thought proper to attribute to my love of pleasure. My love of pleasure would, methinks have more naturally hurried me back to Paris. The fact is, that reasons which I cannot divulge, but which were of the highest importance, with re-

ference to the situation of the royal family of Spain detained me at Madrid.

Strange reports were circulated respecting the illness of the Princess of the Asturias. The affair was enveloped in mystery ; but in confidential conversation the terrible word *poison* was mentioned even by persons most attached to the Queen. It was related that one day a courier, about to depart for Naples, was arrested, and his dispatches examined : they contained letters from the Princess of the Asturias to her mother. The unfortunate Princess complained of the more than humiliating treatment which both she and the Prince of the Asturias received from the Prince of the Peace ; and the letter concluded with affecting regrets for her removal from her native country, and apprehensions respecting her future fate. The Queen smiled maliciously on perusing those touching complaints of a broken heart.

" What shall we do ?" said she to an individual who was her counsellor, for as to Charles IV, he was a mere cypher."

" Send off the letter," was the reply ; " and then we shall see the answer. That will suggest to us what we had best do."

The answer arrived—but too speedily. The reports then in circulation, and from which I collected all the facts which I here relate, stated that it arrived on the 10th of August 1805 ; and five days after, viz. on St. Louis' day the resolution which had been adopted was put into execu-

tion. Such were the reports current among the very highest ranks of society in Madrid. In short it was whispered fearfully that the Princess of the Asturias had been *poisoned*, and that this crime had been resolved upon in consequence of a line in the answer of the Queen of Naples.

"My daughter," wrote the Queen, "I can scarcely conceive how you endure what you have described to me.... There is no throne that can be worth being purchased so dearly.... Rather leave Spain and come back to me. But if you cannot resolve to leave Ferdinand, from whom you derive the little share of happiness you enjoy in that country, then, my daughter, learn to be, not a weak woman, but a great and courageous Princess. Recollect the words of Catherine II: *It is better to kill the Devil than to let the Devil kill us!*"

This last sentence, it is said, instigated the murder; such, at least, was the general report. Since the accession of Ferdinand VII, I have heard that the apothecary who administered the poison, voluntarily confessed his guilt; but for this I cannot vouch, as I was not at that time in Spain. However, that the Princess was poisoned, was universally believed to be a fact; and so I stated in my letters to France, and in my replies to the questions which were put to me respecting that mysterious and tragical history. The Prince of the Asturias was in such a state of despair, that it was supposed he would have put an end to his existence. He scarcely ever left the bed-side of the

Princess, whose sufferings might well have moved her bitterest enemy.

For the memory of the Princess of the Asturias I cherish the respect due to those talents and virtues which, had she lived, would have imparted conspicuous lustre to the throne of Spain. Her death might be regarded as a great misfortune to France. There can be no doubt that the affairs of the Peninsula would have been treated very differently at Bayonne had the Princess been there.

I remained in Madrid until the beginning of February. I frequently visited the amiable Countess da Ega, who gave very agreeable musical parties; for she, as well as her sisters, were excellent musicians. The Duchess d'Ossuna, too, gave a charming fête in honour of me at the Alameda, her country house near Madrid. We spent a delightful day, and did not return to Madrid until the evening. When King Joseph was in Spain, I cannot imagine why he did not choose the Alameda as his residence, instead of giving it to General Belliard. I would rather have lived there than in the Escurial.

I shall return again to Madrid. I shall hereafter speak more at length of its advantages and its defects, and I shall also describe Burgos, Valladolid, Salamanca, and numerous other Spanish towns in which I long resided; but I must now close the present volume with a few words respecting my return to France.

I had received a letter from Junot, dated Vienna,

in which he informed me that the Emperor had given him a mission to Italy; but that I was to return to Paris to enter upon my duty in the service of Madame Mère.

My journey was more speedy than it had been on going to Spain. I reached Paris on Shrove-Tuesday, 1806. It was a curious coincidence that that happened to be the anniversary of my departure.

I believe I have already spoken of General Lallemand as a valued friend of my husband and myself. He went to America in 1802, where he honourably distinguished himself; but he displeased the general-in-chief who did not like such men as Lallemand, and he returned to Europe almost in disgrace.

One day he entered my drawing-room, accompanied by an exceedingly beautiful young lady. She was tall and slender, and possessed that graceful pliancy of form for which the creoles are remarkable. She had light-brown hair and soft blue eyes, a set of teeth as white as pearls, and an expression of countenance, the charms of which every one will acknowledge who has seen Madame Lallemand. Even on my first acquaintance with her I formed a high opinion of her understanding; but subsequent circumstances proved her to possess a mind of a most elevated order. She had come to France accompanied by her mother, the beautiful Madame de Lartigues, whose vast fortune enabled her to rival the splendour of the wealthiest Parisians. Her property in St. Domingo produced

five hundred thousand livres per annum. All this property was lost in one day! She vainly endeavoured to recover some wrecks of it when the French army was at the Cape; but nothing was restored to her. She bore this misfortune like a heroine, and her example inspired her young daughter with that admirable fortitude, which has rivetted the respect of her friends.

Immediately on my return I wrote to the Baroness de Fontanges, lady of honour to Madame Mère, to announce my arrival and to inquire what day would be convenient for my presentation to her Imperial Highness. Madame de Fontanges immediately replied that I should be presented on the following Sunday. I was much gratified at this, for from my childhood I had always loved and respected Madame Mère, towards whom I cherished that sort of feeling which prompts us to revere aged persons, and to treat them with a deference which is far removed from flattery or obsequiousness. I was also much gratified to see the mother of the Emperor at length treated as she deserved to be, and that by her son. I therefore looked forward to the day of my presentation with eager impatience.

If I were not now on the point of closing the fourth volume of my Memoirs I should reply at some length to those journals which have spoken of Madame Mère in terms so inconsistent with truth.

Madame Mère, to whom those journals have

so generously assigned millions, possessed only an income of eighty thousand livres per annum. The Emperor never gave money except to those who spent it; for he disliked misers. Madame Mère never enjoyed a million per annum, except when the King of Westphalia was at Cassel.* All she possessed was perhaps only what she had saved out of that million, and that during five years. During the subsequent misfortunes of the Bonaparte family, if she denied herself those indulgences which are so essential in old age, it was to secure the means of assisting her children for whom she made the greatest sacrifices. The conduct of Madame Mère entitled her to honour and respect; and should at least have screened her from false and unjust calumnies. It is natural that journals of a certain class should assign illusory wealth to the Bonaparte family, to excuse the Bourbons for not having fulfilled any of the treaties they entered into with that family;—for having detained their property, the crown diamonds which were purchased with the Emperor's money; and for having turned on the wide world as exiles, those whom they have reduced to beggary. But that other journals professing to be just and impartial should give currency to such artful fictions, is intolerable. As a Frenchwoman and as one devoted to my country, I blush to think that since 1830, the only tribute which France has rendered

* 1807.

to the memory of Napoleon, is another exile;—I also blush to think that a brother of the Emperor, that Jerome, who was wounded at the battle of Waterloo, has no means of subsistence except the pension which the Emperor of Russia granted to his wife.

END OF VOL. IV.

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